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AMERICAN PATRIOTIC PROSE

WITH NOTES AND BIOGRAPHIES

BY

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"ENGLISH POEMS FROM CHAUCER TO KIPLING"

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TO
C. P. L.

PREFACE

AN attempt has been made to gather here a body of selections which shall interpret the Spirit of America from the time Captain John Smith put his adventurous foot upon western soil down to the present vivid moment when soldiers of America are pouring into France. The volume is intended, first of all, to go into the hands of boys and girls, who are naturally interested in knowing what their fellow Americans have thought, and now think, about their country — its people, its actions, its ideals, and its purposes.

“Territory is but the body of a nation,” as Garfield said; “the people who inhabit its hills and valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life.” The spirit, the soul, of a people reveals itself in its deeds and in its written and spoken words.

The Spirit of America manifests itself in many ways. We honor the soldier because his lot is a denial of self, and because he offers his life instantly at the word of command. In all ages he has held the passes and borders and beaten down the spoiler — or died in the attempt. He has opened the way into wild and strange lands, and civilization has followed. From the days of Pharaoh he has worn many uniforms, spoken many languages, fought with many kinds of weapons, but our ideal of him has changed but little since the world began.

The dazzling figure of the soldier, however, is not all. The patient, far-seeing men of state, the surgeons and nurses and chaplains, the men of science and of letters, the wives and mothers who toil and suffer and send their men into the nation's service, and the vast army of men and women who labor to provide ways and means — these, too, are patriots. Whoever does anything — over and above what he is obliged to do — whoever does or says or feels or dreams anything which enriches the life of his country and makes it a better place for men and women and children to live in, is

also a patriot. So is he, most of all, who goes out of his way to do his country a service. The breaking of the box of alabaster over the feet of the Master was not a necessity. It was prompted by the heart of devotion. It had in it "that little touch of the superfluous" that often lifts and adds glory to the common affairs of life. The heart of devotion does not count the cost in time, labor, money or even life.

It is surely worth while to spread before the eyes of youth a record of the words and deeds of Americans who did not always reckon the cost when they wrought with tongue, pen, or good right arm, to build and keep a government that is more free and generous than anything ever yet seen in the world. It is well worth while to fasten upon the minds of the young certain things that they must know, and which they must not forget. They must learn, first of all, that the priceless inheritance which we now enjoy did not fall from heaven like manna. If they fully realize the great cost, the great value, of our heritage — its great opportunities and possibilities — they will willingly, even joyously, square their own shoulders and carry the weight over the crest of the next hill.

The arrangement of authors in each part is, in the main, chronological. Parts I and IV, however, are exceptions. Part I is meant to be broadly introductory, while Part IV deals with a great theme which calls for compactness of treatment. In both of these parts the purpose has been to emphasize the order of thought without regard to the chronological position of the authors. A few other selections have also been placed out of their chronological position for the same reason. Brief biographies and introductory notes have been added to supply needful information in compact form. It is hoped they will be found to contain much of the pith and marrow of American history.

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PREFACE

vii

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A. W. L.

PRINCETON, N.J.

August, 1917.

CONTENTS

PART I

THE STREAMS OF AMERICAN LIFE

	PAGE
PATHS OF THE PIONEERS..... <i>John H. Finley</i>	1
THE BLENDING OF RACES..... <i>Henry van Dyke</i>	4
THE CRUSADER AND THE PURITAN... <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.</i>	7
THE SCOT IN AMERICA..... <i>Whitelaw Reid</i>	8
THE PILGRIMS..... <i>Edward Everett</i>	12
THE QUAKER AND HIS INFLUENCE... <i>Henry Armitt Brown</i>	13
PETER MUHLENBERG, PREACHER- SOLDIER..... <i>Rudolph Cronau</i>	15
THE SCANDINAVIANS..... <i>K. C. Babcock</i>	17

PART II

THE COLONIES

THE ROMANCE OF POCAHONTAS..... <i>Captain John Smith</i>	19
FIRST FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS..... <i>Bradford's and Winslow's</i> <i>Journal</i>	25
REMONSTRANCE WITH GENERAL BRADDOCK..... <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	30
BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.. <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	33
A CALL TO ARMS..... <i>Samuel Davies</i>	36
THE AMERICAN..... <i>J. Hector St. John de</i> <i>Crevecœur</i>	38

PART III

INDEPENDENCE DEVELOPED

THE COLONIES TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY.....	<i>Richard Henry Lee</i>	40
THE PATRIOTISM OF MRS. ADAMS ..	<i>John Adams</i>	43
LIBERTY OR DEATH.....	<i>Patrick Henry</i>	43
A PLEA FOR SEPARATION FROM ENGLAND.....	<i>Thomas Paine</i>	47
THE DAY OF FREEDOM.....	<i>Thomas Paine</i>	49
TITLES ARE NICKNAMES.....	<i>Thomas Paine</i>	51
SOME RESULTS OF THE REVOLUTION.	<i>David Ramsay</i>	53
TO THE VETERANS OF 1775.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i>	55
ENGLAND'S DRUMBEAT.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i>	57
THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM.....	<i>George Bancroft</i>	58
THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE.	<i>George Bancroft</i>	60
YORKTOWN AND OUR DEBT TO THE FRENCH.....	<i>Robert C. Winthrop</i>	61
THE AMERICAN WORKMAN IN 1784.	<i>John Bach McMaster</i>	64

PART IV

THE DECLARATION

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE	<i>Thomas Jefferson</i>	67
THE BIRTH OF THE NEW NATION.	<i>John Adams</i>	71
HOW THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS DRAWN UP...	<i>John Adams</i>	75
IMAGINARY SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS ON JULY 4, 1776.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i>	77
WHAT INDEPENDENCE MEANS.....	<i>Samuel Adams</i>	81
THE CREED OF A GOOD AMERICAN.	<i>Samuel Adams</i>	82
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN CRITICISM.....	<i>Moses Coit Tyler</i>	84

CONTENTS

xi

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN WEST-	
MINSTER ABBEY	<i>Phillips Brooks</i> 89
A HEROIC DECISION	<i>John D. Long</i> 90

PART V

WASHINGTON

WITH GENERAL BRADDOCK	<i>George Washington</i> 92
ON BEING MADE COMMANDER-IN-	
CHIEF... ..	<i>George Washington</i> 93
THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS	
WIFE.....	<i>George Washington</i> 94
"WORDS AS CLEAR AS THE SUN" ..	<i>George Washington</i> 96
APPEAL TO BENJAMIN HARRISON ..	<i>George Washington</i> 97
AT VALLEY FORGE.....	<i>George Washington</i> 98
AN INDIGNANT REFUSAL.....	<i>George Washington</i> 102
LAST ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.....	<i>George Washington</i> 103
FAREWELL ADDRESS.....	<i>George Washington</i> 105
"FIRST IN WAR — FIRST IN	
PEACE".....	<i>Henry Lee</i> 124
PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S RECEP-	
TIONS.....	<i>William Sullivan</i> 127
GEORGE WASHINGTON AS HE WAS ..	<i>Henry Cabot Lodge</i> 128
THE AMERICANISM OF WASHINGTON ..	<i>Henry van Dyke</i> 135

PART VI

STRUGGLE AND GROWTH

PATRIOTISM NEEDS INTELLIGENCE ..	<i>Francis Marion</i> 138
UNITY AS A PROTECTION AGAINST	
FOREIGN FORCE AND INFLUENCE ..	<i>John Jay</i> 139
WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION OF	
NEUTRALITY.....	<i>Alexander Hamilton</i> 143
OUR SITUATION WITH REGARD TO	
FRANCE.....	<i>Alexander Hamilton</i> 146
THE MONROE DOCTRINE	<i>James Monroe</i> 148

THE MISSION OF AMERICA.....	<i>John Quincy Adams</i>	149
OUR FOREFATHERS.....	<i>John Quincy Adams</i>	150
THE PASSION OF A STATESMAN.....	<i>John Quincy Adams</i>	153
THE ATTITUDE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.....	<i>Henry Clay</i>	153
SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSA-		
CHUSETTS.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i>	155
LIBERTY AND UNION INSEPARABLE..	<i>Daniel Webster</i>	158
SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLU-		
TION.....	<i>Robert Y. Hayne</i>	160
A NAVAL DUEL.....	<i>Charles Francis Adams, Jr</i>	161
THE FIGHT AT THE ALAMO.....	<i>Ernest Peixotto</i>	165
THE HERALD OF AN EMPIRE.....	<i>Frederick J. Turner</i>	167
CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE WEST TO		
AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.....	<i>Frederick J. Turner</i>	168

PART VII

DIVISION AND REUNION

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	172
MOB LAW.....	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	175
THE LAW OF EQUAL FREEDOM....	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	177
"BACK TO THE DECLARATION"....	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	179
GETTYSBURG SPEECH.....	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	181
TO A MOTHER WHO LOST FIVE SONS.	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	182
SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.....	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	183
APPOMATTOX.....	<i>Augustus White Long</i>	185
THE YOUNGEST CHILD OF CIVILIZA-		
TION.....	<i>John Lothrop Motley</i>	190
PRIVILEGE AND FREEDOM.....	<i>John Lothrop Motley</i>	191
DEMOCRACY JUSTIFIES ITSELF.....	<i>Walt Whitman</i>	193
BATTLE OF BULL RUN, JULY, 1861.	<i>Walt Whitman</i>	196
"CUSTER'S LAST RALLY".....	<i>Walt Whitman</i>	199
TWO BROTHERS, ONE NORTH, ONE		
SOUTH.....	<i>Walt Whitman</i>	201
CHARLES SUMNER.....	<i>L. Q. C. Lamar</i>	202
SLAVERY IS DEAD.....	<i>L. Q. C. Lamar</i>	204

CONTENTS

xiii

THE CONFLICT ENDED.....	<i>Charles Devens.....</i>	206
DECORATION DAY ADDRESS.....	<i>James A. Garfield.....</i>	207
PREJUDICES OF THE PAST FOR- GOTTEN.....	<i>Lawrence S. Ross.....</i>	208
WHY MEMORIAL DAY IS STILL KEPT.....	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.....</i>	210
BENEFITS OF THE CIVIL WAR.....	<i>Charles Manly Busbee... ..</i>	212
THE PASSING OF A BRIGADIER.....	<i>William Harding Carter.....</i>	213
THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER AFTER THE WAR.....	<i>Henry W. Grady.....</i>	217
GRANT SALUTES THE VETERANS.....	<i>Horace Porter.....</i>	219

PART VIII

GALLANT YOUTH

NATHAN HALE.....	<i>Edward Everett Hale.....</i>	221
CAMPAIGNING IN THE VALLEY.....	<i>Basil L. Gildersleeve.....</i>	223
SERGEANT JASPER.....	<i>John B. Gordon.....</i>	226
A YOUNG WEST POINT ARTILLERY- MAN.....	<i>Morris Schaff.....</i>	228
O'RORKE, THE GENTLE AND THE BRAVE.....	<i>Morris Schaff... ..</i>	231
HARVARD COLLEGE IN THE WAR...	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.....</i>	232
MEMORIES OF A SOLDIER.....	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.....</i>	234

PART IX

RESPONSIBILITY

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE.....	<i>George Washington Doane.....</i>	236
"ONE ALTAR AND ONE SACRIFICE".....	<i>William H. Seward.....</i>	238
THE MAN AMERICA NEEDS.....	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson.....</i>	240
THE INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS.....	<i>James Russell Lowell.....</i>	241
A WARNING AGAINST THE SPIRIT OF EMPIRE.....	<i>George F. Hoar.....</i>	244
THE RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.....	<i>Francis A. Walker.....</i>	247
TAXATION AND GOVERNMENT.....	<i>John Fiske.....</i>	249

LIBERTY IS RESPONSIBILITY, NOT	
LICENSE.....	<i>William McKinley</i> 254
EDUCATED MEN AND POLITICS.....	<i>Grover Cleveland</i> 255
THE NEW RESPONSIBILITY OF THE	
BAR.....	<i>Elihu Root</i> 257
INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT.....	<i>Elihu Root</i> 261
THE DUTY OF AMERICA IN CUBA....	<i>John M. Thurston</i> 264
SPIRIT OF AMERICA.....	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i> 266
WASHINGTON'S MAXIM.....	<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> 268
TRUE AMERICANISM.....	<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> 270
THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO	
RULE.....	<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> 272
RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS ON THE HIGH	
SEAS.....	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i> 273
NEUTRALITY AND AMERICAN	
RIGHTS.....	<i>George Sutherland</i> 275
SOBER SECOND THOUGHT OF THE	
AMERICAN PEOPLE.....	<i>George Sutherland</i> 277
THE INVISIBLE BRIDGE BETWEEN	
ITALY AND AMERICA.....	<i>Nicholas Murray Butler</i> .. 280
WHY WE ARE FIGHTING GERMANY..	<i>Franklin K. Lane</i> 282
THE NATION NEEDS ALL OF ITS	
MEN.....	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i> 283
THE WESTERN WORLD IN DANGER.	<i>Elihu Root</i> 284
THE EDUCATED MAN AND DEMO-	
CRATIC IDEALS.....	<i>Charles E. Hughes</i> 286
WHAT THE FLAG MEANS.....	<i>Charles E. Hughes</i> 288
THE MORAL REGENERATION OF	
AMERICAN BUSINESS.....	<i>Albert J. Beveridge</i> 289
THE NEW WEALTH.....	<i>Walter E. Weyl</i> 293

PART X

OPPORTUNITY

AMERICA IS THE HOME OF MAN....	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> ... 297
LINCOLN: THE MYSTERY OF	
DEMOCRACY.....	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i> 299

AMERICANISM IN LITERATURE.....	<i>Thomas Wentworth Hig-</i> <i>ginson</i>	303
PERMANENT FAMILIES IN THE UNITED STATES.....	<i>Charles W. Eliot</i>	305
FIVE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILIZATION.....	<i>Charles W. Eliot</i>	310
EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY.....	<i>Henry van Dyke</i>	311
THE VOICE OF THE BUGLE.....	<i>Josiah Royce</i>	313
MAKERS OF THE FLAG.....	<i>Franklin K. Lane</i>	314
WHAT I SHOULD LIKE TO TELL THE IMMIGRANT.....	<i>Edward A. Steiner</i>	316
ON BECOMING AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.....	<i>Edward A. Steiner</i>	317
AMERICA THE MELTING POT.....	<i>Samuel W. McCall</i>	320
TO NEWLY-MADE CITIZENS.....	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	322
ADDRESS TO WEST POINT CADETS.....	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	327
THE VIGIL OF ARMS.....	<i>Ralph Barton Perry</i>	331
THE ADVENTURE OF BEING HUMAN.....	<i>Zona Gale</i>	335
ELEMENTARY DUTY OF A DEMOC- RACY.....	<i>Walter Lippmann</i>	339
THE REPUBLIC WILL ENDURE.....	<i>James Gibbons</i>	340
THE RULE OF HONOR FOR THE RE- PUBLIC.....	<i>Carl Schurz</i>	342
CARL SCHURZ.....	<i>Joseph H. Choate</i>	343
MEMORIAL DAY, 1917.....	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	345
OUR DEBT OF HONOR TO FRANCE...	<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>	346
SERVICE LEADS TO SUCCESS.....	<i>Frank A. Vanderlip</i>	347
OPPORTUNITY IS PLENTIFUL IN AMERICA.....	<i>Charles M. Schwab</i>	348
WAR MESSAGE OF APRIL 2, 1917...	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	351
WHAT AMERICANS BELIEVE IN.....	<i>Charles W. Eliot</i>	361
PATRIOTISM.....	<i>Lyman Abbott</i>	362
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.....		365

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC PROSE

PART I

THE STREAMS OF AMERICAN LIFE

PATHS OF THE PIONEERS

JOHN H. FINLEY

[Long before the *Mayflower* had landed at Plymouth Rock, the French had made settlements on the St. Lawrence in Canada and were laying claim to all the land as far south as the Delaware River. They later crossed the Great Lakes and established trading-posts and forts and missions on the Mississippi. They were, however, mainly soldiers, traders, and religious zealots. They did not clear farms and build houses, as did the English who pushed westward through the Alleghanies.

Even before the Revolution, adventurous English hunters and trappers had begun to move westward. Daniel Boone and men of his type had gone through the Cumberland gap into Kentucky, and later moved on to Missouri "to get more elbow room," as Boone said. After the Revolution, Sevier and Shelby, who had defeated the British at King's Mountain in 1780, led some of their old soldiers into Tennessee and Kentucky. Into what was known as the Northwest Territory — extending west from Pittsburgh and along the north bank of the Ohio River — poured settlers from Pennsylvania, New York, and New England. Many old soldiers of the Revolution were paid off in land instead of money for their services in the army. Alexander Hamilton, Washington's great Secretary of the Treasury, replenished the empty money chests of the nation by the sale of these lands to settlers. Washington himself bought large tracts in Ohio.

These early settlers were more than soldiers or trappers or missionaries; they were the founders of States. Some of them later

sent back their sons to the East as Presidents of the Nation. From this region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River have come Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, and Taft. In the Civil War it produced men of very high rank. To the Union army it sent Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and to the Confederacy it gave Albert Sidney Johnston, Hood, and Beauregard.]

THERE¹ is a class of topographical engineers "older than the schools," "more unerring than mathematicians." They are the wild animals which traverse the forests not by compass but by instinct, find the easiest paths to the lowest passes in the mountains, to the shallowest fords, to the richest pastures, to the salt licks. . . . It is a mistake, therefore, we are reminded, to suppose that the American forests and plains were trackless before men came. They were coursed by many paths. . . .

Such were the paths by which the runners of the woods, the French *coureurs de bois*,² first emerged, after following the watercourses, upon the western forest glades and the edges of the prairies, and astonished the aboriginal human owners of those wild highways that had known only the soft feet of the wolf and fox and bear, the hoofs of the buffaloes and deer, and the bare feet or the moccasins of the Indians. . . .

The French followed the streams which kept them in touch with the sea. But they had finally, in their pioneering, to take to the trails and the forests. And these runners-of-the-woods were the "pioneers of pioneers," who often, in unrecorded advance of priest and explorer, pushed their adventurous traffic in French guns and hatchets, French beads and cloth, French tobacco and brandy, till they knew and were known to the aboriginal inhabitants, "from where the stunted Eskimos

¹ From *The French in the Heart of America*; copyright, 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

² *Coureur de bois* [koo-rûr' de buä']. A French or half-breed trapper and hunter of western North America, especially of Canada.

burrowed in their snow caves to where the Comanches scoured the plains of the south with their banditti cavalry." . . .

"This class of men is not extinct," said Parkman twenty or thirty years ago; "in the cheerless wilds beyond the northern lakes, or among the solitudes of the distant West, they may still be found, unchanged in life and character since the day when Louis the Great claimed sovereignty over the desert empire."

But their mission, if any survive till now, is past. The paths, surveyed by the beasts and opened by these pioneers to the feet of priests, explorers, and traders, have let in the influences that in time destroyed all they loved and braved the solitude for. The trace has become the railroad, and the smell of the gasoline motor is even on the Oregon trail; for, in general, it has been said of the forest part of the valley, "where there is a railway to-day, there was a path a century and a quarter ago," and that means longer ago; and it may be added that where there was a French trading-post, or fort, or portage, there is a city to-day, not because of the attraction of the populations of those places to the prospective railroad, but because of their natural highway advantage, learned even by the buffaloes. Not all paths have evolved into railroads, but the railroads have followed most of these natural paths—paths of the *coureurs de bois*, of those instinctively searching for mountain passes, of low portages from valley to valley, the shortest ways and the easiest grades. . . . It is a common, unimaginative metaphor to call the engine which leads the mighty trains across the country the iron horse, but it is deserving of a nobler figure. It is the iron *coureur de bois* still leading Europe into America, and America into a newer America. . . . The railroad outran the settler and "beckoned him on," just as the *coureur de bois* outran the slower-going migrant and beckoned him on to ever new frontiers: the buffalo, the *coureur de bois*, the engineer—in turn. . . .

Washington had hardly put off his uniform, after the peace of 1783, when he was planning for a Western trip, and his diary

on the third day of that trip of six hundred and eighty miles shows that his one object was to obtain information of the "nearest and best communication between the Eastern and the Western waters." He expected the canal to erase the Alleghanies from the map, but the railroad accomplished this gigantic task, with only slight aid of water. And as it tied the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic Coast, so in time, aided by a government that had every reason to be grateful, it reached across the uninhabited plains, over the Rocky Mountains, which even Western statesmen said were the divinely appointed barriers, across the desert beyond, to the Pacific Slope, and tied it to a capital which is now nearer to San Francisco than once that capital was to Boston. A man from the Missouri River¹ is, as I write, Speaker of the House. . . . A man from the mouth of the Mississippi, the highest authority in America on the French code, is the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. And he was appointed by a President² who was born on the banks of the Ohio, discovered also by the French, and named La Belle Rivière. That is, the highest office in each of the three coördinate branches of government (the judicial, the legislative, and the executive) are filled by men of the Western waters. And there is no single fact that can better illustrate the political significance of the paths over which the French were pioneers.

THE BLENDING OF RACES ³

HENRY VAN DYKE

OUR American stock is the product of a happy mixture.

The Puritan strain in our American social life is too well known to need description. Personal independence, religious intensity, ethical earnestness mitigated by commercial activity—this strain has made its mark deep on our American history.

¹ Mr. Champ Clark.

² Mr. Taft.

³ From *Essays in Application*; copyright, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Dutch influence has not been so deep, but perhaps it has been broader. Free education and religious toleration came to this country from Holland. The Quakers could not live in the air of New England in the seventeenth century, but they found the atmosphere of New Amsterdam more hospitable. William Penn, who set the example of giving to the consciences of others the same freedom that he claimed for his own, had a Dutch mother. Religious liberty (which, take it all in all, is the most precious possession of America) is a watchword translated from the Dutch. It was William of Orange who put it in immortal language when he said, "Conscience is God's province."

The Cavalier influence has been a strain of grace, of dignity, of amenity; a sentiment of chivalry; a feeling of national pride and honor permeating all of our social life; and it has actually been one of the most powerful factors in consolidating the Republic. In the Federal Convention, "the Virginia plan" first held forth the idea of a strong nation as distinguished from a loose confederation. It was around the personal character of Washington that all the scattered forces of possible American citizenship first centred and crystallized. Without that great soldier-cavalier the colonies hardly could have freed themselves; without that greater citizen-cavalier the states never could have united themselves.

The streams that have entered into our American life come from springs very wide apart — from the Puritans whom James I was persecuting, and from the courtiers whom he was patronizing; from the Dutchmen whom Charles II was fighting, and from the Covenanters whom he was trying to convert at the pistol's point; from the Scotchmen who had captured the north of Ireland, and from the Huguenots who had been driven out of the south of France.

Yet with all these differences of ancestral stock, Americans have a common and undivided heritage of ancestral ideals. They are the fruits of that underlying unity of convictions, hopes, and purposes which made our forefathers one people. A

love of liberty strong enough to harmonize different ways of conceiving it; a reverence for the rights of humanity deep enough to reconcile different ways of defending it; and a faith in God high enough to make room at last for all modes of expressing it — these essential qualities of manhood made the best men of the Northern and the Middle and the Southern Colonies able to understand one another, and worked out through years of tribulation and triumph those inherited ideals which are the true riches and strength of America.

We have an inherited ideal of American manhood. We are not waiting for this ideal to arise; we are not expecting that it will be discovered and identified for us by any of those British authors who come over here looking for "the typical American." We do not even recognize it very clearly in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's extraordinary portrait:

"Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets the embarrassed gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of fate,
Or match with Destiny for beers.

"So, imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast,
And in the teeth of all the schools
I — I, shall save him at the last."

This verse, like much of Mr. Kipling's writing, has the charm of audacity, but it is hardly a happy description of our ancestral ideal of American manhood. We look back to that ideal as it was realized in the days of the Revolution, and we see that its typical representatives were neither enslaved nor illogical, neither unkempt nor disreputable. The men who made this country, and led it from the beginning, were men of intelligence as well as of independence, men of dignity as well as of daring, men of sobriety as well as of self-confidence. Lowell was wrong when he called Lincoln "the first American." Lincoln was a great, an unsurpassably great, American, but he was not the

first. Washington, Franklin, Jay, Adams, Jefferson — these were all Americans before Lincoln.

The differences in manner, speech, and dress among our ancestors do not obscure the fundamental resemblance of their manhood. Along the Yankee line we see such names as Hancock, Ellsworth, Sherman, Putnam, Greene, and Lincoln. Along the Cavalier line we trace the records of a Washington, a Madison, a Pinckney, a Randolph, a Lee. Along the Dutch line we see such men as Schuyler, Livingston, De Witt Clinton, Van Buren. These men come of different stock, but they are not strangers, they are not aliens, they are of the same breed; and while that breed lasts we shall not need to ask any foreign critic to identify the typical American. He has arrived. He is no bully with his breeches tucked in his boots; he is no braggart with a wild, barbaric yawp. This typical American is a clear-eyed, level-headed, straightforward, educated, self-respecting gentleman with frank manners, firm convictions, who acts on the principle that—

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
A man’s a man, for a’ that.”

THE CRUSADER AND THE PURITAN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

SIX hundred years ago a knight went forth to fight for the cross in Palestine. He fought his battles, returned, died among his friends, and his effigy, cut in alabaster or cast in bronze, was set upon his tomb in the Temple or the Abbey. Already he was greater than he had been in life. While he lived, hundreds as good as he fell beneath the walls of Ascalon, or sank in the sands of the desert and were forgotten. But in his monument, the knight became the type of chivalry and the church militant. What was particular to him and individual had passed from sight and the universal alone remained. Six hundred years have gone by, and his history, perhaps his very

name, has been forgotten. His cause has ceased to move. The tumultuous tide in which he was an atom is still. And yet to-day he is greater than ever before. He is no longer a man, or even the type of a class of men, however great. He has become a symbol of the whole mysterious past—of all the dead passion of his race. His monument is the emblem of tradition, the text of national honor, the torch of all high aspiration through all time.

Two hundred and fifty years ago a few devout men founded the First Church of Cambridge. While they lived, I doubt not, hundreds as good as they fell under Fairfax at Marston Moor, or under Cromwell at Naseby, or lived and died quietly in England and were forgotten. Yet if the only monuments of those founders were mythic bronzes, such as stand upon the Common and the Delta,—if they were only the lichened slates in yonder churchyard,—how much greater are they now than they were in life! Time, the purifier, has burned away what was particular to them and individual, and has left only the type of courage, constancy, devotion,—the august figure of the Puritan.

Time still burns. Perhaps the type of the Puritan must pass away, as that of the Crusader has done. . . . Whether they knew it or not, they planted the democratic spirit in the heart of man. It is to them we owe the deepest cause we have to love our country—that instinct, that spark that makes the American unable to meet his fellow man otherwise than simply as a man, eye to eye, hand to hand, and foot to foot, wrestling naked on the sand.

THE SCOT IN AMERICA

WHITELAW REID

[From an address at Edinburgh, Scotland, before the Philosophical Institution on November 1, 1911. Mr. Reid was at that time the ambassador of the United States to Great Britain.

The term Ulster Scot is applied, in this address, to the Scotsman who migrated first to Ulster, in the northern part of Ireland, and

later to America. These immigrants are generally spoken of in America as Scotch-Irish.

Of the Americans mentioned in this address, Patrick Henry is doubtless the best known. John Witherspoon came to America to accept the presidency of Princeton. He was elected a member of the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence. James Madison and "Light Horse Harry" Lee were his pupils at Princeton. John Stark, of New Hampshire, commanded the "Green Mountain Boys" and defeated the British at the battle of Bennington, Vermont, in 1777.

The five colonels who jointly commanded at the battle of King's Mountain, on the border between the Carolinas, in 1780, were Sevier, Shelby, Campbell, McDowell, and Cleveland.]

No man may presume to depreciate either the Puritan or the Cavalier. But, when they are praised—as they must be forever, while heroism and great achievements are honored among the generations of men—the praise should be for what they did, rather than for what they conspicuously did not do. . . . They were the first in the field. They bore with heroism the privations and braved the perils of those who first burst into a savage world; and both privations and perils were beyond any modern conception. . . . Those pioneers, brave beyond comparison, have always received and always will receive ample justice for the inestimable work they really did. . . .

But it is now time to take into account another stream of immigration—the Ulster Scot. This term is preferred to the familiar "Scotch-Irish," constantly used in America, because it does not confuse the race with the accident of birth, and because they preferred it themselves. . . .

In 1736 an Ulster Scot, Henry McCulloch, settled between three and four thousand of his countrymen on a land grant of 64,000 acres in what is now the County of Duplin, North Carolina. A few years later a steady stream of Ulster Scots was pouring into Philadelphia, some going west toward Pittsburgh, and still farther, to Kentucky and Tennessee, others turning south sooner and filling the valleys of West Virginia, the

western parts of North and South Carolina, and even Georgia, with rough clearings, log-cabin school-houses, and Presbyterian churches. . . . One authority, a New England historian,¹ counts that between 1730 and 1770 at least half a million souls were transferred from Ulster to the colonies, more than half the Presbyterian population of Ulster, and that at the time of the Revolution they made one-sixth of the total population of the colonies. . . .

It was no author with Scottish blood in his veins, it was the typical New Englander, George Bancroft, who closed his account of the incoming of the Ulster Scots with these words:

"They brought to America no submissive love for England; and their experience and their religion alike bade them meet oppression with prompt resistance. We shall find the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain comes not from the Puritans of New England, or the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."

In March, 1775, Patrick Henry, the Scot, uttered in St. John's Church, Richmond, the fateful and famous words: "It is too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. The war is inevitable, and let it come! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death." Two months later the Ulster Scots adopted the notable Mecklenburg resolution,² declaring that the joint address of the two Houses of Parliament to the King had virtually "annulled and vacated all civil and military commissions granted by the Crown, and suspended the constitutions of the colonies"; that "the provincial congress is now invested with all the legislative and executive powers, and no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of the Colonies." . . .

¹ John Fiske.

² At Charlotte, North Carolina, May 20, 1775.

A few months later came the Declaration of Independence, summing up the conclusions to which for years the Scots and Ulster Scots had been leading. Out of the fifty-six members who composed the Congress that adopted it, eleven were of Scottish descent; and among them were such conspicuous leaders as John Witherspoon, of New Jersey, James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, Philip Livingston, of New York, and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina. On the momentary and natural hesitation to "put their necks in a halter" by signing this document after its adoption, it was one of these Scots, John Witherspoon again, who came to the front and carried the day. "He that will not respond to its accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions," he said, "is unworthy the name of freeman. For myself, although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hand of the public executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." . . .

At the first news of the skirmish at Lexington, John Stark, an Ulster Scot, of Londonderry, started for Cambridge, hurriedly gathered together eight hundred backwoodsmen, and marched with them towards the sound of the enemy's guns at Bunker Hill. . . .

Two of the most noted battles in South Carolina, where half the population was Ulster Scottish, were those of King's Mountain and Cowpens. At the first, five of the colonels were Presbyterian ruling elders, and their troops were mainly recruited from Presbyterian settlements. At the Cowpens, General Morgan, who commanded, and General Pickens were both Presbyterian elders, and most of their troops were Presbyterians. . . .

One of the greatest achievements of the war occurred so far in the West that not till long afterwards was its importance realized. This was the rescue of Kentucky and of that whole rich territory northwest of the Ohio. . . . For that momentous work, carried on in obscurity while attention was concentrated

on the sea-board colonies, without encouragement and with the scantiest means, but with skill and with heroism, we are indebted to General George Rogers Clark, a Scottish native of Albermarle County, Virginia. . . .

During the whole period, from the Revolution to the Civil War, the indomitable Ulster Scots, chiefly from Pennsylvania and the South, were pouring over the Alleghanies, carrying ever westward the frontiers of the country, forming the advance guard of civilization from the Lakes to the Gulf, fighting the Indians and the wild beasts, subduing and planting the wilderness, westward to the Mississippi. Of this conquering race, Theodore Roosevelt says in his *Winning of the West*:—

“Full credit has been awarded the Roundhead and the Cavalier; nor have we been altogether blind to the deeds of the Hollander and the Huguenot; but it is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin. . . . They formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people in their march westward.”

THE PILGRIMS

EDWARD EVERETT

THEIR banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause,

and if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

Their trials of wandering and of exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preëminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims. . . . No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and snow. No, they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the pilgrims; their own cares, their own labors, their own counsels, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all. . . .

Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

THE QUAKER AND HIS INFLUENCE

HENRY ARMITT BROWN

[From an address at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1887, at the two hundredth anniversary of its settlement. This early Quaker colony at Burlington was a distributing point from which other settlers moved up and down the Delaware River or crossed into Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, under the leadership of William Penn, later became the chief center of Quaker settlement and influence.]

It was in the midst of the stormiest years of the civil war that George Fox, an humble shepherd youth from the fields of Nottingham, began his ministry. Fox went forth to preach to his countrymen the new gospel, founded on freedom of conscience, purity of life, and the equality of man. Here was not only a new religious creed, but a dangerous political doctrine.

Here was an idea that, once embodied in a sect, would strike a blow at caste and privilege, and shake the very foundations of society. But nothing availed to tie the tongue of Fox, or cool the fervor of his spirit. Threatened, fined, beaten, and imprisoned, he turned neither to the left hand nor to the right.

At Cromwell's death the Quakers were already a numerous people. At the Restoration they had grown to dangerous proportions. Against them, therefore, was directed the vengeance of all parties and of every sect. Under all governments it was the same, and the Quaker met with even worse treatment from the Puritan government of New England than he had received from either the stern republican of Cromwell's time or the gay courtier of the Restoration. Though his hand was lifted against no man, all men's hands were laid heavily on him. He was persecuted, but nowhere understood. His religion was called fanaticism, his frugality avarice, his simplicity ignorance, his piety hypocrisy, his freedom infidelity, his conscientiousness rebellion.

But, though they fought no fight, they kept the faith. None can deny that they sought the faith with zeal, believed with sincerity, met danger with courage, and bore suffering with extraordinary fortitude. "They are a people," said the Protector, "whom I cannot win with gifts, honors, offices, or places."

There are many reasons why our forefathers turned their eyes upon New Jersey. The unrelenting Puritan had shut in their faces the doors of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth Colony. New York had been appropriated by the Dutch, and the followers of Fox could find little sympathy among the settlers of the Old Dominion. He had travelled across New Jersey two or three years before. It is to be noticed that Penn's connection with the Quaker settlement of Burlington led to the founding of Pennsylvania.

James II, in the year 1664, sold what is known as New Jersey to two of his friends,—Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley. Carteret planted settlements in Eastern Jersey, and the city of

Elizabeth still perpetuates the name of his accomplished wife. At last Berkeley, too old to realize his plans, offered the Province for sale. The opportunity was a rare one for the Quaker. Not alone for himself did the Pilgrim embark upon the *Mayflower*; not for himself alone did the Puritan seek a shelter on the bleak shores of Massachusetts; not for himself alone did Roger Williams gather his little colony at the head of Narragansett Bay; and the same faith that he was building in the wilderness a place of refuge for the oppressed forever, led the stern Quaker out of England. This was the faith that sustained them without a murmur through all the horrors of a New England winter; that kept their courage up while the Connecticut Valley rang with the war-whoop of the Indian; that raised their fainting spirits beneath the scorching rays of a Southern sun; that made them content and happy in the untrodden forests of New Jersey.

Proud may we justly be, as Americans, of those who laid the foundations of our happiness. I know of no people who can point to a purer and less selfish ancestry; of no nation that looks back to a nobler or more honorable origin. The history of old Burlington has been a modest one, but full of those things which good men rejoice to find in the character of their ancestors; of a courage meek but dauntless, a self-sacrifice lowly but heroic, a wisdom humble and yet lofty, a love of humanity that nothing could quench, a devotion to liberty that was never shaken, an unfaltering and childlike faith in God.

PETER MUHLENBERG, PREACHER-SOLDIER

RUDOLPH CRONAU

[General Muhlenberg was born at Trappe, Pennsylvania, in 1746, of German parentage. His father was one of the chief founders of the Lutheran church in America. Early in life Muhlenberg entered the ministry, and was pastor of a church at Woodstock, in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Washington, knowing the man, offered him a colonel's commission early in the Revolution. His regiment, the

eighth Virginia, was known in the army as "the German regiment." After the war Muhlenberg was elected to the lower house of Congress from Pennsylvania. He died in Philadelphia in 1807.]

IN¹ front of the City Hall in Philadelphia stands a monument erected to the memory of Peter Muhlenberg, a Lutheran minister, the same who in 1775 acted as chairman in that memorable mass-meeting at Woodstock, Virginia, which adopted such forceful protests against British oppression.

When the war clouds began to gather, this minister, not satisfied with a written protest, informed the members of his community of his intention to resign — and that he would preach but once more. This news attracted crowds of hearers from near and far, as Muhlenberg was one of the most popular ministers of Virginia. In his forceful sermon he spoke of the duties citizens owe to their country. In closing he said: "There is a time for preaching and praying. But there is also a time for fighting. Now this time has come!"

In the same moment he threw off his clerical garment and stood in the pulpit in the uniform of a colonel of the Continental army. Hailed by enthusiastic outbursts of his community, he slowly descended from the pulpit. Outside, drums began to rattle. Martial trumpets called the men to the struggle for freedom. Before the sun had set, several hundred sturdy Germans had enlisted as recruits, resolved to follow their minister to war.

In former years Muhlenberg had been officer in a British regiment. As he was acquainted with active service, he was entrusted with the command of a regiment, made up entirely of Germans. It fought with great honor in South Carolina as well as in the North. Later on, Muhlenberg was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. As such he distinguished himself in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. During the siege of Yorktown he held one of the most important

¹ From *German Achievements in America*.

positions, captured the strongest redoubt of the enemy and so became instrumental in the fall of the fortress. For his excellent services he was rewarded with the title of major-general. George Washington counted him among his confidential friends.

THE SCANDINAVIANS

K. C. BABCOCK

[From an article in the *American Historical Review* for January, 1911.]

OF the present population of the United States probably not less than three million persons are of pure Scandinavian stock, counting both the hundreds of thousands of Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish immigrants now living, and the descendants in the second and third generation of these and other immigrants of earlier years. . . .

The final test of the value of any alien element in the population of a nation must always be its capacity for amalgamation with the better part of the adopting country, its ability and willingness to contribute positively and progressively to the upbuilding of the institutions and spirit of the nation whose life it shares. The Scandinavians have so often shown an exceptional power of adaptability in matters social and political that their large participation in the immigration movement from Europe during the last sixty years makes reasonable the presumption of large benefits to accrue from their coming to America. One of the great advantages which they possess for the enrichment of their chosen country lies in the freedom and education under which they have grown up in the Northern Kingdoms, and in the fact that they have brought with them scanty luggage of social distinctions, class traditions, and ecclesiastical obligations. . . .

The longing for land, the determination to own a farm at the earliest possible moment, is the most significant fact in the story of the influence of Scandinavian immigration to the

United States. The call of the wild, rich, boundless western prairie, to be had in quarter sections, almost for the asking, with water and wood and fish and game near by, fell upon eager hearts in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. . . .

Thus it came about that the prospective joys of owning a farm and of expanding its acreage, with the prosperity of the years and with the growth of the family, made the hardship of pioneering and the isolation of the frontiers seem a very little thing to the strong-limbed, sound-hearted, land-hungry Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes in the middle northwest. . . .

The Scandinavian immigrants, from the beginnings of their movement into the promise of the American West, have dedicated themselves, without reservation and without stipulation, to the interests and institutions of the Republic. They come to the New World to stay and to make homes in the old-fashioned sense of the word; they are racially akin to the best in America; they are mentally and temperamentally detached from Old World dogmas, castes, and animosities; they are educated, hard-working, ambitious, and law-abiding, and permanently quickened by the conditions of American life. They will be builders and contributors, not destroyers; their greatest and most enduring services will be as a subtle, steadying influence, reinforcing those high qualities which are sometimes called Puritan, sometimes American, but which in any case make for local and national peace, prosperity, enlightenment, and righteousness.

PART II

THE COLONIES

THE ROMANCE OF POCAHONTAS

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

[The following selection is taken from Captain John Smith's *General Historie of Virginia, etc.*, published in England in 1624. It will be noted that he sometimes speaks of himself in the first person and sometimes in the third. The action all takes place in or near Jamestown, on the James River, in Virginia.

After Pocahontas had saved Smith's life, she was taken prisoner and kept as a hostage by the colonists for several years, during which time an attachment sprang up between her and John Rolfe. They were married in 1614. He took her to England in 1616 — the year in which Shakespeare died — where the letter of Captain John Smith to the queen of James I brought them to the favorable notice of the court. Rolfe was appointed secretary of Virginia, and was returning to take up his new duties when Pocahontas died at sea. Many descendants of their daughter still live in Virginia — among them the Randolphs. Pocahontas was Rolfe's second wife. Rolfe was the first colonist to plant tobacco in Virginia.

Smith's writing never loses the tone of the courtier. He speaks of the Indian chief Powhatan as the "Emperor" or the "King"; of his braves as "courtiers"; of Pocahontas as a "King's daughter." Is it not possible that this manner toward the Indian had much to do with his successful dealing with them? In the early New England chronicles the attitude toward the red man is usually one of contempt or condescension. To Smith's mind, Pocahontas was assuredly a princess of the blood royal. She had, for him, the nobility of birth as well as the nobility which was hers by nature; and in his gallant Elizabethan fashion he has woven about her head, with the aid of her own romantic conduct, a halo that seems likely to last.]

At last they brought him [Smith] to Werowocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperour. Here more than two hundred grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe made of Rawocun skins, and all the tayles hanging by. . . . At [Smith's] entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck¹ was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a towel, to dry them. Having feasted him after their best barbarous manner, a long consultation was held; but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan. Then as many as could laid hands upon him, dragged him to the stones and thereon laid his head. And being ready with their clubs to beate out his brains, Pocahontas the King's dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do any thing so well as the rest.

Two days after, Powhatan caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and told him now they were friends, and presently he should go to Jamestown, to send him two great guns, and a grindstone, for which he would give him the County of Capahowosick, and forever esteem him as his son Nantaquoud.

So to Jamestown with twelve guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other for all their feasting. But almighty God by his divine providence, had mollified the hearts

¹ Appomattox, a name famous in American history.

of those stern barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the fort, where Smith having used the savages with what kindness he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demiculverins and a millstone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavy; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with icicles, the ice and branches came so tumbling down, that the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some confidence with them, and gave them such toys: and sent to Powhatan, his women and children, such presents, as gave them in general full content. . . .

Master John Rolfe, an honest Gentleman, and of good behaviour, had beene in love with Pocahontas and she with him, which thing at that instant I made knowne to Sir Thomas Dale by a letter from him, wherein hee intreated his advice, and she acquainted her brother with it, which resolution Sir Thomas Dale well approved. The bruit of this marriage came soone to the knowledge of Powhatan, a thing acceptable to him, as appeared by his sudden consent, for within ten days he sent Ofachisco, an old Uncle of hers, and two of his sons, to see the manner of the mariage, and to doe in that behalfe what they requested, for the confirmation thereof, as his deputie; which was accordingly done about the first of Aprill. And ever since we have had friendly trade and commerce, as well with Powhatan himself, as all his subjects.

The Lady Rebecca, alias Pocahontas, daughter to Powhatan, by the diligent care of Master John Rolfe her husband and his friends, was taught to speake such Englishe as might well bee understood, well instructed in Christianitie, and was become very formal and civil after our English manner; she had also by him a childe which she loved most dearely and the Treasurer and Company tooke order both for the maintenance of her and it, beside there were divers persons of great ranke and qualitie had beene very kinde to her; and before she arrived at London

Captain Smith to deserve her former courtesies, made her qualities knowne to the Queene's most excellent Majestie and her Court, and writ a little booke to this effect to the Queene: An abstract whereof followeth,
To the most high and vertuous

Princesse Queene Anne of Great Brittainie
Most Admired Queene,

The love I beare my God, my King, and Countrie hath so oft emboldened me in the worst of extreme danger, that now honestie doth constraine me presume thus far beyond my selfe, to present your Majestie this short discourse: If ingratitude be a deadly poyson to all honest vertues, I must bee guiltie of that crime if I should omit any meanes to bee thankful. So it is, that some ten years agoe being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan their chief King, I received from this great salvage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his son Nantaquaus, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit, I ever saw in a Salvage, and his sister Pocahontas, the King's most deare and well-beloved daughter, being but a childe of twelve or thirteene yeers of age, whose compassionate pitiful heart, of desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her:

I being the first Christian this proud King and his grim attendants ever saw: and thus inthrall'd in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortal foes to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats. After some six weeks fattening among those Salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine, and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to James towne, where I found about eight and thirtie miserable poore and sicke creatures, to keepe possession of all those large territories of Virginia. Such was the weaknesse of this poor Commonwealth, as had the Salvages not fed us, we directly had starved.

And this reliefe, Most gracious Queene, was commonly

brought us by this Lady Pocahontas, notwithstanding all these passages when inconstant Fortune turned peace to war, this tender Virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our jars have beene oft appeased and our wants still supplied; were it the policie of her father thus to imploy her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraodinaire affection to our Nation, I know not: but of this I am sure:—when her father with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprize mee, having but eighteen with mee, the darke night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and with watered eyes gave me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his furie: which had hee knowne, hee had surely slaine her. James Towne with her wild traine she as freely frequented, as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three yeeres, she next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this Colonie from death, famine and utter confusion, which if in those times had once beene dissolved, Virginia might have been as it was at our first arrival to this day. Since then, this businesse having beene turned and varied by many accidents from that I left it at: it is most certaine, after a long and troublesome war after my departure, betwixt her father and our Colonie, all which time shee was not heard of, about two years after she her selfe was taken prisoner, being so detained neere two yeeres longer, the Colonie by that means was relieved, peace concluded, and at last rejecting her barbarous condition, was married to an English Gentleman, with whom at this present she is in England; the first Christian ever of that Nation, the first Virginian ever spake English, or had a childe in mariage by an Englishman, a matter surely, if my meaning bee truly considered and well understood, worthy a Prince's understanding.

Thus, most gracious Lady, I have related to your Majestie, what at your best leasure our approved histories will account you at large, and done in the time of your Majestie's life, and however this might bee presented you from a more worthy pen,

it cannot from a more honest heart; as yet I never begged anything of the State, or any, and it is my want of abilitie and her exceeding desert, your birth, means, and authoritie, her birth, vertue, want and simplicitie, doth make mee thus bold, humbly to beseech your Majestie to take this knowledge of her, though it be from one so unworthy to be the reporter, as myselfe, her husband's estate not being able to make her fit to attend your Majesties.

The most and best I can doe, is to tell you this, because none so oft hath tried it as myselfe; and the rather being of so great a spirit, however her stature; if she should not be well received, seeing this Kingdome may rightly have a Kingdome by her means; her present love to us and Christianitie, might turne to such scorne and furie, as to divert all this good to the worst of evil, where finding so great a Queene should doe her some honour more than she can imagine, for being so kinde to your servants and subjects, would so ravish her with content, as endear her dearest bloud to effect that, your Majestie and all the King's honest subjects most earnestly desire. And so I humbly kisse your gracious hands. Being about this time preparing to set saile for New England, I could not stay to doe her that service I desired, and shee well deserved; but hearing shee was at Branford with divers of my friends, I went to see her: After a modest salutation, without any word, she turned about, obscured her face, as not seeming well contented; and in that humour her husband, with divers others, we all left her two or three houres, repenting myself to have writ shee could speake English.

But not long after, she began to talke, and remembered mee well what courtesies shee had done; saying, "You did promise Powhatan what was yours should bee his, and he the like to you; you called him father being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason so must I doe you;"—which though I would have excused, I durst not allow of that title, because she was a King's daughter. With a well set countenance she said,

"Were you not afraid to come into my father's Countrie, and caused feare in him and all his people (but mee) and feare you here I should call you father; I tell you then I will, and you shall calle mee childe, and so I will bee forever and ever your Councieman. They did tell us alwaies you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth; yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakkin to seeke you, and know the truth, because your Counciemen will lie much." . . .

The small time I staid in Londin, divers courtiers and others, my acquaintances, hath gone with me to see her, that generally concluded, they did thinke God had a great hand in her conversion, and they have seene many English Ladies worse favoured, proportioned and behavioured, and as since I have heard, it pleased both the King and Queene's Majestie honourably to esteeme her, accompanied with that honourable Lady the Lady De la Warre, and that honourable Lord her husband, and divers other persons of good qualities, both publikely at the maskes and otherwise, to her great satisfaction and content, which doubtless she would have deserved had she lived to arrive in Virginia.

FIRST FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS

BRADFORD'S AND WINSLOW'S JOURNAL

[This account is taken from a journal kept by Bradford, with additions by Winslow, which covers the first year of the life of the Pilgrims on American soil. This journal was published in England in 1622, and was wrongly called *Mourt's Relation* from the fact that the preface was signed by a man named Mourt.]

It will be remembered that the Pilgrims first cast anchor in Cape Cod harbor, where the *Mayflower* remained several days. From the vessel they made excursions to the land to see what they could find. This first fight with the Indians gave them a foretaste of some of their later troubles. The resoluteness with which they met all difficulties was also a foreshadowing of their final success.]

WEDNESDAY, the 6th of December, we set out, being very cold and hard weather. We were a long while, after we launched from the ship, before we could get clear of a sandy point, which lay within less than a furlong of the same. In which time two were very sick, and Edward Tilley had like to have sounded with cold. The gunner also was sick unto death. At length we got clear of the sandy point, and got up our sails, and within an hour or two we got under the weather shore, and then had smoother water and better sailing. But it was very cold; for the water froze on our clothes, and made them many times like coats of iron.

We sailed six or seven leagues by the shore, but saw neither river nor creek. At length we met with a tongue of land, being flat off from the shore, with a sandypoint. We bore up to gain the point, and found there a fair income or road of a bay; but we made right over to the land before us, and left the discovery of this income till the next day. As we drew near to the shore, we espied some ten or twelve Indians very busy about a black thing,—what it was we could not tell,—till afterwards they saw us, and ran to and fro, as if they had been carrying something away. We landed a league or two from them, and had much ado to put ashore any where, it lay so full of flat sands. When we came to shore, we made us a barricado, and got firewood, and set out sentinels, and betook us to our lodging, such as it was. We saw the smoke of the fire which the savages made that night, four or five miles from us.

In the morning we divided our company, some eight in the shallop, and the rest on the shore went to discover this place. We on the land found it to be a level soil, though none of the fruitfullest. We saw two becks of fresh water, which were the first running streams that we saw in the country; but one might stride over them. We found also a great fish, called a grampus, dead on the sands. They in the shallop found two of them also in the bottom of the bay, dead in like sort. They were cast up at high water, and could not get off for the frost and ice.

They were some five or six paces long, and about two inches thick of fat, and fleshed like a swine. They would have yielded a great deal of oil, if there had been time and means to have taken it. So we finding nothing for our turn, both we and our shallop returned.

We then directed our course along the sea sands to the place where we first saw the Indians. When we were there, we saw it was also a grampus which they were cutting up. They cut it into long rands or pieces, about an ell long and two handfull broad. We found here and there a piece scattered by the way, as it seemed for haste. This place the most were minded we should call the Grampus Bay, because we found so many of them there. We followed the track of the Indians' bare feet a good way on the sands. At length we saw where they struck into the woods by the side of a pond. As we went to view the place, one said he thought he saw an Indian house among trees; so went up to see. And here we and the shallop lost sight one of another till night, it being about nine or ten o'clock. So we light on a path, but we saw no house, and followed a great way into the woods. At length we found where corn had been set, but not that year. Anon, we found a great burying-place, one part whereof was encompassed with a large palisado, like a churchyard, with young spires, four or five yards long, set as close one by another as they could, two or three foot in the ground. Within it was full of graves, some bigger and some less. Some were also paled about; and other had like an Indian house made over them, but not matted. Those graves were more sumptuous than those at Cornhill; yet we digged none of them up, but only viewed them and went our way. As we ranged, we light on four or five Indian houses, which had been lately dwelt in; but they were uncovered, and had no mats about them. There was nothing left but two or three pieces of old mats, and a little sedge. Also, a little further, we found two baskets full of parched acorns hid in the ground, which we supposed had been corn when we began to dig the

same; we cast earth thereon again, and went our way. All this while we saw no people.

We went ranging up and down till the sun began to draw low, and then we hasted out of the woods, that we might come to our shallop; which, when we were out of the woods, we espied a great way off, and called them to come unto us; the which they did as soon as they could, for it was not yet high water. They were exceeding glad to see us, for they feared because they had not seen us in so long a time, thinking we would have kept by the shore side. So being both weary and faint,—for we had eaten nothing all that day,—we fell to make our rendezvous and get firewood, which always costs us a great deal of labor. By that time we had done, and our shallop come to us, it was within night; and we fed upon such victuals as we had, and betook us to our rest, after we had set out our watch. About midnight we heard a great and hideous cry; and our sentinels called, “Arm! Arm!” So we bestirred ourselves, and shot off a couple of muskets, and the noise ceased. We concluded that it was a company of wolves or foxes; for one told us he had heard such a noise in Newfoundland.

About five o’clock in the morning we began to be stirring; and two or three, which doubted whether their pieces would go off or no, made trial of them and shot them off, but thought nothing at all. After prayer we prepared ourselves for breakfast, and for a journey; and it being now twilight in the morning, it was thought meet to carry the things down to the shallop. Some said, it was not best to carry the armor down. Others said, they would be readier. Two or three said, they would not carry theirs till they went themselves, but mistrusting nothing at all. As it fell out, the water not being high enough, they laid the things down upon the shore, and came up to breakfast. Anon, all upon a sudden, we heard a great and strange cry, which we knew to be the same voices though they varied their notes. One of our company, being abroad came running in, and cried, “They are men! Indians!

Indians!" and withal their arrows came flying amongst us. Our men ran out with all speed to recover their arms; as by the good providence of God they did. In the mean time, Captain Miles Standish, having a snaphance ready, made a shot; and after him another. After they two had shot, other two of us were ready; but he wished us not to shoot till we could take aim, for we knew not what need we should have; and there were only four of us which had their arms there ready, and stood before the open side of our barricado, which was first assaulted. They thought it best to defend it, lest the enemy should take it and our stuff; and so have the more vantage against us. Our care was no less for the shallop; but we hoped all the rest would defend it. We called unto them to know how it was with them; and they answered "Well! Well!" every one, and "Be of good courage!" We heard three of their pieces go off, and the rest called for a firebrand to light their matches. One took a log out of the fire on his shoulder and went and carried it unto them; which was thought did not a little discourage our enemies. The cry of our enemies was dreadful, especially when our men ran out to recover their arms. Their note was after this manner, "*Woach, Woach, ha ha hach woach.*" Our men were no sooner come to their arms, but the enemy was ready to assault them.

There was a lusty man, and no whit less valiant, who was thought to be their captain, stood behind a tree within half a musket shot of us, and there let his arrows fly at us. He was seen to shoot three arrows, which were all avoided. He stood three shots of a musket. At length, one took, as he said, full aim at him; after which he gave an extraordinary cry, and away they went all. We followed them about a quarter of a mile; but we left six to keep our shallop, for we were very careful of our business. Then we shouted all together two several times, and shot off a couple of muskets, and so returned. This we did that they might see we were not afraid of them, nor discouraged.

Thus it pleased God to vanquish our enemies and give us deliverance. By their noise we could not guess that they were less than thirty or forty, though some thought that they were many more. Yet, in the dark of the morning, we could not so well discern them among the trees, as they could see us at our fire-side. We took up eighteen of their arrows which we have sent to England by Master Jones; some whereof was headed with brass, others with harts' horn, and others with eagles' claws. Many more no doubt were shot, for these we found were almost covered with leaves; yet, by the especial providence of God, none of them either hit or hurt us, though many came close by us and on every side of us, and some coats which hung up in our barricado were shot through and through.

So after we had given God thanks for our deliverance, we took our shallop and went on our journey, and called this place The First Encounter.

REMONSTRANCE WITH GENERAL BRADDOCK

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

[From Franklin's *Autobiography*. Franklin had charge of transportation and food for the Braddock expedition against the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne, near what is now Pittsburgh, in 1755. He was in this way brought into personal relation with General Braddock. Braddock's defeat was particularly discouraging to the middle colonies. The French and Indians were pressing in from the west and building forts in western Pennsylvania. These fortified posts not only threatened the lives and property of frontiersmen, but also blocked the western movement of settlers. There was, too, a larger question involved in this French and Indian War, namely, whether the English or the French were to be the masters of this western world.]

THIS general was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a figure as a good officer in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans

and Indians. George Croghan, our Indian interpreter, joined him on his march with one hundred of those people, who might have been of great use to his army as guides, scouts, etc., if he had treated them kindly; but he slighted and neglected them, and they gradually left him.

In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," said he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before revolved in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iroquois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventured only to say, "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne, with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place, not yet completely fortified and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support each other."

He smiled at my ignorance, and replied, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of an impropriety of my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army which I apprehended its

long line of march exposed it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river, where the front had halted till all were come over), and in a more open part of the woods than any it had passed, attacked its advanced guard by a heavy fire from behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, through wagons, baggage, and cattle; and presently the fire came upon their flank; the officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguished, picked out as marks, and fell very fast; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing to be shot at till two-thirds of them were killed; and then, being seized with a panic, the whole fled with precipitation.

The wagoners took each a horse out of his team and scampered; their example was immediately followed by others; so that all the wagons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. These eleven hundred had been picked from the whole army; the rest had been left behind with Colonel Dunbar, who was to follow with the heavier part of the stores, provisions, and baggage. The flyers, not being pursued, arrived at Dunbar's camp, and the panic they brought with them instantly seized him and all his people, and, though he had now above one thousand men, and the enemy who had beaten Braddock did not at most exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding, and endeavoring to recover some of the lost honor, he ordered all the stores, ammunition, etc., to be destroyed, that he might have more horses to assist his flight toward the settlements, and less

lumber to remove. He was there met with requests from the governors of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania that he would post his troops on the frontiers, so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants; but he continued his hasty march through all the country, not thinking himself safe till he arrived at Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him. This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

[Franklin was sent to England by Pennsylvania in 1764 to try to bring about the repeal of the Stamp Act. He remained in England several years, working diligently to avert war. He was quizzed in the House of Commons about the state of affairs in America, and the following is from a report of the examination published in 1767.]

Q. What is your name, and place of abode?

A. Franklin, of Philadelphia.

Q. Do the Americans pay any considerable taxes among themselves?

A. Certainly, many, and very heavy taxes.

Q. What are the present taxes in Pennsylvania, laid by the laws of the colony?

A. There are taxes on all estates real and personal; a poll tax; a tax on all offices, professions, trades, and businesses, according to their profits; an excise on all wine, rum, and other spirits; and a duty of ten pounds per head on all negroes imported, with some other duties.

Q. For what purposes are those taxes laid?

A. For the support of the civil and military establishments of the country, and to discharge the heavy debt contracted in the last war.

Q. How long are those taxes to continue?

A. Those for discharging the debt are to continue till 1772, and longer if the debt should not be then all discharged. The others must always continue.

Q. Was it not expected that the debt would have been soon discharged?

A. It was, when the peace was made with France and Spain. But, a fresh war breaking out with the Indians, a fresh load of debt was incurred; and the taxes, of course, continued longer by a new law.

Q. Are not all the people very able to pay those taxes?

A. No. The frontier counties, all along the continent, having been frequently ravaged by the enemy and greatly impoverished, are able to pay very little tax. And therefore, in consideration of their distresses, our late tax laws do expressly favor those countries, excusing the sufferers; and I suppose the same is done in other governments. . . .

Q. What was the temper of America toward Great Britain before the year 1763?

A. The best in the world. They submitted willingly to the government of the Crown, and paid, in their courts, obedience to the acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are in several old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper; they were led by a thread. They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain; for its laws, its customs and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with particular regard; to be an *Old-England man* was of itself a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us.

Q. And what is their temper now?

A. O, very much altered. . . .

Q. In what light did the people of America use to consider the Parliament of Great Britain?

A. They considered the Parliament as the great bulwark and security of their liberties and privileges, and always spoke of it with the utmost respect and veneration. Arbitrary ministers, they thought, might possibly, at times, attempt to oppress them; but they relied on it that the Parliament, on application, would always give redress. They remembered, with gratitude, a strong instance of this, when a bill was brought into Parliament, with a clause to make royal instructions laws in the colonies, which the House of Commons would not pass, and it was thrown out.

Q. And have they not still the same respect for Parliament?

A. No, it is greatly lessened.

Q. To what cause is that owing?

A. To a concurrence of causes; the restraints lately laid on their trade by which the bringing of foreign gold and silver into the colonies was prevented; the prohibition of making paper money among themselves, and then demanding a new and heavy tax by stamps, taking away, at the same time, trials by juries, and refusing to receive and hear their humble petitions.

Q. Don't you think they would submit to the Stamp Act, if it was modified, the obnoxious parts taken out, and the duty reduced to some particulars of small moment?

A. No, they will never submit to it. . . .

Q. If the Stamp Act should be repealed, would it induce the assemblies of America to acknowledge the rights of Parliament to tax them, and would they erase their resolutions?

A. No, never.

Q. Are there no means of obliging them to erase those resolutions?

A. None that I know of; they will never do it, unless compelled by force of arms.

Q. Is there a power on earth that can force them to erase them?

A. No power, how great soever, can force men to change their opinions.

Q. Do they consider the postoffice as a tax, or as a regulation?

A. Not as a tax, but as a regulation and conveniency; every assembly encouraged it, and supported it in its infancy by grants of money, which they would not otherwise have done; and the people have always paid the postage.

Q. When did you receive the instructions you mentioned?

A. I brought them with me, when I came to England, about fifteen months ago.

Q. When did you communicate that instruction to the minister?

A. Soon after my arrival, while the stamping of America was under consideration, and before the bill was brought in.

Q. Would it be most for the interest of Great Britain to employ the hands of Virginia in tobacco, or in manufactures?

A. In tobacco, to be sure.

Q. What used to be the pride of the Americans?

A. To indulge in the fashion and manufactures of Great Britain.

Q. What is now their pride?

A. To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones.

A CALL TO ARMS

SAMUEL DAVIES

[The Reverend Samuel Davies belonged to the church militant. He preached a sermon in 1758 on the "Curse of Cowardice," a part of which is printed below. It was preached to the militia of Hanover county, Virginia — the same county in which Patrick Henry and Henry Clay were born. The immediate purpose of this sermon was to urge men to enlist and help drive back the French and Indians. Braddock's recent defeat was plainly hanging over his mind. He seemed to be looking every man in his congregation in the eye and shaking a finger in his face. This direct, impassioned style of oratory was used brilliantly by Patrick Henry a little later. It is known that Henry as a young man often heard Davies preach.]

CAN Indian revenge and thirst for blood be glutted, or can French ambition and avarice be satisfied? No, we have no method left, but to repel force with force, and give them blood to drink in their turn, who have drunk ours. If we sit still and do nothing, or content ourselves, as alas, we have hitherto, with feeble, dilatory efforts, we may expect these barbarities will not only continue, but that the Indians, headed by the French, those eternal enemies of peace, liberty, and Britons, will carry their inroads still farther into the country, and reach even to us. By the desertion of our remote settlements, the frontiers are approaching every day nearer and nearer to us; and if we cannot stand our ground now, — when we have above an hundred miles of a thick, settled country between us and the enemy, — much less shall we be able, when our strength is weakened by so vast a loss of men, arms, and riches, and we lie exposed to their immediate incursions. Some cry, “Let the enemy come down to us, and then we will fight them.” But this is the trifling excuse of cowardice or security, and not the language of prudence and fortitude. Those who make this plea, if the enemy should take them at their word, and make them so near a visit, would be as forward in flight as they are now backward to take up arms.

Such, my brethren, such, alas! is the present state of our country: it bleeds in a thousand veins; and without a timely remedy, the wound will prove mortal. And in such circumstances, is it not our duty in the sight of God to take up arms for the defence of our country? Certainly it is; and “Cursed is he,” who having no ties sufficiently strong to confine him at home, “keepeth his sword from blood.” The mean, sneaking wretch, that can desert the cause of his country in such an exigency; his country, in the blessings of which he shared, while in peace and prosperity; and which is therefore entitled to his sympathy and assistance in the day of its distress; that cowardly, ungrateful wretch sins against God and his country, and deserves the curse of both. . . .

He that hath determined the bounds of our habitation, hath planted us in a land of liberty and plenty; a land, till lately, unalarmed with the terrors of war, and unstained with human blood. Indeed, all things considered, there are but few such happy spots upon our globe. And must it not highly provoke our divine Benefactor, to see a people thus distinguished with blessings, so insensible of their worth, so ungrateful for them and so unacquainted with their own unworthiness to receive them?

And what can be more evidential of a proud insensibility of our unworthiness of such blessings, than our being so inapprehensive of losing them, even in the most threatening and dangerous circumstances? Our countrymen in general have acted as if beings of their importance and merit might certainly rest in the quiet, unmolested possession of their liberty and property without any one daring to disturb them, and without their doing anything for their own defence. . . .

Oh! for the all-prevailing force of Demosthenes's oratory—but I recall my wish, that I may correct it—Oh! for the influence of the Lord of armies, the God of battles, the Author of true courage and every heroic virtue, to fire you into patriots this moment and soldiers!—Ye young and hardy men, whose very faces seem to speak that God and nature formed you for soldiers, who are free from the incumbrance of families depending upon you for subsistence, and who are perhaps but of little service to society, while at home, may I not speak for you, and declare as your mouth, "Here we are, all ready to abandon our ease, and rush into the glorious dangers of the field, in defence of our country?" Ye that love your country, enlist; for honor will follow you in life or death in such a cause.

THE AMERICAN

J. HECTOR ST. JOHN DE CREVECEUR

WHAT then is the American, this new man? He is either an European or the descendant of an European, hence that

strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He* is an American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*.

Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the East; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest*; can it want a stronger allurement? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence.—This is an American.

PART III

INDEPENDENCE DEVELOPED

THE COLONIES TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY

RICHARD HENRY LEE

[This address was adopted by the Continental Congress on July 8, 1775, nearly a year before the Declaration of Independence. It clearly reflects what was going on in men's minds at the time.]

IF still you retain those sentiments of compassion by which Britons have ever been distinguished; if the humanity which tempered the valor of our common ancestors has not degenerated into cruelty, you will lament the miseries of their descendants.

To what are we to attribute this treatment? If to any secret principle of the constitution, let it be mentioned; let us learn that the government we have long revered is not without its defects, and that while it gives freedom to a part, it necessarily enslaves the remainder of the empire. If such a principle exists, why for ages has it ceased to operate? Why at this time is it called into action? Can no reason be assigned for this conduct, or must it be resolved into the wanton exercise of arbitrary power? And shall the descendants of Britons tamely submit to this? No, sirs! We never will; while we revere the memory of our gallant and virtuous ancestors, we never can surrender those glorious privileges for which they fought, bled, and conquered. Admit that your fleets could destroy our towns, and ravage our sea-coasts; these are inconsiderable objects, things of no moment to men whose bosoms glow with the ardor of liberty. We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and, without any

sensible diminution of the necessaries of life, enjoy a luxury, which from that period you will want—the luxury of being free.

We know the force of your arms, and was it called forth in the cause of justice and your country, we might dread the exertion; but will Britons fight under the banners of tyranny? Will they counteract the labors, and disgrace the victories of their ancestors? Will they forge chains for their posterity? If they descend to this unworthy task, will their swords retain their edge, their arms their accustomed vigor? Britons can never become the instruments of oppression, till they lose the spirit of freedom, by which alone they are invincible.

Our enemies charge us with sedition. In what does it consist? In our refusal to submit to unwarrantable acts of injustice and cruelty? If so, show us a period in your history in which you have not been equally seditious. We are accused of aiming at independence; but how is this accusation supported? By the allegations of your ministers—not by our actions. Abused, insulted, and contemned, what steps have we pursued to obtain redress? We have carried our dutiful petitions to the throne. We have applied to your justice for relief. We have retrenched our luxury and withheld our trade.

The great bulwarks of our constitution we have desired to maintain by every temperate, by every peaceable means; but your ministers (equal foes to British and American freedom) have added to their former oppressions an attempt to reduce us, by the sword, to a base and abject submission. On the sword, therefore, we are compelled to rely for protection. Should victory declare in your favor, yet men trained to arms from their infancy, and animated by the love of liberty, will afford neither a cheap nor easy conquest. Of this, at least, we are assured, that our struggle will be glorious, our success certain; since even in death we shall find that freedom which in life you forbid us to enjoy.

Let us now ask, What advantages are to attend our reduction? The trade of a ruined and desolate country is always incon-

siderable, its revenue trifling; the expense of subjecting and retaining it in subjection, certain and inevitable. What then remains but the gratification of an ill-judged pride, or the hope of rendering us subservient to designs on your liberty?

Soldiers who have sheathed their swords in the bowels of their American brethren, will not draw them with more reluctance against you. When too late, you may lament the loss of that freedom which we exhort you, while still in your power, to preserve. On the other hand, should you prove unsuccessful; should that connection which we most ardently wish to maintain, be dissolved; should your ministers exhaust your treasures, and waste the blood of your countrymen in vain attempts on our liberty, do they not deliver you, weak and defenceless, to your natural enemies?

Since, then, your liberty must be the price of your victories, your ruin of your defeat—what blind fatality can urge you to a pursuit destructive of all that Britons hold dear?

If you have no regard to the connection which has for ages subsisted between us; if you have forgot the wounds we have received fighting by your side for the extension of the empire; if our commerce is not an object below your consideration; if justice and humanity have lost their influence on your hearts, still motives are not wanting to excite your indignation at the measures now pursued. Your wealth, your honor, your liberty are at stake.

Notwithstanding the distress to which we are reduced, we sometimes forget our own afflictions, to anticipate and sympathize in yours. We grieve that rash and inconsiderate scoundrels should precipitate the destruction of an empire, which has been the envy and admiration of ages; and call God to witness! that we would part with our property, endanger our lives, and sacrifice everything but liberty, to redeem you from ruin.

A cloud hangs over your heads and ours; ere this reaches you, it may probably burst upon us; let us, then (before the re-

membrance of former kindness is obliterated), once more repeat those appellations which are ever grateful in our ears; let us entreat Heaven to avert our ruin, and the destruction that threatens our friends, brethren, and countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE PATRIOTISM OF MRS. ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS

[From a letter to Dr. Benjamin Rush, a surgeon in the Continental army and a signer of the Declaration.]

WHEN I went home to my family in May, 1770, from the town meeting in Boston, which was the first I had ever attended, and where I had been chosen in my absence, without any solicitation, one of their representatives, I said to my wife, "I have accepted a seat in the House of Representatives, and thereby have consented to my own ruin, to your ruin, and the ruin of our children. I give you this warning, that you may prepare your mind for your fate." She burst into tears, but instantly cried out in a transport of magnanimity, "Well, I am willing in this cause to run all risks with you, and to be ruined with you, if you are ruined." These were times, my friend, in Boston, which tried women's souls as well as men's. . . .

Quincy, 12 April, 1809.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

PATRICK HENRY

[This speech of Henry's marks the high tide of the flood of oratory that preceded the Revolution. It was delivered in St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia, in 1775. The house of burgesses, dissolved by the royal governor, had gathered in the church to discuss the situation. In this moment of excitement, Henry's speech swept them off their feet, and very soon it was running like a flame through the colonies.]

THIS, sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at this time through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country and of an act of disloyalty towards the majesty of heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those war-like preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not

deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can the gentleman assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us, they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir,

we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us! . . .

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

A PLEA FOR SEPARATION FROM ENGLAND

THOMAS PAINE

[From *Common Sense*, a pamphlet published by Paine early in 1776. Over a hundred thousand copies were sold within three months. It is generally agreed that few writings of the period had so wide an influence. Some at first thought it was written by Samuel Adams; in England it was attributed to Franklin. Paine's epigrams and apt illustrations stuck in men's minds and proved him a master of the art of spreading ideas.]

EVERYTHING that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, "'tis time to part." Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America is a strong and natural proof that the authority of the one over the other was never the design of heaven. The time, likewise, at which the continent was discovered, adds weight to the argument, and the manner in which it was peopled increases the force of it. The Reformation was preceded by the discovery of America, as if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety.

The authority of Great Britain over this continent is a form of government which sooner or later must have an end: and a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking forward, under the painful and positive conviction, that what he calls "the present constitution" is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy, knowing that this government is not sufficiently lasting to insure anything that we may bequeath to posterity; and by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanly and pitifully. In order to discover the line of our duty rightly, we should take our children in our hand, and fix our station a few years farther into life;

that eminence will present a prospect which a few present fears and prejudices conceal from our sight.

Though I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary offence, yet I am inclined to believe that all those who espouse the doctrine of reconciliation may be included within the following descriptions: Interested men, who are not to be trusted; weak men, who cannot see; and a certain set of moderate men, who think better of the European world than it deserves; and this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the other three.

It is the good fortune of many to live distant from the scene of sorrow; the evil is not sufficiently brought to their doors to make them feel the precariousness with which all American property is possessed. But let our imaginations transport us a few moments to Boston; that seat of wretchedness will teach us wisdom, and instruct us forever to renounce a power in whom we can have no trust. The inhabitants of that unfortunate city, who but a few months ago were in ease and affluence, have no other alternative than to stay and starve, or turn out to beg. Endangered by the fire of their friends if they continue within the city, and plundered by the soldiery if they leave it. In their present situation they are prisoners without the hope of redemption, and in a general attack for their relief they would be exposed to the fury of both armies.

Men of passive tempers look somewhat lightly over the offences of Britain, and, still hoping for the best, are apt to call out, "Come, come, we shall be friends again for all this." But examine the passions and feelings of mankind, bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature, and then tell me whether you can hereafter love, honor, and faithfully serve the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land? If you cannot do all these, then you are only deceiving yourselves, and by your delay bringing ruin upon your posterity. Your future connection with Britain, whom you can neither love nor honor, will be forced and unnatural, and being formed only on the plan

of present convenience will in a little time fall into a relapse more wretched than the first. But if you say that you can still pass the violations over, then I ask, hath your house been burnt? Hath your property been destroyed before your face? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have you lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then you are not a judge of those who have. But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers, then you are unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or lover, and whatever may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward and the spirit of a sycophant.

THE DAY OF FREEDOM

THOMAS PAINE

[From the *Crisis*, a pamphlet issued in 1776. It was hastily written during Paine's short service as a trooper in Washington's army during its retreat across New Jersey. The hour was dark, but Paine's stiff courage put new heart into the army. Washington ordered the pamphlet to be read before every company of his soldiers.]

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (not only to tax) but to "bind us in all cases whatsoever," and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth.

Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God. . . .

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. . . .

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "Well! give me peace in my day." Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace"; and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire. . . .

The heart that feels not now, is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose

conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "bind me in all cases whatsoever" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things* we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other.

TITLES ARE NICKNAMES

THOMAS PAINE

[From *The Rights of Man*, a pamphlet written and published in England in support of the French Revolution. It caused Paine to be expelled from England.]

TITLES are but nicknames, and every nickname is a title. The thing is perfectly harmless in itself, but it marks a sort of foppery in the human character which degrades it. It renders man diminutive in things which are great, and the counterfeit of women in things which are little. It talks about its fine riband like a girl, and shows its garter like a child. A certain writer of some antiquity says, "When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

It is, properly, from the elevated mind of France that the folly of titles has been abolished. It has outgrown the baby-clothes of count and duke, and breeched itself in manhood. France has not levelled, it has exalted. It has put down the dwarf to put up the man. The insignificance of a senseless word like duke, count, or earl, has ceased to please. Even those who possess them have disowned the gibberish, and, as they outgrew

the rickets, have despised the rattle. The genuine mind of man, thirsting for its native home, society, condemns the gewgaws that separate him from it. Titles are like circles drawn by the magician's wand to contract the sphere of man's felicity. He lives immured within the Bastile of a word, and surveys at a distance the envied life of man.

Is it, then, any wonder that titles should fall in France? Is it not a greater wonder that they should be kept up anywhere? What are they? What is their worth, nay, "what is their amount?" When we think or speak of a judge, or a general, we *associate with it the ideas of office and character; we think of gravity in the one, and bravery in the other; but when we use a word merely as a title, no ideas associate with it. Through all the the vocabulary of Adam, there is not such an animal as a duke or a count; neither can we connect any certain idea to the words. Whether they mean strength or weakness, wisdom or folly, a child or a man, or a rider or a horse, is all equivocal. What respect, then, can be paid to that which describes nothing, and which means nothing? Imagination has given figure and character to centaurs, satyrs, and down to all the fairy tribes; but titles baffle even the powers of fancy, and are a chimerical nondescript.

But this is not all. If a whole country is disposed to hold them in contempt, all their value is gone, and none will own them. It is common opinion only that makes them anything or nothing, or worse than nothing. There is no occasion to take titles away, for they take themselves away when society concurs to ridicule them. This species of imaginary consequence has visibly declined in every part of Europe, and it hastens to its exit as the world of reason continues to rise. There was a time when the lowest class of what are called nobility was more thought of than the highest is now, and when a man in armor riding through Christendom in search of adventures was more stared at than a modern duke. The world has seen this folly fall, and it has fallen by being laughed at, and the farce of titles will follow its

fate. The patriots of France have discovered in good time that rank and dignity in society must take a new ground. The old one has fallen through. It must now take the substantial ground of character, instead of the chimerical ground of titles: and they have brought their titles to the altar, and made of them a burnt-offering to reason.

SOME RESULTS OF THE REVOLUTION

DAVID RAMSAY

[From *The History of the American Revolution*; 1789.]

WHEN the war began, the Americans were a mass of husbandmen, merchants, mechanics, and fishermen; but the necessities of the country gave a spring to the active powers of the inhabitants, and set them on thinking, speaking, and acting in a line far beyond that to which they had been accustomed. As they severally pursued their objects with ardor, a vast expansion of the human mind speedily followed. This displayed itself in a variety of ways.

It was found that the talents for great stations did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from those which were necessary for the proper discharge of the ordinary business of civil society.

In the bustle that was occasioned by the war, few instances could be produced of any persons who made a figure, or who rendered essential services, but from among those who had given specimens of similar talents in their respective professions. Those who from indolence or dissipation had been of little service to the community in time of peace, were found equally unserviceable in war. A few young men were exceptions to this rule. Some of these, who had indulged in youthful follies, broke off from their vicious courses, and on the pressing call of their country became useful servants of the public; but the great bulk of those who were the active instruments of carrying on the Revolution were self-made, industrious men. Those, by their own experiences had established, or laid a foundation for

establishing, personal independence, were most generally trusted, and most successfully employed in establishing that of their country. In these times of action, classical education was found of less service than good natural parts, guided by common sense and sound judgment.

Several names could be mentioned of individuals who, without the knowledge of any other language than their mother tongue, wrote not only accurately, but elegantly, on public business. It seems as if the war not only required but created talents. Men whose minds were warmed with the love of liberty, and whose abilities were improved by daily exercise, and sharpened with a laudable ambition to serve their distressed country, spoke, wrote, and acted with an energy far surpassing all expectations which could be reasonably founded on their previous acquirements.

The Americans knew but little of one another previous to the Revolution. Trade and business had brought the inhabitants of their seaports acquainted with each other, but the bulk of the people in the interior country were unacquainted with their fellow citizens. A continental army, and Congress composed of men from all the States, by freely mixing together, were assimilated into one mass. Individuals of both, mingling with the citizens, disseminated principles of union among them. Local prejudices abated. By frequent collision asperities were worn off, and a foundation was laid for the establishment of a nation, out of discordant materials. Intermarriages between men and women of different States were much more common than before the war, and became an additional cement to the Union. Unreasonable jealousies had existed between the inhabitants of the Eastern and of the Southern States; but on becoming better acquainted with each other, these in a great measure subsided. A wiser policy prevailed. Men of liberal minds led the way in discouraging local distinctions, and the great body of people, as soon as reason got the better of prejudice, found that their best interests would be most effectually promoted by such practices and sentiments as were favorable to union.

TO THE VETERANS OF 1775

DANIEL WEBSTER

[This apostrophe to the veterans of the Revolution is a selection from the famous address delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument in 1825. Lafayette, happening to be in this country on a visit, was present at the ceremonies. Some two hundred old soldiers of the Revolution were also present, about forty of whom had been under fire at Bunker Hill. The liberality of the commonwealth of Massachusetts had made it financially possible for many of these veterans to attend.]

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this glorious day. You are now where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and

seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

“another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;—”

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless. . . .

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary army.

VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! when in your youthful days you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest

hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met, here, to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of an universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

ENGLAND'S DRUMBEAT

DANIEL WEBSTER

THE Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an Act of Parliament, rather than against any sufferings under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a Preamble. They fought seven years against

a Declaration. They poured out treasure and their blood like water, in a contest in opposition to an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM

GEORGE BANCROFT

[This spirited bit of prose suggests to the mind at once the account by Sir Walter Scott of the carrying of the Fiery Cross through the highlands of Scotland. This symbol was carried by fleet runners to warn the clansmen to gather for battle.]

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North and South, and East and West, throughout the land.

It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penob-

scot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like buglenotes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York, in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards and still onwards, through boundless groves of evergreen, to New-Berne and to Wilmington.

"For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-oaks, farther to the south, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond Savannah.

The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers, that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn commemorated the 19th day of April, 1775, by naming their encampment *Lexington*.

With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "*Liberty or Death!*"

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE

GEORGE BANCROFT

THE sovereignty of the people is the basis of our system. With the people the power resides both theoretically and practically. The government is a determined, uncompromising democracy, administered immediately by the people, or by the people's responsible agents. In all the European treatises on political economy, and even in the state papers of the Holy Alliance, the welfare of the people is acknowledged to be the object of government. We believe so too; but as each man's interests are safest in his own keeping, so, in like manner, the interests of the people can be best guarded by themselves. If the institution of monarchy were neither tyrannical nor oppressive, it should at least be dispensed with as a costly superfluity.

We believe the sovereign power should reside equally among the people. We acknowledge no hereditary distinctions, and we confer on no man prerogatives of peculiar privileges. Even the best services rendered the state cannot destroy this original and essential equality. Legislation and justice are not hereditary offices; no one is born to power, no one dandled into political greatness. Our government, as it rests for support on reason and our interests, needs no protection from a nobility; and the strength and ornament of the land consist in its industry and morality, its justice and intelligence.

The States of Europe are all intimately allied with the Church and fortified by religious sanctions. We approve of the influence of the religious principle on public not less than on private life; but we hold religion to be an affair between each individual conscience and God, superior to all political institutions and independent of them. Christianity was neither introduced nor reformed by the civil power; and with us the modes of worship are in no wise prescribed by the State.

Thus, then, the people governs, and solely; it does not divide

its power with a hierarchy, a nobility, or a king. The popular voice is all-powerful with us; this is our oracle, and this, we acknowledge, is the voice of God. Invention is solitary, but who shall judge its results? Inquiry may pursue truth apart, but who shall decide if truth be overtaken? There is no safe criterion of opinion but the careful exercise of the public judgment; and in the science of government, as elsewhere, the deliberate convictions of mankind, reasoning on the cause of their own happiness, their own wants and interests, are the surest revelations of political truth.

YORKTOWN AND OUR DEBT TO THE FRENCH

ROBERT C. WINTHROP

[From his centennial address at Yorktown, Virginia, October 18, 1881. The portrait here drawn of the young Lafayette is especially attractive. He commanded one section of Washington's army at the siege of Yorktown. Washington, Lafayette, and Rochambeau hemmed Cornwallis in on the land side, while the French fleet under De Grasse cut off his retreat by water. Cornwallis's surrender followed and the war was virtually ended.]

YES, it is mine, and somewhat peculiarly mine, perhaps, notwithstanding the presence of the official representatives of my native State, to bear the greetings of Plymouth Rock to Jamestown; of Bunker Hill to Yorktown; of Boston, recovered from the British forces in '76, to Mount Vernon, the home in life and death of her illustrious Deliverer. . . .

Our earliest and our latest acknowledgments are due this day to France for the inestimable services which gave us the crowning victory of the 19th of October, 1781. It matters not for us to speculate now whether American independence might not have been ultimately achieved without her aid. We all know that, God willing, such a consummation was certain in the end, as to-morrow's sunrise, and that no earthly potentates or powers, single or conjoined, could have carried us back into a

permanent condition of colonial dependence and subjugation. Nor need we be curious to inquire into any special inducements which France may have had to intervene thus nobly in our behalf. . . .

Nearly two years before the treaties of Franklin were negotiated and signed, the young Lafayette, then but nineteen years of age, a captain of French dragoons, stationed at Metz, at a dinner given by the commandant of the garrison to the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III, happened to hear the tidings of our Declaration of Independence, which had reached the duke that very day from London. It formed the subject of animated and excited conversation, in which the enthusiastic young soldier took part, and before he had left the table an inextinguishable spark had been struck and kindled in his breast, and his whole heart was on fire in the cause of American liberty. Regardless of the remonstrances of his friends, of the ministry, and of the king himself, in spite of every discouragement and obstacle, he soon tears himself away from a young and lovely wife, leaps on board a vessel which he had provided for himself, braves the perils of a voyage across the Atlantic, then swarming with cruisers, reaches Philadelphia by way of Charleston, South Carolina, and so wins at once the regard and confidence of the Continental Congress by his avowed desire to risk his life in our service, at his own expense, without pay or allowance of any sort, that, on the 31st of July, 1777, before he was yet quite twenty years of age, he was commissioned a major-general in the army of the United States.

It is hardly too much to say that from that dinner at Metz, and that 31st of July, in Philadelphia, may be dated the train of influences and events which culminated four years afterwards in the surrender of Cornwallis to the allied forces of America and France. Presented to our great Virginian commander-in-chief a few days only after his commission was voted by Congress, an intimacy, a friendship, an affection grew up between them almost at sight. Invited to become a member of his mili-

tary family, and treated with the tenderness of a son, Lafayette is henceforth to be not only the beloved and trusted associate of Washington, but a living tie between his native and his almost adopted country. Returning to France in January, 1779, after eighteen months of brave and valuable service here, during which he had been wounded at Brandywine, had exhibited signal gallantry and skill at Monmouth, and had received the thanks of Congress for important services in Rhode Island, he was now in the way of appealing personally to the French ministry to send an army and fleet to our assistance. He did appeal; and the zeal and force of his arguments at length prevailed. The young marquis, to whom alone the decision of the king was revealed, hastens back with eager joy to announce the glad tidings to Washington, and to arrange with him for the reception and employment of the auxiliary forces.

Accordingly, on the 10th of July, 1780, a squadron of the ships of war brings Rochambeau with six thousand French troops into the harbor of Newport, with instructions "to act under Washington, and live with the American officers as their brethren," and the American officers are forthwith desired by Washington, in General Orders, — "to wear white and black cockades as a symbol of affection for their allies."

Nearly a full year, however, was to elapse before the rich fruits of that alliance were to be developed, — a year of the greatest discouragement and gloom for the American cause. The war on our side seemed languishing. As late as the 9th of April, 1781, Washington wrote to Colonel John Laurens, who had gone on a special mission to Paris, "If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical juncture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and *now or never our deliverance must come.*"

God's holy name be praised, deliverance was to come, and did come, now! On the third of September, 1781, the united armies reached Philadelphia, where, Congress being in session,

the French army "paid it the honors which the king had ordered us to pay," as we are told in the journal of the gallant Count William de Deux Ponts. . . . On the 19th of October the articles were signed by which the garrisons of York and Gloucester, together with all the officers and seamen of the British ships in the Chesapeake, "surrender themselves prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France."

THE AMERICAN WORKMAN IN 1784¹

JOHN BACH MCMASTER

THERE can, however, be no doubt that a wonderful amelioration has taken place since that day in the condition of the poor. Their houses were meaner, their food was coarser, their clothing was of common stuff; their wages were, despite the depreciation that has gone on in the value of money, lower by one half than at the present time. A man who performed what would now be called unskilled labor, who sawed wood, who dug ditches, who mended the roads, who mixed mortar, who carried boards to the carpenter and bricks to the mason, or helped to cut hay in the harvest-time, usually received as the fruit of his daily toil two shillings. Sometimes when the laborers were few he was paid more, and became the envy of his fellows if, at the end of a week, he took home to his family fifteen shillings, a sum now greatly exceeded by four dollars. Yet all authorities agree that in 1784 the hire of workmen was twice as great as in 1774.

On such a pittance it was only by the strictest economy that a mechanic kept his children from starvation and himself from jail. In the low and dingy rooms which he called his home were wanting many articles of adornment and of use now to be found in the dwellings of the poorest of his class. Sand sprinkled on the floor did duty as a carpet. There was no glass on his table, there was no china in his cupboard, there were no

¹ From *A History of the People of the United States*, vol. i; copyright by D. Appleton & Co.

prints on his walls. What a stove was he did not know, coal he had never seen, matches he had never heard of. Over a fire of fragments of boxes and barrels, which he lit with the sparks struck from a flint, or with live coals brought from a neighbor's hearth, his wife cooked up a rude meal and served it in pewter dishes. He rarely tasted fresh meat as often as once in a week, and paid for it a much higher price than his posterity. Everything, indeed, which ranked as a staple of life was very costly. Corn stood at three shillings the bushel, wheat at eight and sixpence, an assize of bread was fourpence, a pound of salt pork was tenpence. Many other commodities now to be seen on the tables of the poor were either quite unknown or far beyond the reach of his scanty means. Unenviable is the lot of that man who cannot, in the height of the season, when the wharfs and markets are heaped with baskets and crates of fruit, spare three cents for a pound of grapes or five cents for as many peaches, or, when Sunday comes around, indulge his family with water-melons or cantaloupes. One hundred years ago the wretched fox-grape was the only kind that found its way to market, and was the luxury of the rich. Among the fruits and vegetables of which no one had then even heard are cantaloupes, many varieties of peaches, and pears, tomatoes and rhubarb, sweet corn, the cauliflower, the egg-plant, head lettuce and okra. On the window-benches of every tenement-house may be seen growing geraniums and verbenas, flowers not known a century ago. In truth, the best-kept gardens were then rank with hollyhocks and sunflowers, roses and snowballs, lilacs, pinks, tulips, and, above all, the Jerusalem cherry, a plant once much admired, but now scarcely seen.

If the food of an artisan would now be thought coarse, his clothes would be thought abominable. A pair of yellow buckskin or leather breeches, a checked shirt, a red flannel jacket, a rusty felt hat cocked up at the corners, shoes of neat's-skin set off with huge buckles of brass, and a leather apron, comprised his scanty wardrobe. The leather he smeared with grease

to keep it soft and flexible. His sons followed in his footsteps or were apprenticed to neighboring tradesmen. His daughter went out to service. She performed, indeed, all the duties at present exacted from women of her class; but with them were coupled many others rendered useless by the great improvement that has since taken place in the conveniences of life. She mended the clothes, she did up the ruffs, she ran on errands from one end of the town to the other, she milked the cows, made the butter, walked ten blocks for a pail of water, spun flax for the family linen, and when the year was up received ten pounds for her wages. Yet, small as was her pay, she had, before bestowing herself in marriage on the footman or the gardener, laid away in her stocking enough guineas and joes to buy a few chairs, a table, and a bed.

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PART IV

THE DECLARATION

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THOMAS JEFFERSON

[The committee appointed by the Continental Congress to draft the Declaration consisted of Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. Jefferson and Adams were appointed a sub-committee, and Jefferson put pen to paper. The document, after being submitted to the other members of the committee, and approved by them, was reported back to the Congress and adopted by that body on July 4, 1776.]

WHEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to

effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:—

He has refused his assent to laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers,

incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neigh-

boring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us.

We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW NATION

JOHN ADAMS

[From a letter of Adams to his wife. The debate on the resolution began on July 2. Adams probably felt so sure that it would be adopted on that day that he wrote to his wife as if it had been actually done. As a matter of fact, the resolution was debated, and amended in some particulars, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th, and passed and signed on the evening of the 4th. Jefferson says that the two things eliminated by Congress from his draft were his strong language against the

people of England and his denunciation of slavery in America. These concessions were made in order that the resolution might be passed without opposition. It was considered as of prime importance that the Congress "hang together" on the matter, or else they might "hang separately," as Franklin wittily said.]

YESTERDAY, the greatest question was decided, which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and as such they have, and of right ought to have, full power to make war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which other States may rightfully do." You will see in a few days a Declaration setting forth the causes which have impelled us to this mighty revolution, and the reasons which will justify it in the sight of God and man. A plan of confederation will be taken up in a few days.

When I look back to the year 1761, and recollect the argument concerning writs of assistance in the superior court, which I have hitherto considered as the commencement of this controversy between Great Britain and America, and run through the whole period, from that time to this, and recollect the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom. At least, this is my judgment. Time must determine. It is the will of Heaven, that the two countries should be sundered forever.

It may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting, and distresses yet more dreadful. If this is to be the case, it will have this good effect at least. It will inspire us with many virtues, which we have not, and correct many errors, follies, and vices which threaten to disturb, dishonor, and destroy us. The furnace of affliction produces refinement, in States as well as individuals. And the new governments we are assuming in every part will require a

purification from our vices, and an augmentation of our virtues, or they will be no blessings. The people will have unbounded power, and the people are extremely addicted to corruption and venality, as well as the great. But I must submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe.

Had a Declaration of Independency been made seven months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might, before this hour, have formed alliances with foreign States. We should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada. You will perhaps wonder how much a declaration would have influenced our affairs in Canada, but if I could write with freedom, I could easily convince you that it would, and explain to you the manner how. Many gentlemen in high stations and of great influence have been duped by the ministerial bubble of commissioners to treat. And in real, sincere expectations of this event, which they so fondly wished, they have been slow and languid in promoting measures for the reduction of that province. Others there are in the colonies who really wished that our enterprise in Canada would be defeated, that the colonies might be brought into danger and distress between two fires, and be thus induced to submit. Others really wished to defeat the expedition to Canada, lest the conquest of it should elevate the minds of the people too much to hearken to those terms of reconciliation, which, they believed, would be offered us. These jarring views, wishes, and designs, occasioned an opposition to many salutary measures, which were proposed for the support of the expedition, and caused obstructions, embarrassments, and studied delays which have finally lost us the province.

All these causes, however, in conjunction, would not have disappointed us, if it had not been for a misfortune which could not be foreseen, and, perhaps, could not have been prevented—I mean the prevalence of the small-pox among our troops. This fatal pestilence completed our destruction.

It is a frown of Providence upon us, which we ought to lay to heart.

But, on the other hand, the delay of this declaration to this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation, which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning, though weak and mistaken people, have been gradually and, at last, totally extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of independence, and to ripen their judgment, dissipate their fears, and allure their hopes, by discussing it in newspapers and pamphlets, by debating it in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and inspection, in town and county meetings, as well as in private conversations, so that the whole people, in every colony of the thirteen, have now adopted it as their own act. This will cement the union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this declaration and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

Philadelphia, 3 July, 1776.

HOW THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
WAS DRAWN UP

JOHN ADAMS

[This letter was written in Adams's old age to Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts, who had served in his Cabinet as Secretary of State. Adams's temper, in his later years, made somewhat acid by political conflicts and disappointments, inclined him to speak slightly of Jefferson's authorship. Jefferson modestly replied that it might "all be true: of that I am not to be the judge. . . . I only know that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it. I did not consider it as a part of my charge to invent new ideas altogether and to offer no sentiment which had ever been expressed before." Most men agree to-day that the Declaration was thoroughly saturated with Jefferson's personality. No such document, at such a time, could have been original in any other way.]

You inquire why so young a man as Mr. Jefferson was placed at the head of the committee for preparing a Declaration of Independence? I answer: it was the Frankfort advice, to place Virginia at the head of everything. Mr. Richard Henry Lee might be gone to Virginia, to his sick family, for aught I know, but that was not the reason of Mr. Jefferson's appointment. There were three committees appointed at the same time. One for the Declaration of Independence, another for preparing Articles of Confederation, and another for preparing a Treaty to be proposed to France. Mr. Lee was chosen for the Committee of Confederation, and it was not thought convenient that the same person should be upon both. Mr. Jefferson came into Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent of composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for their peculiar felicity of expression. Though a silent member in Congress, he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in conversation, not even Samuel Adams was more so, that he soon seized upon my

heart; and upon this occasion I gave him my vote, and did all in my power to procure the votes of the others. I think he had one more vote than any other, and that placed him at the head of the committee. I had the next highest number, and that placed me the second. The committee men discussed the subject, and then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to make the draft, I suppose because we were the two first on the list.

The sub-committee met. Jefferson proposed to me to make the draft. I said, "I will not." "You should do it." "Oh! no." "Why will you not? You ought to do it." "I will not." "Why?" "Reasons enough." "What can be your reasons?" "Reason first — You are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason second — I am obnoxious, suspected, and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Reason third — You can write ten times better than I can." "Well," said Jefferson, "if you are decided, I will do as well as I can." "Very well. When you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting."

A meeting we accordingly had, and conned the paper over. I was delighted with its high tone and the flights of oratory with which it abounded, especially that concerning negro slavery, which, though I knew his Southern brethren would never suffer to pass in Congress, I certainly never would oppose. There were other expressions which I would not have inserted, if I had drawn it up, particularly that which called the king tyrant. I thought this too personal; for I never believed George to be a tyrant in disposition and in nature; I always believed him to be deceived by his courtiers on both sides of the Atlantic, and in his official capacity only cruel. I thought the expression too passionate, and too much like scolding, for so grave and solemn a document; but as Franklin and Sherman were to inspect it afterwards, I thought it would not become me to strike it out. I consented to report it, and do not now remember that I made or suggested a single alteration.

We reported it to the committee of five. It was read, and I do not remember that Franklin or Sherman criticized anything. We were all in haste. Congress was impatient, and the instrument was reported, as I believe, in Jefferson's handwriting, as he first drew it. Congress cut off about a quarter of it, as I expected they would; but they obliterated some of the best of it, and left all that was exceptional, if anything in it was. I have long wondered that the original draft has not been published. I suppose the reason is, the vehement philippic against negro slavery.

As you justly observe, there is not an idea in it but what had been hackneyed in Congress for two years before. The substance of it is contained in the declaration of rights and the violation of those rights, in the Journals of Congress, in 1774. Indeed the essence of it is contained in a pamphlet, voted and printed by the town of Boston, before the first Congress met, composed by James Otis, as I suppose, in one of his lucid intervals, and pruned and polished by Samuel Adams.

6 August, 1822.

IMAGINARY SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS ON JULY 4, 1776

DANIEL WEBSTER

[From an address on Adams and Jefferson, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in 1826. Webster imagined what Adams might have said, if he had spoken, while the question of independence was being debated. There is no such actual speech of Adams in existence. Adams would probably have expressed the very sentiments Webster imputes to him, and in the same direct, positive, unflinching manner; but it is doubtful if he could have clothed them in Webster's glowing language.]

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity

which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined object of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of

independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us had been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love

of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment,— independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

WHAT INDEPENDENCE MEANS

SAMUEL ADAMS

[From a speech delivered in the Continental Congress about one month after the Declaration of Independence. At the beginning of the speech, Adams is thinking of the hope still cherished by some Americans of a peaceable settlement with England. The British government made such overtures from time to time. Warren and Montgomery, mentioned in the last paragraph, were American generals killed early in the war, Warren at Bunker Hill and Montgomery at the storming of Quebec.]

My countrymen, from the day on which an accommodation takes place between England and America on any other means than as independent States, I shall date the ruin of this country. We are now, to the astonishment of the world, three millions of souls united in one common cause. This day we are called on to give a glorious example of what the wisest and best of men were rejoiced to view only in speculation. This day presents the world with the most august spectacle that its annals ever unfolded, — millions of freemen voluntarily and deliberately forming themselves into a society for their common defence and common happiness.

Other nations have received their laws from conquerors; some are indebted for a constitution to the sufferings of their ancestors through revolving centuries; the people of this country alone have formally and deliberately chosen a government for themselves, and, with open, uninfluenced consent, bound themselves into a social compact. And, fellow-countrymen, if ever it was granted to mortals to trace the designs of Providence and interpret its manifestations in favor of their cause, we may, with humility of soul, cry out, *Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name be the praise*. The confusion of the devices of our enemies, and the rage of the elements against them, have done almost as much towards our success as either our counsels or our arms.

The time at which this attempt on our liberties was made, — when we were ripened into maturity, had acquired a knowledge of war, and were free from the incursions of intestine enemies, — the *gradual* advances of our oppressors, enabling us to prepare for our defence, the unusual fertility of our lands, the clemency of the seasons, the success which at first attended our feeble arms, producing unanimity among our friends and compelling our internal foes to acquiescence, — these are all strong and palpable marks and assurances that Providence *is yet gracious unto Zion, that it will turn away the captivity of Jacob!* Driven from every other corner of the earth, freedom of thought and the right of private judgment in matters of conscience direct their course to this happy country as their last asylum. Let us cherish the noble guests! Let us shelter them under the wing of universal toleration! Be this the seat of *unbounded Religious Freedom!* She will bring with her in her train, Industry, Wisdom, and Commerce.

Our union is now complete. You have in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise, with gratitude to heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future! For my own part, I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and the common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and a Montgomery, it is, *that these American States may never cease to be free and independent!*

THE CREED OF A GOOD AMERICAN

SAMUEL ADAMS

[From a voluntary and personal reply by Adams to a group of British Commissioners sent over in 1778 to suggest terms of peace. No wonder the British spoke of him as “the chief incendiary.” Webster says Adams was “a man who hungered and thirsted for the independence of his country.”]

FOR your use I subjoin the following creed of every good American: I believe that in every kingdom, state, or empire there must be, from the necessity of the thing, one supreme legislative power, with authority to bind every part—in all cases the proper object of human laws. I believe that to be bound by laws to which he does not consent by himself, or by his representative, is the direst definition of a slave. I do therefore believe that a dependence on Great Britain, however the same may be limited or qualified, is utterly inconsistent with every idea of liberty, for the defence of which I have solemnly pledged my life and fortune to my countrymen; and this engagement I will sacredly adhere to so long as I shall live. *Amen.*

Now, if you will take the poor advice of one who is really a friend to England and Englishmen, and who has even some Scotch blood in his veins,—away with your fleets and your armies, acknowledge the independence of America; and as ambassadors are not commissioners, solicit a treaty of peace, amity, commerce, and alliance with the rising States of this Western world. Your nation totters on the brink of a stupendous precipice, and even delay will ruin her.

You have told Congress, “If, after the time that may be necessary to consider this communication and transmit your answer, the horrors and devastations of war should continue, we call God and the world to witness that the evils which must follow are not to be imputed to Great Britain.” I wish you had spared your protestation. Matters of this kind may appear to you in a trivial light, as mere ornamental flowers of rhetoric, but they are serious things registered in the high chancery of Heaven. Remember the awful abuse of words like those of General Burgoyne, and remember his fate. There is One above us who will take exemplary vengeance for every insult upon His majesty. You know that the cause of America is just. You know that she contends for that freedom to which all men are entitled,—that she contends against oppression,

rapine, and more than savage barbarity. The blood of the innocent is upon your hands, and all the waters of the ocean will not wash it away. We again make our solemn appeal to the God of heaven to decide between you and us. And we pray that, in the doubtful scale of battle, we may be successful as we have justice on our side, and that the merciful Savior of the world may forgive our oppressors. I am, my Lords and Gentlemen, the friend of human nature, and one who glories in the title of

AN AMERICAN.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN CRITICISM

MOSES COIT TYLER

[It is worth while to have the Declaration examined anew by an acute modern mind. This article appeared in the *North American Review* in 1896.]

It can hardly be doubted that some hindrance to a right estimate of the Declaration of Independence is occasioned by either of two opposite conditions of mind, both of which are often to be met with among us; on the one hand, a condition of hereditary, uncritical awe and worship of the American Revolution, and of that state paper as its absolutely perfect and glorious expression; on the other hand, a later condition of cultivated distrust of the Declaration, as a piece of writing lifted up into inordinate renown by the passionate and heroic circumstances of its origin, and ever since then extolled beyond reason by the blind energy of patriotic enthusiasm. Turning from the former state of mind, which obviously calls for no further comment, we may note, as a partial illustration of the latter, that American confidence in the supreme intellectual merit of this all-famous document received a serious wound some forty years ago from the hand of Rufus Choate, when, with a courage greater than would now be required for such an

act, he characterized it as made up of "glittering and sounding generalities of natural right." . . .

From the date of its original publication down to the present moment, it has been attacked again and again, either in anger or in contempt, by friends as well as by enemies of the American Revolution, by liberals in politics as well as by conservatives. It has been censured for its substance, it has been censured for its form, for its misstatements of fact, for its fallacies in reasoning, for its audacious novelties and paradoxes, for its total lack of all novelty, for its repetition of old and threadbare statements, even for downright plagiarisms; finally, for its grandiose and vamping style. . . .

By no one, however, has the charge of a lack of originality been pressed with so much decisiveness as by John Adams, who took evident pleasure in speaking of it as a document in which were merely "recapitulated" previous and well-known statements of American rights and wrongs, and who, as late as in the year 1822, deliberately wrote:

"There is not an idea in it but what had been hackneyed in Congress for two years before. The substance of it is contained in the declaration of rights and the violation of those rights, in the Journals of Congress, in 1774. Indeed, the essence of it is contained in a pamphlet, voted and printed by the town of Boston, before the first Congress met, composed by James Otis, as I suppose, in one of his lucid intervals, and pruned and polished by Samuel Adams." . . .

Perhaps nowhere in our literature would it be possible to find a criticism brought forward by a really able man against any piece of writing less applicable to the case, and of less force and value, than is this particular criticism by John Adams and others, as to the lack of originality in the Declaration of Independence. Indeed, for such a paper as Jefferson was commissioned to write, the one quality which it could not properly have had, the one quality which would have been fatal to its acceptance either by the American Congress or by the American

people — is originality. They were then at the culmination of a tremendous controversy over alleged grievances of the most serious kind — a controversy that had steadily been raging for at least twelve years. . . .

. . . Was it his task to produce before the world a sort of prize dissertation — a calm, analytic, judicial treatise on history and politics with a particular application to Anglo-American affairs — one essential merit of which would be its originalty as a contribution to historical and political literature? Was he not, rather, to regard himself, as for the time being, the very mouth-piece and prophet of the people whom he represented, and as such required to bring together and to set in order, in their name, not what was new, but what was old; to gather up into his own soul, as much as possible, whatever was then also in their souls, their very thoughts and passions, their ideas of constitutional law, their interpretations of fact, their opinions as to men and as to events in all that ugly quarrel, their notions of justice, of civic dignity, of human rights; finally, their memories of wrongs which seemed to them intolerable, especially of wrongs inflicted upon them during these twelve years by the hands of insolent and brutal men, in the name of the king, and by his apparent command? . . . To say, therefore, that the official declaration of that resolve is a paper made up of the very opinions, beliefs, unbeliefs, the very sentiments, prejudices, passions, even the errors in judgment and the personal misconstructions — if they were such — which then actually impelled the American people to that mighty act, and that all these are expressed in the very phrases which they had been accustomed to use, is to pay to that state-paper the highest tribute as to its fitness for the purpose for which it was framed.

Of much of this, also, Jefferson himself seems to have been conscious; and perhaps never does he rise before us with more dignity, with more truth, than when, late in his lifetime, hurt by the captious and jangling words of disparagement then recently put into writing by his old comrade, to the effect that

the Declaration of Independence "contained no new ideas, that it is a commonplace compilation, its sentences hackneyed in Congress for two years before, and its essence contained in Otis's pamphlet," Jefferson quietly remarked that perhaps these statements might "all be true: of that I am not to be the judge. . . . Whether I had gathered my ideas from reading or reflection, I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it. I did not consider it as any part of my charge to invent new ideas altogether and to offer no sentiment which had ever been expressed before."

Before passing from this phase of the subject, however, it should be added that, while the Declaration of Independence lacks originality in the sense just indicated, in another and perhaps in a higher sense, it possesses originality — it is individualized by the character and by the genius of its author. Jefferson gathered up the thoughts and emotions and even the characteristic phrases of the people for whom he wrote, and these he perfectly incorporated with what was already in his mind, and then to the music of his own keen, rich, passionate, and enkindling style, he mustered them into that stately and triumphant procession wherein, as some of us still think, they will go marching on to the world's end. . . .

No one at all familiar with his other writings, as well as with the writings of his chief contemporaries, could ever have a moment's doubt, even if the fact were not already notorious, that this document was by Jefferson. He put into it something that was his own, and that no one else could have put there. He put himself into it — his own genius, his own moral force, his faith in God, his faith in ideas, his love of innovation, his passion for progress, his invincible enthusiasm, his intolerance of prescription, of injustice, of cruelty, his sympathy, his clarity of vision, his affluence of diction, his power to fling out great phrases which will long fire and cheer the souls of men struggling against political unrighteousness. . . .

Thus, ever since its first announcement to the world, and

down almost to the present moment, has the Declaration of Independence been tested by criticism of every possible kind — by criticism intended and expected to be destructive. Apparently, however, all this criticism has failed to accomplish its object.

It is proper for us to remember, also, that what we call criticism is not the only valid test of the genuineness and worth of any piece of writing of great practical interest to mankind; there is, in addition, the test of actual use and service, in direct contrast with the common sense and the moral sense of large masses of men, under various conditions, and for a long period. Probably no writing which is not essentially sound and true has ever survived this test. . . .

We shall not here attempt to delineate the influence of this state paper upon mankind in general. Of course, the emergence of the American Republic as an imposing world-power is a phenomenon which has now for many years attracted the attention of the human race. Surely, no slight effect must have resulted from the fact that, among all civilized peoples, the one American document best known is the Declaration of Independence, and that thus the spectacle of so vast and beneficent a political success has been everywhere associated with the assertion of the natural rights of man. "The doctrines it contained," says Buckle, "were not merely welcomed by a majority of the French nation, but even the government itself was unable to withstand the general feeling. Its effect in hastening the approach of the French Revolution . . . was indeed most remarkable." Elsewhere, also, in many lands, among many peoples, it has been cited again and again as an inspiration to political courage, as a model for political conduct; and if, as the brilliant historian just alluded to has affirmed, "that noble Declaration . . . ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace," it is because it has become the classic statement of political truths which must at last abolish kings altogether, or else

teach them to identify their existence with the dignity and happiness of human nature.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

PHILLIPS BROOKS

[From an address delivered on July 4, 1880, in Westminster Abbey, London.]

To all true men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. For in our modern thought the nation is the making-place of man. Not by the traditions of its history, not by the splendor of its corporate achievements, nor by the abstract excellence of its Constitution, but by its fitness to make men, to beget and educate human character, to contribute to the complete humanity the perfect man that is to be,—by this alone each nation must be judged to-day. The nations are the golden candlesticks which hold aloft the glory of the Lord. No candlestick can be so rich or venerable that men shall honor it if it hold no candle. "Show us your man," land cried to land.

It is not for me to glorify to-night the country which I love with all my heart and soul. I may not ask your praise for anything admirable which the United States has been or done. But on my country's birthday I may do something far more solemn and more worthy of the hour. I may ask for your prayers in her behalf: that on the manifold and wondrous chance which God is giving her,—on her freedom (for she is free, since the old stain of slavery was washed out in blood); on her unconstrained religious life; on her passion for education and her eager search for truth; on her zealous care for the poor man's rights and opportunities; on her quiet homes where the future generations of men are growing; on her manufactories and her commerce; on her wide gates open to the east and to the west; on her strange meeting of the races out of which a

new race is slowly being born; on her vast enterprise and her illimitable hopefulness — on all these materials and machineries of manhood, on all that the life of my country must mean for humanity, I may ask you to pray that the blessing of God, the Father of man, and Christ, the Son of man, may rest forever.

A HEROIC DECISION

JOHN D. LONG

It seems simple enough to-day, but it was something else in that day. The men who signed the Declaration knew not but they were signing warrants for their own ignominious execution on the gibbet. The bloody victims of the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were still a warning to rebels; and the gory holocaust of Culloden was fresh in memory. But it was not only the personal risk; it was risking the homes, the commerce, the lives, the property, the honor, the future destiny of three million innocent people, — men, women, and children. It was defying on behalf of a straggling chain of colonies clinging to the sea-board, the most imperial power of the world. It was, more than all, like Columbus sailing into awful uncertainty of untried space, casting off from an established and familiar form of government and politics, drifting away to unknown methods, and upon the dangerous and yawning chaos of democratic institutions, flying from ills they had to those they knew not of, and perhaps laying the way for a miserable and bloody catastrophe in anarchy and riot.

There are times when ordinary men are borne by the tide of an occasion to crests of grandeur in conduct and action. Such a time, such an occasion, was that of the Declaration. While the signers were picked men, none the less true is it that their extraordinary fame is due not more to their merits than to the crisis at which they were at the helm and to the great popular instinct which they obeyed and expressed. And

why do we commemorate with such veneration and display this special epoch and event in our history? Why do we repeat the words our fathers spoke or wrote? Why cherish their names, when our civilization is better than theirs and when we have reached in science, art, education, religion, politics, in every phase of human development, even in morals, a higher level?

It is because we recognize that in their beginnings the eternal elements of truth and right and justice were conspicuous. To those eternal verities we pay our tribute, and not to their surroundings, except so far as we let the form stand for the spirit, the man for the idea, the event for the purpose. And it is also because we can do no better work than to perpetuate virtue in the citizen by keeping always fresh in the popular mind the great heroic deeds and times of our history. The valuable thing in the past is not the man or the events, — which are both always ordinary and which under the enchantment of distance and the pride of descent, we love to surround with exaggerated glory, — it is rather in the sentiment for which the man and the event stand. The ideal is alone substantial and alone survives.

PART V

WASHINGTON

WITH GENERAL BRADDOCK

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[A letter written to his mother from Fort Cumberland, July 18, 1755. His mother, a widow, lived near Fredericksburg, Virginia.]

Honored Madam: As I doubt not but you have heard of our defeat, and, perhaps, had it represented in a worse light, if possible, than it deserves, I have taken this earliest opportunity to give you some account of the engagement as it happened, within ten miles of the French fort,¹ on Wednesday the 9th instant.

We marched to that place without any considerable loss, having only now and then a straggler picked up by the French and scouting Indians. When we came there we were attacked by a party of French and Indians, whose number, I am persuaded, did not exceed three hundred men; while ours consisted of about one thousand three hundred well-armed troops, chiefly regular soldiers, who were struck with such a panic that they behaved with more cowardice than it is possible to conceive. The officers behaved gallantly in order to encourage their men, for which they suffered greatly, there being near sixty killed and wounded; a large proportion of the number we had.

The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed; for I believe, out of three companies that were there, scarcely thirty men are left alive. Captain Peyrouny, and all his officers down to a corporal, were killed. Captain Polson had nearly as hard a fate, for only one of his was left.

¹ Fort Duquesne.

In short, the dastardly behavior of those they call regulars exposed all others, that were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and at last, despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran, as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them.

The general was wounded, of which he died three days later. Sir Peter Halket was killed in the field, where died many other brave officers. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me. Captains Orme and Morris, two of the aids-de-camp, were wounded early in the engagement, which rendered the duty harder upon me, as I was the only person then left to distribute the general's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not half recovered from a violent illness that had confined me to my bed and a wagon for above ten days. I am still in a weak and feeble condition, which induces me to halt here two or three days in the hope of recovering a little strength, to enable me to proceed homewards; from whence, I fear, I shall not be able to stir till towards September; so that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you till then, unless it be in Fairfax. Please to give my love to Mr. Lewis and my sister; and my compliments to Mr. Jackson, and all other friends that inquire after me. I am, honored madam,

Your Most Dutiful Son.

ON BEING MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[This speech was made by Washington to the Congress, of which body he was a member, on June 16, 1775. John Adams was the first to suggest the appointment of Washington to the chief command of the army, and he was seconded by Samuel Adams, his cousin.

The modesty which marks Washington's speech of acceptance is supported by the following from John Adams's diary: "Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library room."

It will be remembered that Washington refused to accept any money compensation for his services other than his current expenses. At the close of the war, he was a much poorer man than when he took command of the army. Indeed, he was at one time so hard pressed for ready cash that he had to borrow money in order to keep his Virginia estate out of the hands of the sheriff.]

To the President of Congress — Mr. President: Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me, in this appointment, yet I feel great distress, from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation. But, lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.

As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[This letter was written at Philadelphia on June 18, 1775, two days after his appointment to the chief command of the army. He was obliged to hurry on to Boston without delay.]

My Dearest: I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in

Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear

that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home), got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which I will now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy, your affectionate, &c.

“WORDS AS CLEAR AS THE SUN”

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[The following extract is from a letter to Joseph Reed, a member of the Continental Congress from Pennsylvania. It was written at Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 10, 1776. It shows how far the mind of Washington had travelled since he took command of the army (July 3, 1775). When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought (June 17, 1775), Washington and most Americans thought that they were fighting for their rights as Englishmen. After Bunker Hill, however, the attitude of George III and of his ministers was so hostile and determined that the colonies were forced to conclude that the only choice lay between complete independence and political slavery. This new state of mind is clearly indicated in the letter. Public sentiment crystallized quickly, and the Declaration of Independence followed within six months.]

WITH respect to myself, I have never entertained an idea of an accommodation, since I heard of the measures, which were adopted in consequence of the Bunker's Hill fight. The King's speech has confirmed the sentiments I entertained upon the news of that affair; and, if every man was of my mind,

the ministers of Great Britain should know, in a few words, upon what issue the cause should be put. I would not be deceived by artful declarations, nor specious pretences; nor would I be amused by the unmeaning propositions; but in open, undisguised, and manly terms proclaim our wrongs, and our resolution to be redressed. I would tell them, that we had borne much, that we had long and ardently sought for reconciliation upon honorable terms, that it had been denied us, that all our attempts after peace had proved abortive, and had been grossly misrepresented, that we had done everything which could be expected from the best of subjects, that the spirit of freedom rises too high in us to submit to slavery, and that, if nothing else would satisfy a tyrant and his diabolical ministry, we are determined to shake off all connections with a state so unjust and unnatural. This I would tell them, not under covert, but in words as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness.

APPEAL TO BENJAMIN HARRISON

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[When the fortunes of the new government were at a low ebb, Washington wrote this letter from Philadelphia (December 30, 1778) to his old friend and fellow member of Congress, Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration, who was active in political affairs in Virginia. He was the father of President William Henry Harrison, and the great-grandfather of the late President Benjamin Harrison.]

Dear Sir: I have seen nothing since I came here, on the 22d instant, to change my opinion of men or measures; but abundant reason to be convinced, that our affairs are in a more distressed, ruinous, and deplorable condition, than they have been since the commencement of the war. By a faithful laborer, then, in the cause; by a man, who is daily injuring his private estate, without even the smallest earthly advantage, not common to all in case of a favorable issue to the dispute;

by one, who wishes the prosperity of America most devoutly, but sees it, or thinks he sees it, on the brink of ruin; you are besought most earnestly, my dear Colonel Harrison, to exert yourself in endeavoring to rescue your country, by sending your best and ablest men to Congress. These characters must not slumber nor sleep at home, in such a time of pressing danger. They must not content themselves with the enjoyment of places of honor or profit in their own State, while the common interests of America are mouldering and sinking into irretrievable ruin, if a remedy is not soon applied, and in which theirs also must ultimately be involved.

If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say, that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; whilst the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit, which in its consequences is the want of everything, are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect. After drawing this picture, which from my soul I believe to be a true one, I need not repeat to you, that I am alarmed, and wish to see my countrymen roused.

AT VALLEY FORGE

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[From a letter to the president of Congress from Valley Forge, December 23, 1777. After the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, the British army retired for the winter to Philadelphia, while Washington and his army established themselves at Valley Forge, up in the Pennsylvania hills, twenty miles west of Philadelphia. Here

the soldiers built a village of log cabins. Each cabin was fourteen by sixteen feet and held twelve men. In these cabins the army spent a bitterly cold winter with little food and few clothes.

Washington's letter to Congress drew no exaggerated picture. It was the time of his greatest discouragement. Congress was slow of action in providing for the army because it had great difficulty in raising money, owing partly to the fact that it had no power to force the collection of taxes. It had to rely on what it could borrow, or on what each state contributed voluntarily. Some of the members of Congress brought with them the jealousies of their own states and complained that their states were paying more than their share. It was about some of these men that Washington wrote with unaccustomed heat. It seems plain to-day that the men who shivered at Valley Forge represented the best American spirit, — the spirit that won the final victory and established the new nation.]

YESTERDAY afternoon, receiving information that the enemy in force had left the city, and were advancing towards Derby with the apparent design to forage and draw subsistence from that part of the country, I ordered the troops to be in readiness, that I might give every opposition in my power; when, behold, to my great mortification, I was not only informed but convinced, that the men were unable to stir on account of provision, and that a dangerous mutiny, begun the night before, and which with difficulty was suppressed by the spirited exertions of some officers, was still much to be apprehended for want of this article. This brought forth the only commissary in the purchasing line in this camp; and, with him, this melancholy and alarming truth, that he had not a single hoof of any kind to slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour! From hence form an opinion of our situation when I add that he could not tell when to expect any.

All I could do under these circumstances, was to send out a few light parties to watch and harass the enemy whilst other parties were instantly detached different ways to collect, if possible, as much provision as would satisfy the present pressing wants of the soldiery. . . .

Since the month of July we have had no assistance from the quartermaster-general, and to want of assistance from this department the commissary-general charges great part of his deficiency. To this I am to add, that, notwithstanding it is a standing order, and often repeated, that the troops shall always have two days' provisions by them, that they might be ready at any sudden call; yet an opportunity has scarcely ever offered, of taking advantage of the enemy, that has not been either totally obstructed, or greatly impeded on this account. And this, the great and crying evil, is not all. The soap, vinegar, and other articles allowed by Congress, we see none of, nor have we seen them, I believe, since the battle of Brandywine. The first, indeed, we have now little occasion for; few men having more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some none at all. In addition to which, as a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army, under the circumstances of this, to perform the common duties of soldiers, (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmers' houses on the same account), we have, by a field return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked.

By the same return it appears that our whole strength in Continental troops, including the eastern brigades, which have joined us since the surrender of General Burgoyne, exclusive of the Maryland troops sent to Wilmington, amounts to no more than eight thousand two hundred in camp fit for duty; notwithstanding which, and that since the 4th instant, our numbers fit for duty, from the hardships and exposures they have undergone, particularly on account of blankets (numbers having been obliged, and still are, to sit up all night by fires, instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way), have decreased near two thousand men.

We find gentlemen, without knowing whether the army was really going into winter-quarters or not (for I am sure no resolution of mine would warrant the remonstrance), reproaching the measure as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones, and equally insensible of frost and snow; and moreover, as if they conceived it easily practicable for an inferior army, under the disadvantages I have described ours to be, which are by no means exaggerated, to confine a superior one, in all respects well appointed and provided for a winter's campaign, within the city of Philadelphia, and to cover from depredation and waste the States of Pennsylvania and Jersey. But what makes this matter still more extraordinary in my eye is that these very gentlemen—who were well apprised of the nakedness of the troops from ocular demonstration, who thought their own soldiers worse clad than others, and who advised me near a month ago to postpone the execution of a plan I was about to adopt, in consequence of a resolve of Congress for seizing clothes, under strong assurances that an ample supply would be collected in ten days agreeably to a decree of the State (not one article of which, by the by, is yet come to hand)—should think a winter's campaign, and the covering of these States from the invasion of an enemy, so easy and practicable a business. I can assure those gentlemen, that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent. . . .

AN INDIGNANT REFUSAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[This letter was written in answer to a letter from Colonel Lewis Nicola, who suggested that Washington put himself at the head of an American monarchy. The letter was written at Newburgh, New York, May 22, 1782.]

Sir: With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and, as far as my power and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be an occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of the like nature.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.

LAST ADDRESS TO THE ARMY

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[From the farewell address to the army, November 2, 1783, issued from Princeton, New Jersey, where Congress was then in session. Washington's headquarters was four miles away at Rocky Hill. Strong emotion beats through these words to his old soldiers, despite the dignified and formal phrasing.]

. . . A contemplation of the complete attainment (at a period earlier than could have been expected) of the object for which we contended against so formidable a power, cannot but inspire us with astonishment and gratitude. The disadvantageous circumstances on our part, under which the war was undertaken, can never be forgotten. The singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble condition were such as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unobserving; while the unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States, through almost every possible suffering and discouragement for the space of eight long years, was little short of a standing miracle.

It is not the meaning nor within the compass of this address to detail the hardships peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses which in several instances have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigors of an inclement season; nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs. Every American officer and soldier must now console himself for any unpleasant circumstances which may have occurred, by a recollection of the uncommon scenes of which he has been called to act no inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness; events which have seldom, if ever before, taken place on the stage of human action, nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? Who, that

was not a witness, could imagine, that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon; and that men, who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise and quarrel with each other, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? Or who, that was not on the spot, can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been effected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils?

It is universally acknowledged that the enlarged prospects of happiness, opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, almost exceed the power of description. And shall not the brave men, who have contributed so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained? In such a republic, who will exclude them from the rights of citizens, and the fruits of their labor? In such a country, so happily circumstanced, the pursuits of commerce and the cultivation of the soil will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy soldiers, who are actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment, and the extensive and fertile regions of the West will yield a most happy asylum to those who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking for personal independence. . . .

Every one may rest assured that much, very much of the future happiness of the officers and men will depend upon the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. And although the General has so frequently given it as his opinion in the most public and explicit manner that, unless the principles of the federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity and justice of the nation would be lost forever; yet he cannot help repeating on this occasion so interesting a sentiment, and leaving it as his last injunction to every officer and every soldier, who

may view the subject in the same serious point of light, to add his best endeavors to those of his worthy fellow-citizens toward effecting these great and valuable purposes. . . .

To the various branches of the army the General takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than bare professions were in his power; that he were really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, they will do him the justice to believe, that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done.

And being now to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes and his benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[This justly famous document was issued by Washington in September, 1796, a few months before he closed his last term as President. It was his final word to the American people. In the preparation of this address, he asked and received the aid and advice of Hamilton and Jay. They doubtless suggested slight changes, but there is no doubt that the address as a whole bears the stamp of Washington's own mind and heart. Few, if any, state papers have so profoundly influenced American political thought. Washington urged the states to avoid dissension and to draw closer together. Violent dissensions did arise later, but they were fought out in the

Civil War, and a new and stronger union was cemented. He particularly advised against "entangling alliances" with any of the nations of Europe. This policy has been steadfastly followed by the United States down to the present day. As a sort of supplement to this gospel of political isolation, the Monroe Doctrine, promulgated during the administration of President Monroe, warned all European nations against interference with the political affairs of the Western Hemisphere. These two doctrines form the groundwork of American foreign policy.]

Friends and Fellow-Citizens: The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this,

previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have with good intentions contributed toward the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to

our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes and from different quarters much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty

you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an imme-

diate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations, and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from these broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to a mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical

discriminations Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heartburnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the general government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they have been procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced

and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of fashion, rather than the organs of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discrimination. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular

form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continued mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the doors to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true, and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be

enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

The mere politician equally with the pious man ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is, to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should coöperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind,

that towards the payment of debt there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur.

Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak,

towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the purpose, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acqui-

tions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its indepen-

dence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index of my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having

taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize,

without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

“FIRST IN WAR — FIRST IN PEACE”

HENRY LEE (“LIGHT HORSE HARRY”)

[General Lee was elected a member of the lower house of Congress in 1799 — the year in which Washington died — and was called upon by that body to deliver a funeral oration in honor of the great first President. The following is an extract from this oration.]

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his preëminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's call — all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful Washington supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or when, oppressed America nobly resolving to risk her all in defense of her violated right, he was elevated by the unanimous vote of Congress to the command of the armies?

Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry his presence gave the stability of system and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune?

Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks, to himself unknown? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware, rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man.

Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought, he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed in the lawns of Princeton what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high efforts of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the arts of war, and famed for his valor on the ever memorable Heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since our much-lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our Union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates, to Greene, he

gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight, he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived when united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission the since conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in this, his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues. His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S RECEPTIONS

WILLIAM SULLIVAN

[From *The Public Men of the Revolution*, 1834 and 1847. Philadelphia was the capital of the country during the greater part of Washington's tenure of office as President.]

HE devoted one hour every other Tuesday, from three to four, to these visits. He understood himself to be visited as the President of the United States, and not on his own account. He was not to be seen by anybody and everybody; but required that everyone who came should be introduced by his secretary, or by some gentleman whom he knew himself. He lived on the south side of Market Street, just below Sixth. The place of reception was the dining-room in the rear, twenty-five or thirty feet in length, including the bow projecting into the garden. Mrs. Washington received her visitors in the two rooms on the second floor, from front to rear.

At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterwards, the visitor was conducted to this dining-room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering, he saw the tall, manly figure of Washington clad in black velvet; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands; holding a cocked hat with cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles; and a long sword, with a finely-wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left hip; the coat worn over the sword, so that the hilt, and the part below the folds of the coat behind, were in view. The scabbard was white polished leather.

He stood always in front of the fire-place, with his face toward the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him and he required to have the name so distinctly pronounced, that he could hear it. He had the very uncommon faculty of

associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory, as to be able to call any one by name, who made him a second visit. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in these visits, even with his most near friends, that no distinction might be made.

As visitors came in, they formed a circle around the room. At a quarter past three, the door was closed, and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock this ceremony was over.

On the evenings when Mrs. Washington received visitors, he did not consider himself as visited. He was then as a private gentleman, dressed usually in some colored coat and waist-coat (the only one recollected was brown, with bright buttons), and black on his lower limbs. He had neither hat nor sword; he moved about among the company, conversing with one and another. He had once a fortnight an official dinner and select companies on other days. He sat (it is said) at the side, in a central position, Mrs. Washington opposite; the two ends were occupied by members of his family, or by personal friends.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AS HE WAS

HENRY CABOT LODGE

[From the *Life of Washington* in the American Statesmen Series. (Copyright; reprinted by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Co.) Mr. Lodge has brought an uncommonly acute and searching mind to bear upon the various myths and fantastic conceptions concerning the great first President of the Republic. The result probably comes nearer to being a portrait of the real Washington than anything yet done.]

IN that most noble poem, the “Commemoration Ode,” Mr. Lowell speaks of Lincoln as “the first American.” The poet’s winged words fly far, and find a resting place in many minds. . . . Lincoln was undoubtedly the first great American of his type, but that is not the only type of American. It is one which, as bodied forth in Abraham Lincoln, commands the love and veneration of the people of the United States, and the admiration of the world wherever his name is known. To the noble and towering greatness of his mind and character it does not add one hair’s breadth to say that he was the first American, or that he was of common or uncommon type. Greatness like Lincoln’s is far beyond such qualifications, and least of all is it necessary to his fame to push Washington from his birthright. . . .

Franklin shows that it was possible to produce a most genuine American of unquestioned greatness in the eighteenth century, and with all possible deference to Mr. Lowell, I venture the assertion that George Washington was as genuine an American as Lincoln or Franklin. He was an American of the eighteenth century and not of the nineteenth century, but was none the less an American. I will go further. Washington was not only an American of a pure and noble type, but he was the first thorough American in the broad, national sense, as distinct from the colonial American of his time.

After all, what is it to be an American? Surely it does not consist in the number of generations merely which separate the individual from his forefathers who first settled here. Washington was fourth in descent from the first American of his name, while Lincoln was in the sixth generation. This difference certainly constitutes no real distinction. There are people to-day, not many luckily, whose families have been here two hundred and fifty years, and who are as utterly un-American as it is possible to be, while there are others, whose fathers were immigrants, who are as intensely American as any one can desire or imagine. In a new country, peopled

in two hundred and fifty years by immigrants from the old world and their descendants, the process of Americanization is not limited by any hard and fast rules as to time and generations, but is altogether a matter of individual and race temperament. . . .

Washington belonged to the English-speaking race. So did Lincoln. Both sprang from the splendid stock which was formed during centuries from a mixture of Celtic, Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Norman peoples, and which is known to the world as English. Both, so far as we can tell, had nothing but English blood, as it would be commonly called, in their veins, and both were of that part of the English race which emigrated to America, where it has been the principal factor in the development of the new people called Americans. They were men of English race, modified and changed in the fourth and sixth generations by the new country, the new conditions, and the new life, and by the contact and admixture of other races.

Lincoln, a very great man, one who has reached "immortal fame," was clearly an American of a type that the old world cannot show, or at least has not produced. The idea of many persons in regard to Washington seems to be, that he was a great man of the type which the old world, or, to be more exact, which England, had produced. It has been said that he was English in his habits, moral standards, and social theories, which has an important sound, but which for the most part comes down to a question of dress and manners. He wore black velvet and powdered hair, knee-breeches and diamond buckles, which are certainly not American fashions to-day. But they were American fashions in the last century, and every man wore them who could afford to, no matter what his origin. Let it be remembered, however, that Washington also wore the hunting-shirt and fringed leggings of the backwoodsman, and that it was he who introduced this purely American dress into the army as a uniform.

His manners likewise were those of the century in which he lived, formal and stately, and of course colored by his own temperament. His moral standards were those of a high-minded honorable man. Are we ready to say that they were not American? Did they differ in any vital point from those of Lincoln? His social theories were simple in the extreme. He neither overvalued nor underated social conventions, for he knew that they were a part of the fabric of civilized society, not vitally important and yet not wholly trivial. . . .

Once more, what is it to be an American? Putting aside all the outer shows of dress and manners, social customs and physical peculiarities, is it not to believe in America and in the American people? Is it not to have an abiding and moving faith in the future and in the destiny of America? — something above and beyond the patriotism and love which every man whose soul is not dead within him feels for the land of his birth? Is it not to be national and not sectional, independent and not colonial? Is it not to have a high conception of what this great new country should be, and to follow out that ideal with loyalty and truth?

Has any man in our history fulfilled these conditions more perfectly and completely than George Washington? Has any man ever lived who served the American people more faithfully, or with a higher and truer conception of the destiny and possibilities of the country? . . .

When the war was over, the thought that engaged his mind most was of the best means to give room for expansion, and to open up the unconquered continent to the forerunners of a mighty army of settlers. For this purpose all his projects for roads, canals, and surveys were formed and forced into public notice. He looked beyond the limits of the Atlantic colonies. His vision went far over the barriers of the Alleghanies; and where others saw thirteen infant States backed by the wilderness, he beheld the germs of a great empire. While striving thus to lay the West open to the march of the settler,

he threw himself into the great struggle, where Hamilton and Madison, and all who "thought continentally," were laboring for that union without which all else was worse than futile. . . .

His personal impressiveness affected every one upon all occasions. Mr. Rush, for instance, saw Washington go on one occasion to open Congress. He drove to the hall in a handsome carriage of his own, with his servants dressed in white liveries. When he had alighted he stopped on the step, and pausing faced around to wait for his secretary. The vast crowd looked at him in dead silence, and then, when he turned away, broke into wild cheering. At his second inauguration he was dressed in deep mourning for the death of his nephew. He took the oath of office in the Senate Chamber, and Major Forman, who was present, wrote in his diary: "Every eye was on him. When he said, 'I, George Washington,' my blood seemed to run cold, and every one seemed to start." At the inauguration of Adams, another eye-witness wrote that Washington, dressed in black velvet, with a military hat and black cockade, was the central figure in the scene, and when he left the chamber the crowds followed him, cheering and shouting to the door of his own home.

There must have been something very impressive about a man who, with no pretensions to the art of the orator and with no touch of the charlatan, could so move and affect vast bodies of men by his presence alone. But the people, with the keen eye of affection, looked beyond the mere outward nobility of form. They saw the soldier who had given them victory, the great statesman who had led them out of confusion and faction to order and good government. Party newspapers might rave, but the instinct of the people was never at fault. They loved, trusted, and wellnigh worshipped Washington living, and they have honored and revered him with an unchanging fidelity since his death, nearly a century ago.

But little more remains to be said. Washington had his faults, for he was human; but they are not easy to point out,

so perfect was his mastery of himself. He was intensely reserved and very silent, and these are the qualities which gave him the reputation in history of being distant and unsympathetic. In truth, he had not only warm affections and a generous heart, but there was a strong vein of sentiment in his composition. At the same time he was in no wise romantic, and the ruling element in his make-up was prose, good solid prose, and not poetry. He did not have the poetical and imaginative quality so strongly developed in Lincoln. Yet he was not devoid of imagination, although it was here that he was lacking, if anywhere. He saw facts, knew them, mastered and used them, and never gave much play to fancy; but as his business in life was with men and facts, this deficiency, if it was one, was of little moment. He was also a man of the strongest passions in every way, but dominated them; they never ruled him. . . .

He had, too, a fierce temper, and although he gradually subdued it, he would sometimes lose control of himself and burst out into a tempest of rage. When he did so he would use strong and even violent language, as he did at Kip's landing and at Monmouth. . . .

But although he would now and then give way to these tremendous bursts of anger, Washington was never unjust. As he said to one officer, "I never judge the propriety of actions by after events"; and in that sound philosophy is found the secret not only of much of his own success, but of the devotion of his officers and men. He might be angry with them, but he was never unfair. In truth, he was too generous to be unjust or even over-severe to any one, and there is not a line in all his writings which even suggests that he ever envied any man. So long as the work in hand was done, he cared not who had the glory, and he was perfectly magnanimous and perfectly at ease about his own reputation. He never showed the slightest anxiety to write his own memoirs, and he was not in the least alarmed when it was proposed to publish

the memoirs of other people, like General Charles Lee,¹ which would probably reflect upon him.

He had the same confidence in the judgment of posterity that he had in the future beyond the grave. He regarded death with entire calmness and even indifference not only when it came to him, but when in previous years it had threatened him. He loved life and tasted of it deeply, but the courage which never forsook him made him ready to face the inevitable at any moment with an unruffled spirit. In this he was helped by his religious faith, which was as simple as it was profound. . . . He made no parade of his religion, for in this as in other things he was perfectly simple and sincere. He was tortured by no doubts or questionings, but believed always in an overruling Providence and in a merciful God, to whom he knelt and prayed in the day of darkness, or in the hour of triumph, with a supreme and childlike confidence. . . .

For many years I have studied minutely the career of Washington, and with every step the greatness of the man has grown upon me, for analysis has failed to discover the act of his life which, under the conditions of the time, I could unhesitatingly pronounce to have been an error. Such has been my experience, and although my deductions may be wrong, they at least have been carefully and slowly made. I see in Washington a great soldier who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvellous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequalled strength

¹ Washington had showered Charles Lee with wrath and strong language for disobedience to orders at the battle of Monmouth Courthouse in eastern New Jersey. Lee was an English soldier of fortune and a schemer. He was in no way related to "Light Horse Harry" Lee.

of patriotic purpose. I see in him too a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail. The real hero needs not books to give him worshippers. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence of men because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.

THE AMERICANISM OF WASHINGTON

HENRY VAN DYKE

[From an address on Washington's Birthday at the University of Pennsylvania in 1906.]

WHAT, then, must we say of the Americanism of Washington? It was denied during his lifetime for a little while by those who envied his greatness. . . . But the modern doubt is more subtle. . . . It arises from the modern theory of what true Americanism really is — a theory which goes back, indeed, for its inspiration to Dr. Samuel Johnson's somewhat crudely expressed opinion that "the Americans were a race whom no other mortals could wish to resemble," but which, in the later form, takes counsel with those English connoisseurs who demand of their typical American not depravity of morals, but deprivation of manners; not vice of heart, but vulgarity of speech; not badness, but bumptiousness; and at least enough of eccentricity to make him amusing to cultivated people.

For what is true Americanism? and where does it reside? Not in the tongue, not in the clothes, nor among the transient social forms, refined or crude, which mottle the surface of human life. Its dwelling is in the heart. It speaks a score of dialects, but one language; follows a hundred paths to the same goal, performs a thousand kinds of service in loyalty to the same ideal which is its life.

True Americanism is this:

To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God.

To believe that any form of power that tramples on these rights is unjust.

To believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, that government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and that the people should choose their own rulers.

To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair-play for all.

To believe not in a forced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges and opportunities.

To believe that the selfish interests of persons, classes, and corporations must be subordinated to the welfare of the Commonwealth.

To believe that union is as much a human necessity as liberty is a divine gift.

To believe, not that all people are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people.

To believe that a free State should offer an asylum to the oppressed and an example of virtue, sobriety, and fair dealing to all nations.

To believe that for the existence and perpetuity of such a State a man should be willing to give his whole service in property, in labor, and in life.

That is Americanism; an ideal embodying itself in a people; a creed heated white-hot in the furnace of conviction and hammered into shape on the anvil of life; a vision commanding men to follow it whithersoever it may lead them. And it was the subordination of the personal self to that ideal, that creed, that vision, which gave eminence and glory to Washington and the men who stood with him.

Men tell us that the age of ideals is past, and that we are now come to the age of expediency, of polite indifference to

moral standards, of careful attention to the bearing of different policies upon our own personal interests. It is past, indeed, for those who proclaim or whisper, or in their hearts believe, or in their lives obey, this black gospel. . . . But not for us who claim our heritage in blood and spirit from Washington and the men who stood with him — not for us of other tribes and kindred who

“have found a fatherland upon this shore ”

and learned the meaning of manhood beneath the shelter of liberty — not for us, nor for our country, that dark apostasy, and that dismal outlook! We see the heroes of the present conflict, the men whose allegiance is not to sections, but to the whole people, the fearless champions of fair-play. We believe that the liberties which the heroes of old won with blood and sacrifice are ours to keep with labor and service.

“All that our fathers wrought,
With true prophetic thought,
Must be defended.”

No privilege that encroaches upon those is to be endured. No lawless disorder that imperils them is to be sanctioned. No class that disregards or invades them is to be tolerated. There is a life that is worth living now, as it was worth living in former days, and that is the honest life. There is a battle that is worth fighting now, as it was worth fighting then, and that is the battle of the rights of the people. To make our city and our State free in fact as in name; to break the rings that strangle real liberty, and to keep them broken; to cleanse, so far as in our power lies, the fountain of our national life from political, commercial, and social corruptions; to teach our sons and daughters, by precept and example, the honor of serving such a country as America — that is work worthy of the finest manhood and womanhood.

PART VI

STRUGGLE AND GROWTH

PATRIOTISM NEEDS INTELLIGENCE

FRANCIS MARION

[From the last interview of General Peter Horry with General Marion in 1795. Horry fought under Marion in the Revolution and wrote a biography of his chief.]

ISRAEL of old, you know, was destroyed for lack of knowledge; and all nations, all individuals, have come to naught from the same cause. Happiness signifies nothing, if it be not known and properly valued. Satan, we are told, was once an angel of light; but for want of considering his glorious state, he rebelled, and lost all. And so it is, most exactly, with nations. We fought for self-government; and God hath pleased to give us one, better calculated, perhaps, to protect our rights, to foster our virtues, to call forth our energies, and to advance our condition nearer to perfection and happiness, than any government that was ever framed under the sun. But what signifies even this government, divine as it is, if it be not known and prized as it deserves? This is best done by free schools.

Men will always fight for their government according to their sense of its value. To value it aright, they must understand it. This they cannot do without education. And as a large portion of the citizens are poor, and can never attain that inestimable blessing without the aid of government, it is plainly the first duty of government to bestow it freely upon them. The more perfect the government, the greater the

duty to make it well known. Selfish and oppressive governments, indeed, as Christ observes, must "hate the light, and fear to come to it, because their deeds are evil." But a fair and cheap government, like our Republic, "longs for the light, and rejoices to come to the light, that it may be manifested to be from God," and well worth all the vigilance and valor that an enlightened nation can rally for its defence.

God knows, a good government can hardly ever be half anxious enough to give its citizens a thorough knowledge of its own excellencies. For as some of the most valuable truths, for lack of careful promulgation, have been lost, so the best government on earth, if not duly known and prized, may be subverted. Ambitious demagogues will rise, and the people, through ignorance and love of change, will follow them.

Look at the people of New England. From Britain, their fathers had fled to America for religion's sake. Religion had taught them that God created men to be happy; that to be happy they must have virtue; that virtue is not to be attained without knowledge, nor knowledge without instruction, nor public instruction without free schools, nor free schools without legislative order. Among a free people, who fear God, the knowledge of duty is the same as doing it. With minds well informed of their rights, and hearts glowing with love for themselves and posterity, when war broke out, they rose up against the enemy, firm and united, and gave glorious proof how men will fight when they know that their all is at stake.

UNITY AS A PROTECTION AGAINST FOREIGN FORCE AND INFLUENCE

JOHN JAY

[From a paper contributed by Jay to the *Federalist*. After discussing the causes that might possibly lead to an attack upon the United States by a foreign force — jealousy of trade or the desire to acquire territory — he makes a plea for unity, for one strong government

composed of all the colonies, as the most effective protection against foreign danger.

This plea was made by Jay in 1788, when the Constitution was submitted to all the colonies for adoption. There had been jealousies among the colonies from the beginning, and after the Revolution there was a tendency of the states to fall apart in groups. New England formed one group, the Middle States another, and the South still another. The proposed Constitution provided for a single government composed of all the colonies. Such a government was strongly advocated by Jay, Madison, Hamilton, Washington, and others. It met with opposition, but was finally adopted.

It will be remembered that, at the time Jay wrote, Great Britain still held outposts along the Great Lakes, and Spain held the mouth of the Mississippi River.]

As the safety of the whole is the interest of the whole, and cannot be provided for without government, either one or more or many, let us inquire whether one good government is not, relative to the object in question, more competent than any other given number whatever.

One government can collect and avail itself of the talents and experience of the ablest men, in whatever part of the union they may be found. It can move on uniform principles of policy. It can harmonize, assimilate, and protect the several parts and members, and extend the benefit of its foresight and precautions to each. In the formation of treaties it will regard the interest of the whole and of any particular part, and that more easily and expeditiously than State governments or separate confederacies can possibly do, for want of concert and unity of system. It can place the militia under one discipline, and by putting their officers in a proper line of subordination to the chief magistrate, will in a manner consolidate them into one corps, and thereby render them more efficient than if divided into thirteen or into three or four distinct independent bodies.

What would the militia of Britain be, if the English militia

obeyed the government of England, if the Scotch militia obeyed the government of Scotland, and if the Welsh militia obeyed the government of Wales? Suppose an invasion; would those three governments (if they agreed at all) be able with all their respective forces, to operate against the enemy so effectually as the single government of Great Britain would?

We have heard much of the fleets of Britain; and if we are wise, the time may come, when the fleets of America may engage attention. But if one national government had not so regulated the navigation of Britain as to make it a nursery for seamen — if one national government had not called forth all the national means and materials for forming fleets, their prowess and their thunder would never have been celebrated. Let England have its navigation and fleet — Scotland have its navigation and fleet — let Wales have its navigation and fleet — let Ireland have its navigation and fleet — let those four of the constituent parts of the British empire be under four independent governments, and it is easy to perceive how soon they would each dwindle into comparative insignificance.

Apply these facts to our own case. Leave America divided into thirteen, or if you please into three or four independent governments, what armies could they raise and pay, what fleets could they ever hope to have? If one was attacked, would the other fly to its succor, and spend their blood and money in its defence? Would there be no danger of their being flattered into neutrality by specious promises, or seduced by a too great fondness for peace to decline hazarding their tranquillity and present safety for the sake of neighbors, of whom perhaps they have been jealous, and whose importance they are content to see diminished? Although such conduct would not be wise, it would nevertheless be natural. The history of the states of Greece, and of other countries, abound with such instances; and it is not improbable that what has so often happened would, under similar circumstances, happen again.

But admit that they might be willing to help the invaded state or confederacy. How, and when, and in what proportion shall aids of men and money be afforded? Who shall command the allied armies, and from which of the associates shall he receive his orders? Who shall settle the terms of peace, and in case of disputes what empire shall decide them, and compel acquiescence? Various difficulties and inconveniences would be inseparable from such a situation; whereas one government, watching over the general and common interests, and combining and directing the powers and resources of the whole, would be free from all these embarrassments, and conduce far more to the safety of the people.

But whatever may be our situation, whether firmly united under one national government, or split into a number of confederacies, certain it is, that foreign nations will know and view it exactly as it is, and they will act toward us accordingly. If they see that our national government is efficient and well administered — our trade prudently regulated — our militia properly organized and disciplined — our resources and finances discreetly managed — our credit reëstablished — our people free, contented, and united, they will be more disposed to cultivate our friendship, than to provoke our resentment. If, on the other hand, they find us either destitute of an effectual government (each State doing right or wrong as to its rulers may seem convenient), or split into three or four independent and probably discordant republics or confederacies, one inclining to Britain, another to France, and a third to Spain, and perhaps played off against each other by the three, what a poor pitiful figure will America make in their eyes! How liable would she become not only to their contempt, but to their outrage; and how soon would dear-bought experience proclaim that when a people or family so divide, it never fails to be against themselves!

WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION OF NEUTRALITY

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

[During the first administration of Washington, the newly established French Republic declared war on England and looked to the United States for support in return for the aid France had given the colonies during our Revolution. Popular sympathy for France ran high in this country. Washington took the ground, however, that the United States was not under obligation to support France in a war of offense. To do this would have involved the United States in another war with England. Washington therefore issued a proclamation of neutrality. By this proclamation he established the policy of this Republic to avoid "entangling alliances," politically, with the nations of Europe.]

Many Americans attacked this policy of neutrality and assailed even the character of Washington with violence. The selections printed here from two of Hamilton's letters uphold Washington and support the principles on which he acted. The letters first appeared in a newspaper called the *Gazette of the United States* and were signed "Pacificus." They did much to change the current of public opinion. Sympathy for France was also greatly lessened by the unwise conduct of the French envoy, Genet, who, without permission from this government, attempted to raise troops in America to aid France. Genet was recalled by the French government at President Washington's request, and the storm soon blew over.]

. . . A third objection to the proclamation is, that it is inconsistent with the gratitude due to France for the services rendered to us in our revolution. . . . If the objectors mean that the United States ought to favor France, in things relating to war, and where they are not bound to do it by treaty, they must in this case also abandon their pretension of being friends to peace. For such a conduct would be a violation of neutrality, which could not fail to produce war. . . .

But though this would be a sufficient answer to the objection under consideration, yet it may not be without use to indulge some reflections on this very favorite topic of gratitude to

France, since it is at this shrine that we are continually invited to sacrifice the true interest of the country; as if "all for love, and the world well lost," were a fundamental maxim in politics.

Faith and justice between nations are virtues of a nature the most necessary and sacred. They cannot be too highly inculcated, nor too highly respected. Their obligations are absolute, their utility unquestionable; they relate to the objects which, with probity and sincerity, generally admit of being brought within clear and intelligible rules.

But the same cannot be said of gratitude. It is not very often that between nations it can be pronounced with certainty that there exists a solid foundation for the sentiment; and how far it can justifiably be permitted to operate, is always a question of still greater difficulty.

The basis of gratitude is a benefit received or intended, which there was no right to claim, originating in a regard to the interest or advantage of the party on whom the benefit is, or is meant to be, conferred. If a service is rendered from views relative to the immediate interest of the party who performs it, and is productive of reciprocal advantages, there seems scarcely, in such a case, to be an adequate basis for a sentiment like that of gratitude. . . .

Between individuals, occasion is not unfrequently given for the exercise of gratitude. Instances of conferring benefits from kind and benevolent dispositions or feelings toward the person benefited, without any other interest on the part of the person who renders the service, than the pleasure of doing a good action, occur every day among individuals. But among nations they perhaps never occur. It may be affirmed as a general principle, that the predominant motive of good offices from one nation to another, is the interest or advantage of the nation which performs them.

Indeed, the rule of morality in this respect is not precisely the same between nations as between individuals. The duty of making its own welfare the guide of its actions, is much

stronger upon the former than upon the latter; in proportion to the greater magnitude and importance of national compared with individual happiness, and to the greater permanency of the effects of national than of individual conduct. Existing millions, and for the most part future generations, are concerned in the present measures of a government; while the consequences of the private actions of an individual ordinarily terminate with himself, or are circumscribed within a narrow compass.

Whence it follows that an individual may, on numerous occasions, meritoriously indulge the emotions of generosity and benevolence, not only without an eye to, but even at the expense of, his own interest. But a government can rarely, if at all, be justifiable in pursuing a similar course; and, if it does so, ought to confine itself within much stricter bounds.¹ Good offices which are indifferent to the interest of a nation performing them, or which are compensated by the existence or expectation of some reasonable equivalent, or which produce an essential good to the nation to which they are rendered without real detriment to the affairs of the benefactors, prescribe perhaps the limits of national generosity or benevolence.

It is not here meant to recommend a policy absolutely selfish or interested in nations; but to show that a policy regulated by their own interest, as far as justice and good faith permit, is, and ought to be, their prevailing one; and that either to ascribe to them a different principle of action, or to deduce, from the supposition of it, arguments for a self-denying and self-sacrificing gratitude on the part of a nation which may have received from another good offices, is to misrepresent

¹ This conclusion derives confirmation from the reflection that under every form of government rulers are only trustees for the happiness and interest of their nation, and cannot, consistently with their trust, follow the suggestions of kindness or humanity toward others, to the prejudice of their constituents. (Lodge.)

or misconceive what usually are, or ought to be, the springs of national conduct.

These general reflections will be auxiliary to a just estimate of our real situation with regard to France, of which a closer view will be taken in a succeeding paper.

OUR SITUATION WITH REGARD TO FRANCE

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

[From the same source as the preceding extract. Both of these letters are reprinted by permission from an edition of Hamilton's works edited by Henry Cabot Lodge and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

FRANCE, the rival, time immemorial, of Great Britain, had, in the course of the war which ended in 1763, suffered from the successful arms of the latter the severest losses and the most mortifying defeats. Britain from that moment had acquired an ascendant in the affairs of Europe, and in the commerce of the world, too decided and too humiliating to be endured without extreme impatience, and an eager desire of finding favorable opportunity to destroy it, and to repair the breach which had been made in the national glory. . . .

The American revolution offered the occasion. It early attracted the notice of France, though with extreme circumspection. . . . The victories of Saratoga, the capture of an army, which went a great way toward deciding the issue of the contest, decided also the hesitation of France. They established in the government of that country a confidence of our ability to accomplish our purpose, and, as a consequence of it, produced the treaties of alliance and commerce.

It is impossible to see in all this anything more than the conduct of a jealous competitor, embracing a most promising opportunity to repress the pride and diminish the power of a dangerous rival. . . . The dismemberment of this country

from Great Britain was an obvious and a very important interest of France. It cannot be doubted that it was both the determining motive and an adequate compensation for the assistance afforded to us. . . .

The inference from these facts is not obscure. Aid and co-operation, founded upon a great interest, pursued and obtained by the party rendering them, is not a proper stock upon which to engraft that enthusiastic gratitude which is claimed from us by those who love France more than the United States.

This view of the subject, extorted by the extravagancy of such a claim, is not meant to disparage the just pretensions of France to our good-will. . . . France did not attempt, in the first instance, to take advantage of our situation to extort from us any humiliating or injurious concessions as the price of her assistance; nor afterwards, in the progress of the war, to impose hard terms as the condition of particular aids.

Though this course was certainly dictated by policy, yet it was a magnanimous policy, such as always constitutes a title to the approbation and esteem of mankind, and a claim to the friendship and acknowledgment of the party in whose favor it is practiced.

But the sentiments are satisfied on the part of the nation, when they produce sincere wishes for the happiness of the party from whom it has experienced such conduct, and a cordial disposition to render all good and friendly offices which can be rendered without prejudice to its own solid and permanent interests.

To ask a nation so situated to make a sacrifice of substantial interest; to expose itself to the jealousy, ill-will, or resentment of the rest of the world; to hazard, in an eminent degree, its own safety for the benefit of the party who may have observed towards it the conduct which has been described, would be to ask more than the nature of the case demands, more than the fundamental maxims of society authorize, more than the dictates of sound reason justify.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

JAMES MONROE

[These famous words occur in President Monroe's message to the Congress on Dec. 2, 1823. The words were brought forth by the fear that European powers, most of which were at that time wedded to monarchical ideas, might attempt to acquire territory in South America and extend their political ideas. Some of the South American states had recently established republican forms of government, and to all such the United States extended its sympathy and protecting hand. This doctrine has become an article of political faith in the United States. It has been tested more than once within the memory of men now living. It has always stood the test. Both President Cleveland and President Roosevelt asserted it successfully. President Wilson, in 1915, not only reaffirmed the doctrine, but recommended an extension of it — namely, that the United States and the republican governments of South America should enter into an agreement for mutual protection.]

IN the wars of the European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments; and to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to de-

clare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their systems to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing Colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

THE MISSION OF AMERICA

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

[From the Fourth of July address at Washington in 1821.]

AND now, friends and countrymen, if the wise and learned philosophers of the older world, the first observers of nutation and aberration, the discoverers of maddening ether and invisible planets, the inventors of Congreve rockets and shrapnel shells, should find their hearts disposed to inquire, what has America done for the benefit of mankind? let our answer be this — America, with the same voice which spoke herself into existence as a nation, proclaimed to mankind the inextinguishable rights of human nature, and the only lawful foundations of government.

America, in the assembly of nations, since her admission among them, has invariably, though often fruitlessly, held forth to them the hand of honest friendship, of equal freedom, of generous reciprocity. She has uniformly spoken among them, though often to heedless and often to disdainful ears, the language of equal liberty, equal justice, and equal rights. She has, in the lapse of nearly half a century, without a single exception, respected the independence of other nations, while asserting and maintaining her own. She has abstained from

interference in the concerns of others, even when the conflict has been for principles to which she clings, as to the last vital drop that visits the heart. She has seen that probably for centuries to come, all the contests of that Aceldama, the European World, will be contests between inveterate power and emerging right. Whenever the standard of freedom and independence has been or shall be unfurled, there will her heart, her benedictions, and her prayers be. But she goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own. She will recommend the general cause, by the countenance of her voice and the benignant sympathy of her example. She well knows that by once enlisting under other banners than her own, were they even the banners of foreign independence, she would involve herself, beyond the power of extrication, in all the wars of interest and intrigue, of individual avarice, envy, and ambition, which assume the colors and usurp the standard of freedom. The fundamental maxims of her policy would insensibly change from liberty to force. The frontlet upon her brows would no longer beam with the ineffable splendor of freedom and independence; but in its stead would soon be substituted an imperial diadem, flashing in false and tarnished lustre the murky radiance of dominion and power. She might become the dictatress of the world; she would be no longer the ruler of her own spirit.

OUR FOREFATHERS

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

[From an address on the life and character of James Madison delivered in Boston in 1836.]

WE reverse the order of sentiment and reflection of the ancient Persian king — we look back on the century gone by — we look around with anxious and eager eye for one of that illus-

trious host of patriots and heroes under whose guidance the revolution of American Independence was begun and continued and completed. We look around in vain. To them this crowded theatre, full of human life in all its stages of existence, full of the glowing exultation of youth, of the steady maturity of manhood, the sparkling eyes of beauty, and the gray hairs of reverend age — all this to them is as the solitude of the sepulchre. We think of this and say, how short is human life! But then, then, we turn back our thoughts again, to the scene over which the falling curtain has but now closed upon the drama of the day.

From the saddening thought that they are no more, we call for comfort upon the memory of what they were, and our hearts leap for joy that they were our fathers. We see them, true and faithful subjects of their sovereign, first meeting with firm but respectful remonstrance the approach of usurpation upon their right. We see them, fearless in their fortitude and confident in the righteousness of their cause, bid defiance to the arm of power, and declare themselves Independent States. We see them waging for seven years a war of desolation and of glory, in most unequal contest with their own unnatural stepmother, the mistress of the seas, till under the sign-manual of their king their Independence was acknowledged — and last and best of all, we see them, toiling in war and in peace to perpetuate an union, under forms of Government intricately but skilfully adjusted so as to secure to themselves and their posterity the priceless blessings of inseparable Liberty and Law.

Their days on earth are ended, and yet their century has not passed away. Their portions of the blessing which they thus labored to secure, they have enjoyed — and transmitted to us their posterity. We enjoy them as an inheritance — won, not by our toils — watered, not with our tears — saddened, not by the shedding of any blood of ours. The gift of heaven through their sufferings and their achievements — but not

without a charge of correspondent duty incumbent upon ourselves.

And what, my friends and fellow-citizens, what is that duty to our own? Is it to remonstrate to the adder's ear of a king beyond the Atlantic wave, and claim from him the restoration of violated rights? No. Is it to sever the ties of kindred and of blood, with the people from whom we sprang: to cast away the precious name of Britons and be no more the countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton, of Newton and Locke — of Chatham and Burke? Or more and worse, is it to meet their countrymen in the deadly conflict of a seven years' war? No. Is it the last and greatest of the duties fulfilled by them? Is it to lay the foundations of the fairest Government and the mightiest nation that ever floated on the tide of time? No! These awful and solemn duties were allotted to them; and by them they were faithfully performed. What then is our duty?

Is it to preserve, to cherish, to improve the inheritance which they have left us — won by their toils — watered by their tears — saddened but fertilized by their blood? Are we the sons of worthy sires, and in the onward march of time have they achieved in the career of human improvement so much, only that our posterity and theirs may blush for the contrast between their unexampled energies and our nerveless impotence? Between their more than Herculean labors and our indolent repose? No, my fellow-citizens — far be it from us — far be it from you, for he who now addresses you has but a few short days before he shall be called to join the multitudes of ages past — far be it from you to incur the reproach or the suspicion of such a degrading contrast. You too have the solemn duty to perform, of improving the condition of your species, by improving your own.

THE PASSION OF A STATESMAN

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

[From Adams's Diary.]

LITERATURE has been the charm of my life, and, could I have carved out my own fortunes, to literature would my whole life have been devoted. I have been a lawyer for bread, and a statesman at the call of my country. In the practice of the law I never should have attained the highest eminence, for the want of natural and spontaneous eloquence. The operations of my mind are slow, my imagination sluggish, and my powers of extemporaneous speaking very inefficient. But I have much capacity for, and love of, labor, habits on the whole of industry and temperance, and a strong and almost innate passion for literary pursuits. The business and sometimes the dissipations of my life have in a great measure withdrawn me from it. The summit of my ambition would have been by some great work of literature to have done honor to my age and country, and to have lived in the gratitude of future ages. This consummation of happiness has been denied me. The portion of life allotted to me is that of my mortal existence; but even in this failure of my highest objects, literature has been to me a source of continual enjoyment and a powerful preservation from vice.

THE ATTITUDE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

HENRY CLAY

[The following is a part of Clay's speech in support of his compromise tariff measure of 1833. South Carolina, through her legislature, had declared the tariff laws null and void in so far as she was concerned, and threatened to withdraw from the Union. Clay brought forward a compromise measure which straightened out the tangle. This speech sets forth two prominent traits of Clay's character — his patriotism and his spirit of conciliation.]

SOUTH CAROLINA must perceive the embarrassments of her situation. She must be desirous — it is unnatural to suppose that she is not — to remain in the Union. What! a State whose heroes in its gallant ancestry fought so many glorious battles along with those of the other States of this Union — a State with which this confederacy is linked by bonds of such a powerful character! I have sometimes fancied what would be her condition if she goes out of this Union; if her five hundred thousand people should at once be thrown upon their own resources. She is out of the Union. What is the consequence? She is an independent power. What then does she do? She must have armies and fleets, and an expensive government; have foreign missions; she must raise taxes; enact this very tariff, which has driven her out of the Union, in order to enable her to raise money, and to sustain the attitude of an independent power. . . .

If there be any who want civil war, who want to see blood of any portion of our countrymen spilt, I am not one of them. I wish to see war of no kind; but, above all, I do not desire to see a civil war. When war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human sight is competent to foresee when, or how, or where it is to terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up in the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are marching, and commanders are winning their victories, and fleets are in motion on our coast, tell me, if you can, tell me, if any human being can tell, its duration. God alone knows where such a war would end. In what a state will our institutions be left? In what state our liberties? I want no war; above all, no war at home.

Sir, I repeat, that I think South Carolina has been rash, intemperate, and greatly in the wrong; but I do not want to disgrace her, nor any other member of this Union. No, I do not desire to see the lustre of one single star dimmed of that glorious confederacy which constitutes our political sun; still less do I wish to see it blotted out, and its light obliterated

forever. Has not the State of South Carolina been one of the members of this Union in "days that tried men's souls?" Have not her ancestors fought alongside our ancestors? Have we not, conjointly, won together many a glorious battle? If we had to go into a civil war with such a State, how would it terminate? Whenever it should have terminated, what would be her condition? If she should ever return to the Union, what would be the condition of her feelings and affections? what the state of the heart of her people? She has been with us before, when her ancestors mingled in the throng of battle, and as I hope our posterity will mingle with hers, for ages and centuries to come, in the united defence of liberty, and for the honor and glory of the Union; I do not wish to see her degraded or defaced as a member of this confederacy.

In conclusion, allow me to entreat and implore each individual member of this body to bring into the consideration of this measure, which I have had the honor of proposing, the same love of country which, if I know myself, has actuated me, and the same desire of restoring harmony to the Union, which has prompted this effort. If we can forget for a moment — but that would be asking too much of human nature — if we could suffer, for one moment, party feelings and party causes — and, as I stand here before my God, I declare I have looked beyond those considerations, and regarded only the vast interests of this united people — I should hope, that under such feelings, and with such dispositions, we may advantageously proceed to the consideration of this bill, and heal, before they are yet bleeding, the wounds of our distracted country.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS

DANIEL WEBSTER

[The debate between Webster and Hayne in the senate in 1830 on the Foote Resolution (in regard to the sale of public lands to pay for internal improvements) drifted away from the subject in hand. It

developed into a heated discussion of the relative rights of the states and the rights of the general government. The discussion was brought forth by the proposal of South Carolina to nullify the tariff laws passed by Congress in so far as they affected the people of that state. The theory on which nullification was based lay at the bottom of secession in 1861.]

THE gentleman has no fault to find with these recently promulgated South Carolina opinions. And certainly he need have none; for his own sentiments, as now advanced, and advanced on reflection, as far as I have been able to comprehend them, go the full length of all these opinions. I propose, sir, to say something on these, and to consider how far they are just and constitutional. Before doing that, however, let me observe that the eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the price of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina?

Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God

that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue, in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation, and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in

the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

LIBERTY AND UNION INSEPARABLE

DANIEL WEBSTER

[From the reply to Hayne. This noble burst of patriotic feeling would alone keep Webster's fame alive.]

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look

beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may best be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and for our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth," nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION

ROBERT Y. HAYNE

[These words were spoken by Hayne in his famous debate with Daniel Webster in the senate of the United States in 1830. In the course of the debate both men felt that their respective states had been assailed, and each made a spirited reply.]

IF there be one State in the Union, and I say it not in a boasting spirit, that may challenge comparison with any other, for an uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina.

From the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has even hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you, in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother-country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalry, they might have found, in their situation, a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict; and, fighting for principle, perilled all in the sacred

cause of freedom. Never were there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurances than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution! The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "Plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

A NAVAL DUEL: THE *CONSTITUTION* AND THE *GUERRIÈRE*

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

[From an address before the American Historical Association in 1912; reprinted by permission from the *American Historical Review*.

As Adams points out, the American navy from 1800 to 1812 was pitifully weak, while English naval pride was on the crest of the wave. Nelson and his English had, in 1805, defeated the combined naval forces of France and Spain at Trafalgar, off the coast of Spain.

England now claimed the right to search American vessels in quest of English deserters. When she found an able-bodied seaman, she was not always too particular about his nationality. It is estimated that thousands of American seamen were impressed into the English service during the years just preceding the War of 1812.]

I PROPOSE to specify the exact day of the year and month and week, the hour and almost the minute at which the United States blazed as an indisputable world power on the astonished

and, for some time yet, incredulous nations. To be specific, it was at thirty minutes after six o'clock of the afternoon of Wednesday, August 19, 1812. On that day and at that hour, just twenty weeks over a hundred years ago, this country, I confidently submit, became a nationality to be reckoned with; and such it has ever since been.

When the year 1812 came in, this country of ours, rated as a power of the third class — less considered, for instance, than Portugal, and more nearly on the level of Algiers — had for a score of years been the unresenting football of antagonists as overbearing as they were powerful. . . . With Napoleon and the country of Nelson and Wellington locked in a long death-grapple, the young American nation had thought to traffic on their fields of battle. Regardless of buffets and insults, it had done this systematically and as a matter of policy. A people, no more than an individual, can pursue such a course in a pure spirit of gain, accepting kicks and cuffs as incident thereto, still preserving its manhood.

Americans during the period in question were accustomed to read of themselves in the columns of the English press as "spaniel-like in character," a people who "the more they were chastised the more obsequious they became"; and one, moreover, which "could not be kicked into a war." Submitting to it all, the confidence of the people in themselves was gone. They questioned their own man-to-man fighting capacity. By sufferance, they continued to exist.

Recalled through the century vista, the situation in 1812 was, withal, in every respect spectacular. Trafalgar was then seven years passed, and England during the period which followed Trafalgar was fairly drunk with consciousness of maritime power. Britannia did indeed then rule the wave. On the ocean, none questioned her supremacy; for, almost immemorially, hers had been a record of unbroken naval victory — victory on a scale both large and small. Contemptuously ignoring all international rules of courtesy or conduct,

she had made the United States gulp down the very dregs in the cup of humiliation; for, on June 22, 1807, in sight of the capes of Virginia, the unlucky *Chesapeake*, disgraced and degraded, had been compelled to drag her way, a battered, helpless hulk, back to the port from which she had the day before sailed with officers and crew smarting under a humiliation never either forgotten or forgiven. Unresistingly pounded into abject submission, her company had been mustered on her deck by a British subaltern, and those whom he saw fit to designate had been taken forcibly from her.

That such an event could have occurred seems now incredible. The mere recollection of it a century later suffices to bring hot blood to the American face. . . .

The affair of the *Chesapeake* occurred in 1807 and the day came when the frigate *Constitution* took upon herself the quarrel of her sister ship, and in her turn hungered for a meeting with the *Guerrière*. On August 19, 1812, that hunger was appeased. Suffice it to say that on the 18th of June preceding, war had at last been declared with Great Britain. The *Constitution*, Captain Isaac Hull in command, on July 12 passed out of Chesapeake Bay, and into the midst of a British squadron. She eluded and outfooted them, her escape a marvel of maritime skill and sustained physical endurance; but during a part of that three-days ordeal the *Guerrière* was at the front, and pitted against her; nor did that fact pass unnoticed by watchful eyes of the escaping frigate. They would not have dared to hope it, but a day of reckoning was at hand. July 26 Hull reached Boston. He then had reason to believe he was about to be called upon to turn his command over to another; but, first, he was in search of a fight. He knew his ship; he had tested his crew; he craved the square issue of battle. . . .

His ship's company shared his eagerness; from the youngest powder-monkey to the executive officer, they were in the hunt; and when, at last, on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 19, the drums beat to quarters and the grim order came to clear

decks for action, it was met with a ringing cheer. This was at 4 P.M. Two hours and a half later the *Guerrière* was rolling in the trough of the summer sea, a battered, sparless, foundering hulk. The next day she sank. She is there in mid-ocean now; not far from the spot where, a century later, the *Titanic* foundered. . . .

The victory, moreover, was most dramatic — a naval duel. The adversaries — not only commanders, but ship's companies to a man — had sought each other out for a test of seamanship, discipline, and gunnery — arrogance and the confidence of prestige on the one side, a passionate sense of wrong on the other. They had met in mid-Atlantic — frigate to frigate. On that August afternoon the wind was blowing fresh; a summer sea was running. For about an hour the antagonists manoeuvred for position, the British ship wearing from time to time to fire a broadside; and the American yawing to avoid being raked, and discharging an occasional shot from her bow guns. Finding that nothing was accomplished in this way, Hull wore around, set the main-topgallantsail, and headed directly for his enemy, who bore up with the wind, to meet him at close quarters. The *Constitution* had then been worked into the exact position in which her commander wanted to get her. This was a few minutes before six o'clock; and the historian, writing since, has recorded that now the two opponents "came together side by side, within pistol-shot, the wind almost astern, and running before it they pounded each other with all their strength. As rapidly as the guns could be worked, the *Constitution* poured in broadside after broadside, double-shotted with round and grape, — and, without exaggeration, the echo of those guns startled the world."

"In less than thirty minutes from the time we got alongside from the enemy," Captain Hull afterward reported to the Secretary of the Navy, "she was left without a spar standing, and the hull cut to pieces in such a manner as to make it difficult to keep her above water." . . .

One word more and I am done. In John Adams's family in 1812 was a granddaughter, born in 1808, a little over four years before, and so still an infant. More than ninety years later, one serene June afternoon in 1903, it devolved on me to sit by that granddaughter's parting bedside. A woman of four-score and fifteen, the lamp of life was flickering out. In those closing hours, however, one memory and only one seemed uppermost in my mind. In extremest old age her thoughts reverted to the first and deepest impression of her early childhood, and, over and over again, in a voice clear and distinct, yet tremulous with emotion, she kept repeating these words: "Thank God for Hull's victory!"

THE FIGHT AT THE ALAMO ¹

ERNEST PEIXOTTO

[The Alamo, now a museum of relics, was built in 1744 as a Spanish mission church. Later it was surrounded by walls and converted into a fort. After the massacre in 1836, "Remember the Alamo" became a rallying cry along the border. In the same year as the massacre, the Mexicans were badly defeated by the Texans under Sam Houston at San Jacinto. Texas, winning her independence, became a republic with Houston as its first and only president. The annexation of Texas to the United States in 1845 led to the war with Mexico (1846-48), the chief result of which was the acquisition of a large body of territory by the United States. This territory included California, Utah, and parts of Arizona and New Mexico. The settlement of Texas by Americans, its revolt from Mexico, the Mexican War, and the acquisition of new territory were successive steps in the inevitable westward march of empire. A somewhat parallel movement took place in the Northwest, where Oregon was the bone of contention between the United States and England. In this case, however, all differences were adjusted by compromise and treaty, and without resort to arms.

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Of the men killed in the Alamo, Davy Crockett and Bowie were notable characters. Crockett, born in Tennessee, was a hunter, pioneer, and politician. Bowie, a native of Georgia, where he was notorious as a duelist, became a colonel in the Texan army. The famous Bowie knife took its name from him. Bowie, Crockett, and Houston belonged to a type of American which has almost passed. With all their eccentricities and irregularities they had the stout hearts and hands that were needed to clear the paths.]

THE Alamo was the scene of one of the most dramatic episodes of American history — the tragic siege which takes on new interest and significance in these troubled days of Mexican strife, and for that reason, if for no other, will bear repetition.

Since 1822, when Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain, the few American colonists in Texas had endured much at the hands of the new government. A climax was reached when Santa Anna seized Mexico city, overthrew the constitutionalists, and made himself dictator. He was the particular enemy of the Americans, and ordered the arrest of some of the most prominent among them. This brought clashes between them and the Mexican soldiers. Friends came from Missouri and Louisiana to help, until finally they organized a little army and, with Ben Milam at their head, marched upon San Antonio. After a stubborn house-to-house fight they took the town on the 7th of December, 1835.

Here they were joined by Davy Crockett and others, and here they awaited the coming of the enraged dictator, fortifying themselves as best they might in the old mission church and its outbuildings.

When Santa Anna arrived, at the head of his five thousand men, he summoned the two hundred Americans shut up in the Alamo to surrender. Their only reply was a shot fired from the cannon that William Travis commanded. The Mexicans immediately laid siege to the old church and for ten days pressed it with vigor. Its defenders, hopelessly outnumbered and with no chance of reinforcement, prepared to

fight to the death. On March 6, to the sound of the "*deguillo*" (no quarter), the Mexicans advanced for the final assault.

Their ammunition exhausted, but fighting with their clubbed muskets or anything else that they could find, the heroic band of Americans fought on until, little by little, they were killed to a man, Travis athwart his cannon, Crockett upon a heap of Mexican soldiers in front of the main church door, Bowie, sick upon his cot, defending himself with his famous knife. So "Remember the Alamo" became the watchword of Texan freedom.

THE HERALD OF AN EMPIRE

FREDERICK J. TURNER

[From an address before the American Historical Association at Indianapolis, Indiana, December 28, 1910; reprinted from the *American Historical Review*, January, 1911.]

SEEN from the vantage-ground of present developments, what new light falls upon past events! When we consider what the Mississippi Valley has come to be in American life, and when we consider what it is yet to be, the young Washington, crossing the snows of the wilderness to summon the French to evacuate the portals of the great valley, becomes the herald of an empire. When we recall the titanic industrial power that has centered at Pittsburgh, Braddock's advance to the forks of the Ohio takes on new meaning. "Carving a cross on the wilderness rim," even in defeat, he opened a road to what is now the center of the world's industrial energy.

The modifications which England proposed in 1794 to John Jay in the northwestern boundary of the United States, from the Lake of the Woods to the Mississippi, seemed, doubtless, to him significant chiefly as a matter of principle and as a question of the retention or loss of beaver grounds. The historians hardly notice the proposals. But they involved, in fact, the ownership of the richest and most extensive deposits

of iron ore in America, the all-important source of a fundamental industry of the United States, the occasion for the rise of some of the most influential forces of our time.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE WEST TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

FREDERICK J. TURNER

[From the *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1903. Mr. Turner speaks of Jefferson as "farmer Jefferson" because this great leader of men was not only personally interested in agriculture, but because he regarded it as the chief foundation of our economic and political well-being. He dreaded the growth of cities and the spread of factories.

Jefferson was born at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, at that time the frontier of Virginia. His father was a pioneer.

Andrew Jackson was born in what was then the backwoods of the Carolinas. In early life he removed to Tennessee when this state was a territory. He is spoken of as "a Gothic leader" because, like many leaders in the Middle Ages, he did things vigorously with his own hand or by the imperious power of his will — whether it be the killing of wild beasts and wilder men or the quelling of riots and mutinies among his soldiers. The word "Gothic" is used loosely for "medieval."

The conditions of pioneer life were all favorable to the development of the democratic spirit. Nobody was rich. Everybody had to face the same difficulties. Differences of birth counted for little. "In subduing the wilderness it had been found that a horn of powder counted for more than an ancestral sword."]

WESTERN democracy has been from the time of its birth idealistic. The very fact of the wilderness appealed to men as a fair, blank page on which to write a new chapter in the story of man's struggle for a higher type of society. The Western wilds, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, constituted the richest free gift that was ever spread out before civilized man. To the peasant and artisan of the Old World, bound by the chains of social class, as old as custom and as inevitable as

fate, the West offered an exit into a free life and greater well-being among the bounties of nature, into the midst of resources that demanded manly exertion, and that gave in return the chance for indefinite ascent in the scale of social advance. "To each she offered gifts after his will." Never again can such an opportunity come to the sons of men. It was unique, and the thing is so near us, so much a part of our lives, that we do not even yet comprehend its vast significance. The existence of this land of opportunity has made America the goal of idealists from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. With all the materialism of the pioneer movements, this idealistic conception of the vacant lands as an opportunity for a new order of things is unmistakably present. . . .

But the idealistic influence is not limited to the dreamers' conception of a new state. It gave to the pioneer farmer and city builder a restless energy, a quick capacity for judgment and action, a belief in liberty, freedom of opportunity, and a resistance to the domination of class which infused a vitality and power into the individual atoms of this democratic mass. Even as he dwelt among the stumps of his newly cut clearing, the pioneer had the creative vision of a new order of society. In imagination he pushed back the forest boundary to the confines of a mighty commonwealth; he willed that log cabins should become the lofty buildings of great cities. He decreed that his children should enter a heritage of education, comfort, and social welfare, and for this ideal he bore the scars of the wilderness. Possessed with this idea, he ennobled his task and laid deep foundations for a democratic state. Nor was this idealism by any means limited to the American pioneer.

To the old native democratic stock has been added a vast army of recruits from the Old World. There are in the Middle West alone four million persons of Germanic parentage out of a total of seven millions in the country. Over a million persons of Scandinavian parentage live in the same region. . . . The democracy of the newer West is deeply affected by the ideals

brought by these immigrants from the Old World. To them America was not simply a new home; it was a land of opportunity, of freedom, of democracy. It meant to them, as to the American pioneer that preceded them, the opportunity to destroy the bonds of social caste that bound them in their older home, to hew out for themselves in a new country a destiny proportioned to the powers that God had given them, a chance to place their families under better conditions and to win a larger life than the life that they had left behind. . . .

European men, institutions, and ideas were lodged in the American wilderness, and this great American West took them to her bosom, taught them a new way of looking upon the destiny of the common man, trained them in adaptation to the conditions of the New World, to the creation of new institutions to meet new needs, and ever as society on her eastern border grew to resemble the Old World in its social forms and its industry, ever, as it began to lose its faith in the ideals of democracy, she opened new provinces, and dowered new democracies in her most distant domains with her material treasures and with the ennobling influence that the fierce love of freedom, the strength that came from hewing out a home, making a school and a church, and creating a higher future for his family, furnished to the pioneer.

She gave to the world such types as the farmer Thomas Jefferson, with his Declaration of Independence, his statute for religious toleration, and his purchase of Louisiana. She gave us Andrew Jackson, that fierce Tennessee spirit who broke down the traditions of conservative rule, swept away the privacies and privileges of officialdom, and, like a Gothic leader, opened the temple of the nation to the populace. She gave us Abraham Lincoln, whose gaunt frontier form and gnarled, massive hand told of the conflict with the forest, whose grasp on the axe handle of the pioneer was no firmer than his grasp on the helm of the ship of state as it breasted the seas of civil war. She gave us the tragedy of the pioneer farmer as he

marched daringly on to the conquest of the arid lands, and met his first defeat by forces too strong to be dealt with under the old conditions. She has furnished to this new democracy her stores of mineral wealth, that dwarf those of the Old World, and her provinces that in themselves are vaster and more productive than most of the nations of Europe. Out of her bounty has come a nation whose industrial composition alarms the Old World, and the masters of whose resources wield wealth and power vaster than the wealth and power of Kings.

Best of all, the West gave, not only to the American, but to the unhappy and oppressed of all lands, a vision of hope, an assurance that the world held a place where were to be found high faith in man and the will and power to furnish him the opportunity to grow to the full measure of his own capacity. Great and powerful as are the new sons of her loins, the Republic is greater than they. The paths of the pioneer have widened into broad highways. The forest clearing has expanded into affluent commonwealths. Let us see to it that the ideals of the pioneer in his log cabin shall enlarge into the spiritual life of a democracy where civic power shall dominate and utilize individual achievement for the common good.

PART VII

DIVISION AND REUNION

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[This address was made at Concord, Massachusetts, five days after Lincoln was shot. Few men could have spoken so soon after this tragedy with such precise appreciation and such restraint. A noble simplicity of thought and language marks the address throughout.]

AT this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward in its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the time to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief: the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men; and his work has not perished: but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down.

The President stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quite native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Black Hawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois, — on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place. All of us remember — it is only a history of five or six years — the

surprise and the disappointment of the country at his first nomination by the Convention at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favorite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that Convention), we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. . . .

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which it was very easy for him to obey. Then, he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then, it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each fails on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit, or by love of pleasure, or lethargy, or an ugly temper, — each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

Then he had a vast good-nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner; affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him when President would have brought to anyone else. . . .

Then his broad good-humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich

gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restoration, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Æsop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their applications to the moment, are destined hereafter to wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasion, what lofty, and more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. . . .

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good-sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot

be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no state secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years, — four years of battle-days, — his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time.

MOB LAW

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[From one of Lincoln's earlier addresses. It was spoken before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, January 27, 1837. He was one of the organizers of this mutual improvement society.]

THUS, then, by the operation of this mobocratic spirit which all must admit is abroad in the land, the strongest bulwark of any government, and particularly of those constituted like ours, may effectually be broken down and destroyed — I mean the attachment of the people. Whenever this effect shall be produced among us; whenever the vicious portion of the population shall be permitted to gather in bands of hundreds and thousands, and burn churches, ravage and rob provision-stores, throw printing-presses into rivers, shoot editors, and hang and burn obnoxious persons at pleasure and with impunity, depend on it, this government cannot last. By such things the feelings of the best citizens will become more

or less alienated from it, and thus it will be left without friends, or with too few, and those few too weak to make their friendship effectual. At such a time, and under such circumstances, men of sufficient talent and ambition will not be wanting to seize the opportunity, strike the blow, and overturn that fair fabric which for the last half century has been the fondest hope of the lovers of freedom throughout the world.

I know the American people are much attached to their government; I know they would suffer much for its sake; I know they would endure evils long and patiently before they would ever think of exchanging it for another, — yet, notwithstanding all this, if the laws be continually despised and disregarded, if their rights to be secure in their persons and property are held by no better tenure than the caprice of a mob, the alienation of their affections from the government is the natural consequence; and to that, sooner or later, it must come.

Here then is one point at which danger may be expected.

The question recurs, "How shall we fortify against it?" The answer is simple. Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor — let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become

the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars. While even a state of feeling such as this shall universally or even very generally prevail throughout the nation, vain will be every effort, and fruitless every attempt, to subvert our national freedom.

When I so pressingly urge a strict observance of all the laws, let me not be understood as saying there are no bad laws, or that grievances may not arise for the redress of which no legal provisions have been made. I mean to say no such thing. But I do mean to say that although bad laws, if they exist, should be repealed as soon as possible, still, while they continue in force, for the sake of example they should be religiously observed. So also in unprovided cases. If such arise, let proper legal provisions be made for them with the least possible delay, but till then let them, if not too intolerable, be borne with.

There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law. In any case that may arise, as, for instance, the promulgation of abolitionism, one of two positions is necessarily true — that is, the thing is right within itself, and therefore deserves the protection of all law and all good citizens, or it is wrong, and therefore proper to be prohibited by legal enactments; and in neither case is the interposition of mob law either necessary, justifiable, or excusable.

THE LAW OF EQUAL FREEDOM

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[From a speech at Chicago, July 10, 1858, — a few days after Lincoln had been nominated by the Republican State Convention for United States senator. He often quotes from the Declaration the statement that “all men are created equal,” but on occasions he was careful to say that all men are not equal in refinement, intelligence,

or morality, but are equal in the eyes of the law, entitled to equal justice and equal opportunity. This interpretation of Jefferson's meaning when he wrote the Declaration is the one generally accepted.]

WE are now a mighty nation: we are thirty, or about thirty, millions of people, and we own and inhabit about one-fifteenth part of the dry land of the whole earth. We run our memory back over the pages of history for about eighty-two years, and we discover that we were then a very small people, in point of numbers vastly inferior to what we are now, with a vastly less extent of country, with vastly less of everything we deem desirable among men. We look upon the change as exceedingly advantageous to us and to our posterity, and we fix upon something that happened away back as in some way or other being connected with this rise of prosperity. We find a race of men living in that day whom we claim as our fathers and grandfathers; they were iron men; they fought for the principle that they were contending for; and we understood that by what they then did it has followed that the degree of prosperity which we now enjoy has come to us. We hold this annual celebration to remind ourselves of all the good done in this process of time, of how it was done and who did it, and how we are historically connected with it; and we go from these meetings in better humor with ourselves — we feel more attached the one to the other, and more firmly bound to the country we inhabit. In every way we are better men, in the age, and race, and country in which we live, for these celebrations. But after we have done all this, we have not yet reached the whole. There is something else connected with it. We have, besides these men — descended by blood from our ancestors — among us, perhaps half our people who are not descendants at all of these men; they are men who have come from Europe, — German, Irish, French, and Scandinavian, — men that have come from Europe themselves, or whose ancestors have come hither and settled here, finding

themselves our equal in all things. If they look back through this history to trace their connection with those days by blood, they find they have none; they cannot carry themselves back into that glorious epoch and make themselves feel that they are part of us; but when they look through that old Declaration of Independence, they find that those old men say that "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," and then they feel that that moral sentiment taught in that day evidences their relation to those men, that it is the father of all moral principle in them, and that they have a right to claim it as though they were blood of the blood, and flesh of the flesh, of the man who wrote that Declaration, and so they are. That is the electric cord in that Declaration that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty loving men together, that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the love of freedom exists in the minds of men throughout the world.

"BACK TO THE DECLARATION"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[From a speech at Lewiston, Illinois, August 17, 1858. Lincoln was then in the midst of his famous campaign for the senatorship against Judge Stephen A. Douglas, who had been nominated by the Democratic party as its candidate. This heated campaign, which drew crowds throughout Illinois, soon attracted the attention of the nation. From this contest Lincoln emerged as a national figure. Douglas won the senatorship, but Lincoln two years later was nominated and elected President of the United States. It was this campaign that brought slavery to the center of the political stage. The law known as the Missouri Compromise had restricted slavery to the south of Mason and Dixon's line. When this law was repealed in 1854, the way was open for the extension of slavery everywhere. Lincoln led the newly-formed Republican party against this extension. He stated the issue in the following words: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." He set his face against

the extension of slavery because he thought a free government the best government. He thought that if slavery could be restricted, it would gradually die out. He did not at this time contemplate the forcible abolition of slavery. That came about through the storm and stress of civil war.]

THE Declaration of Independence was formed by the representatives of American liberty from thirteen States of the confederacy. . . . These communities, by their representatives in old Independence Hall, said to the whole world of men: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the Universe. This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to his creatures. Yes, gentlemen, to all his creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of man then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They erected a beacon to guide their children, and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, or none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy and all the humane and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land, so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and

circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back. Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the revolution. Think nothing of me — take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever — but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than any anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of Humanity — the Declaration of American Independence.

GETTYSBURG SPEECH

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[The Gettysburg national cemetery was dedicated on November 11, 1863. The formal oration of the day was made by Edward Everett. It is little read or known to-day. Lincoln spoke very briefly, but his speech is widely quoted and praised. He himself thought poorly of it. At the time he remarked to a friend: "It is a flat failure. The people won't like it." Everett knew better. The next day he wrote to Lincoln: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."]

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

TO A MOTHER WHO LOST FIVE SONS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Letter to Mrs. Bixby; written November 21, 1864.]

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to be-

guile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Delivered on March 4, 1865. It is marked by a feeling of mingled hopefulness and determination, and by the absence of sectional bitterness. It has also the compactness and poise of the Gettysburg speech. Lincoln himself thought it would "wear as well" as anything he had produced.]

Fellow-Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to

dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that

this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

APPOMATTOX

AUGUSTUS WHITE LONG

[The editor had hoped to reprint here an account of what happened at Appomattox written by General Grant, General Horace Porter, or some other officer who was an eyewitness. Copyright difficulties, however, have proved too great. In the preparation of the following account, the editor has been indebted to General U. S. Grant's *Personal Memoirs*, General Adam Badeau's *Military History of U. S. Grant*, General E. P. Alexander's *Military Memoirs of a Confederate*, and Charles Francis Adams's *Lee's Centennial*.]

WHEN Lee's army was forced out of its trenches at Petersburg, Virginia, on April 3, 1865, and began to drag its way westward, it seemed plain that the end was near. One after another the Southern ports had been closed by blockade, and the Confederacy was thus compelled "to consume its own vitals." As early as the end of 1863, Lee wrote of his men: "Thousands are barefooted, a greater number partially shod, and nearly all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing."

When the unusually severe winter and spring of 1865 came, the plight of the Confederate army was still worse. "Height-

ened by assaults and fire of the enemy," wrote Lee in February, "some of the men have been without meat for three days, and all are suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet."

As Lee moved westward from Petersburg, his purpose was either to escape to the mountains of Virginia by way of Lynchburg, or to join Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina, whose army was then moving northward, with Sherman close on its heels. Lee hoped to move his troops over the Richmond and Danville railroad, unite with Johnston, give quick battle to Sherman, and, if successful, turn back on Grant. The Union cavalry, however, frustrated both of these plans. The energetic Sheridan cut the railway line, captured Lee's supply trains, and blocked all the roads the latter hoped to travel.

Lee thus situated, with Grant on his rear and Sheridan on his front, their enveloping wings practically surrounding him, was brought to a standstill. Only two courses were now open to him. One was to dissolve his dwindling army into guerilla bands and take to the brush; the other was to make a formal surrender to Grant. He chose the latter.

Grant and Lee, after some preliminary correspondence, met on April 9, at the house of a Mr. McLean, in the little village of Appomattox Court-house, about twenty-five miles east of Lynchburg. Grant was surrounded by his staff. Sheridan and a few other general officers were also in the room. Lee rode to the McLean house accompanied by Colonel Charles Marshall, his military secretary, and an orderly to hold their horses. Grant was dressed plainly in the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general. Lee wore a new uniform, a handsome sword and sash, and golden spurs. Some of the Union officers casually spoke of this difference in dress to Colonel Marshall, who explained that the Confederates, expecting the capture of their baggage wagons, and fearing that they could save but one suit of clothes, had put on their best.

The meeting between Grant and Lee has been described by

Grant in his *Personal Memoirs*: "We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took seats. . . . We soon fell into conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army. . . . Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting." Thus modestly the great Union Captain talked about old times when they had fought together in the Mexican War. Finally Lee called to his mind the business that had brought them together, and quietly asked for the terms which he would give to his army. The latter answered as simply that the army should lay down its arms and not take them up again while the war lasted, unless properly exchanged as prisoners. Lee replied that the terms were satisfactory. Whereupon Grant, calling for writing materials, wrote out the following:

APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.

Ap'l 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE

COMD'G C. S. A.

Gen.: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT,
Lt. Gen.

"When I put my pen to the paper," wrote General Grant in his *Memoirs*, "I did not know the first word I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me, that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms."

General Lee remarked that the provision allowing officers to retain their side-arms and horses would have a good effect on his army. He further said that many privates among the cavalry and artillery owned their own horses, and asked if they also were to be allowed to retain them. "I then said to him," General Grant further records, "that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war — I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect." General Lee then wrote the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

APRIL 9, 1865.

General: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Lieut.-General U. S. Grant.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The Union officers present were now presented to General Lee. He gravely bowed to each. After a few words more of general conversation, the two chiefs shook hands, and Lee walked out on the front porch, where several of the Union officers followed and saluted. As he stood a moment pulling on his gauntlets, his glance went away to his battered veterans ranged on the hills near by. He then mounted his horse and rode away slowly to his own headquarters.

The next day General Grant made a call of courtesy upon General Lee. The two men sat their horses and talked together for several minutes in full view of both armies, the officers of each army grouping themselves around their leaders, but beyond earshot. After the visit was over, Grant rode away to take the train for Washington to make his full report. Nothing could have been more characteristic of the man than this simple conduct. He cared nothing for the the display of war; he modestly and generously received the surrender of an army that had dazzled men's minds by the brilliancy of its courage and skill — but he did it directly, simply, unpretentiously. General Badeau records that there was no emotion in his eye, no exultation in his manner, and that his voice was natural. When the formalities were over he went away to the next duty, leaving all details of the surrender in the hands of subordinates. There was no playing of bands, no firing of salutes.

Lee remained at his own headquarters for three days, and then with a small escort he rode on horseback to his own home in Richmond. As he drew near the city, a silent, uncovered crowd gathered along the way. "There was no excitement," says an eyewitness, "no hurrahing; but as the great chief passed, a deep, loving murmur, greater than these, rose from the very hearts of the crowd. Taking off his hat, and simply bowing his head, the man great in adversity passed silently to his own door; it closed upon him; and his people had seen him for the last time in his battle harness."

As to the closing scene at Appomattox, "there is not in our whole history as a people," says Charles Francis Adams, the grandson of John Quincy, "any incident so creditable to our manhood, — so indicative of our racial possession of Character. Marked throughout by a straightforward dignity of personal bearing and propriety in action, it was marred by no touch of the theatrical, no effort at posturing. I know not to which of the two leaders, there face to face, preference should be given. They were thoroughly typical; the one of Illinois and the New West, the other of Virginia and the Old Dominion. Grant was considerate and magnanimous, — restrained in victory; Lee, dignified in defeat, carried himself with that sense of absolute fitness which compelled respect. Verily! — 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.'"

THE YOUNGEST CHILD OF CIVILIZATION

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

[The following two selections are taken from an address before the New York Historical Society in 1868. The address was entitled "Historic Progress and American Democracy." It was probably one of the influences that led to Motley's appointment as minister of the United States to England by President Grant.]

CONSIDER but a moment. The island on which this city stands is as perfect a site as man could desire for a great, commercial, imperial city. Byzantium, which the lords of the ancient world built for the capital of the earth; which the temperate and vigorous Turk in the days of their stern military discipline plucked from the decrepit hands which held the sceptre of Cæsar and Constantine, and for the succession to which the present lords of Europe are wrangling; not Byzantium, nor hundred-gated Thebes; nor London, nor Liverpool, nor Paris, nor Moscow can surpass the future certainties of this thirteen-mile long Manhattan.

And yet it was but yesterday — for what are two centuries and a half in the boundless vista of the Past? — that the Mohawk and the Mohican were tomahawking and scalping each other throughout these regions, and had been doing so for centuries; when the whole surface of this island, now groaning under millions of wealth which oppress the imagination, hardly furnished a respectable hunting-ground for a single Sachem, in his war-paint and moccasins, who imagined himself proprietor of the soil.

But yesterday Cimmerian darkness; primeval night. To-day, grandeur, luxury, wealth, power. I come not here to-night to draw pictures or pour forth dithyrambics that I may gratify your vanity or my own, whether municipal or national. To appreciate the unexampled advantages bestowed by the Omnipotent upon this favored Republic, this youngest child of civilization, is rather to oppress the thoughtful mind with an overwhelming sense of responsibility; to sadden with quick-coming fears; to torture with reasonable doubts. The world's great hope is here. The future of humanity — at least for that cycle in which we are now revolving — depends mainly upon the manner in which we deal with our great trust.

PRIVILEGE AND FREEDOM

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

It is impossible to imagine a more fortunate position than that occupied by this Republic. Nature has done its best, and it is not for physical advantages alone that she should be ever grateful.

All the experience of the old world, all its acquisitions, all its sufferings, all its beacons of warning are for our benefit. Feudal System, Divine Right, are essentially as dead figments here as the laws of Lycurgus, or Draco. Religion can be honestly and ardently cherished because priesthood is deprived of political power. Universal education, the only possible foun-

dation of human freedom, is the easiest duty, because the Church is powerless to arrogate a function which it can never discharge. . . .

But to the solemn birthday of the infant America, around whose cradle, obscure as it was, so many good spirits had invisibly clustered, one malignant fairy had not been bidden, and her name was Privilege. And even as in the story-book, she sent a curse to avenge the slight. Almost on that natal day — we know the tale too well, and have had cause to ponder it bitterly — came the accursed bark with its freight of victims from unhappy Africa, and Privilege had silently planted in this virgin soil the seeds of her future sway.

It was an accident — if anything can be called accidental in the grand scheme of Creation — yet out of that grain of mustard-seed was one day to sprout an evil to overshadow this land; to poison with its deadly exhalations the vigorous atmosphere of freedom. Oligarchy grew up and held its own, side by side with Democracy — until the time came for deciding whether the one principle or the other was in conformity with the eternal law. . . .

And the great conflict went on while the world stood wondering. Never in human history has there been such a battle with such a stake. It was not for territory, empire, power. It was not merely for the integrity of this vast republican heritage. These things, though precious, are of little worth compared to the sacred principle concerned in the struggle. For it was to be decided whether the great law of history which we have been tracing was a truth or a lie; whether the human race has been steadily although slowly progressing or whether we have been fatally drifting back to Chaos. For surely if freedom is an evil from which society, new or old, is to be saved and slavery the great remedy and the great hope for the world, the only solution of political problems, then is the science of history the most contemptible of all imaginable studies. It was not a question for America, but for all the world. The

toiling multitudes of the earth are interested in the fate of this great republic of refuge, which receives and protects the oppressed of every race. "My countrymen who work for your living," said John Bright, at Birmingham, in 1863, "remember this, there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind if that Republic should be overthrown." But the game was fought out, and both winners and losers are the gainers. The South, while deeming itself to have lost all save honor, will be more prosperous than it ever dreamed of ere a generation of mankind shall have passed away. Let its "bruised arms be hung up for monuments," along with the trophies of the triumphant North; for the valor, the endurance, and self-sacrifice were equal on both sides, and the defeated party was vanquished because neither pride of color nor immortal hate can successfully struggle against the inexorable law of Freedom and Progress.

DEMOCRACY JUSTIFIES ITSELF

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Democratic Vistas*, published in 1871. All of the Whitman selections reprinted here are by special permission of Mitchell Kennerley, New York, publisher of the authorized editions of Whitman's works. Democracy has been described as an attitude of mind rather than a form of government. Whitman's attitude of mind engages the attention of all thoughtful men.]

THE movements of the late War, and their results, to any sense that studies well and comprehends them, show that popular democracy, whatever its faults and dangers, practically justifies itself beyond the proudest claims and wildest hopes of its enthusiasts. Probably no future age can know, but I well know, how the grist of this fiercest and most resolute of the world's warlike contentions resided exclusively in the unnamed, unknown rank and file; and how the brunt of its labor of death was, to all essential purposes, volunteer'd. . . .

Descending to detail, entering any of the armies, and mixing with the private soldiers, we see and have seen august spectacles. We have seen the alacrity with which the American-born populace, the peaceablest and most good-natured race in the world, and the most personally independent and intelligent, and the least fitted to submit to the irksomeness and exasperation of regimental discipline, sprang at the first tap of the drum, to arms — not for gain, nor even glory, nor to repel invasion — but for an emblem, a mere abstraction — for the life, *for the safety of the flag*. We have seen the unequal'd docility and obedience of these soldiers. . . . We have seen them in trench, or crouching behind breastwork, or tramping in deep mud, or amid pouring rain or thick-falling snow, or under forced marches in hottest summer (as on the road to get to Gettysburg) — vast suffocating swarms, divisions, corps, with every single man so grimed and black with sweat and dust, his own mother would not have known him — his clothes all dirty, stained and torn. Many a comrade, perhaps a brother, sun-struck, staggering out, dying by the roadside, of exhaustion — yet the great bulk bearing steadily on, cheery enough, hollow-bellied from hunger, but sinewy with unconquerable resolution.

Alas! America have we seen, though only in her early youth, already to hospital brought. There have we watched these soldiers, many of them only boys in years — mark'd their decorum, their religious nature and fortitude, and their sweet affection. Wholesome, truly. For at the front, and through the camps, in countless tents, stood the regimental, brigade division hospitals; while everywhere amid the land, in or near cities, rose clusters of huge, whitewashed, crowded one-story wooden barracks; and there ruled agony with bitter scourge, yet seldom brought a cry; and there stalk'd death by day and night along the narrow aisles between the rows of cots, or by the blankets on the ground, and touch'd lightly many a poor sufferer, often with blessed, welcome touch.

I know not whether I shall be understood, but I realize that it is finally from what I learn'd personally mixing in such scenes that I am now penning these pages. . . . What have we here, if not, towering above all talk and argument, the plentifully-supplied, last-needed proof of democracy, in its personalities? Curiously enough, too, the proof on this point comes, I should say, every bit as much from the south, as from the north. Although I have spoken only of the latter, yet I deliberately include all. Grand, common stock! to me the accomplish'd and convincing growth, prophetic of the future; proof undeniable to sharpest sense, of perfect beauty, tenderness and pluck, that never feudal lord, nor Greek, nor Roman breed, yet rivall'd. Let no tongue ever speak in disparagement of the American races, north or south, to one who has been through the war in the great army hospitals.

Meantime, general humanity has always, in every department, been full of perverse maleficence, and is so yet. . . . I myself see clearly enough the crude, defective streaks in all the strata of the common people; the specimens and vast collections of the ignorant, the credulous, the unfit and uncouth, the incapable, and the very low and poor. The eminent person . . . sneeringly asks whether we expect to elevate and improve a nation's politics by absorbing such morbid collections and qualities therein. The point is a formidable one, and there will doubtless always be numbers of solid and reflective citizens who will never get over it. Our answer is general, and is involved in the scope and letter of this essay. We believe the ulterior object of political and all other government (having, of course, provided for the police, the safety of life, property, and for the basic statute and common law, and their administration, always first in order), to be among the rest, not merely to rule, to repress disorder, etc., but to develop, to open up to cultivation, to encourage the possibilities of all beneficent and manly outcroppage, and of that aspiration for independence, and the pride and self-respect latent in all characters. (Or,

if there be exceptions, we cannot, fixing our eyes on them alone, make theirs the rule for all.). . .

Political democracy, as it exists and practically works in America, with all its threatening evils, supplies a training-school for making first-class men. It is life's gymnasium, not of good only, but of all. We try often, though we fall back often. A brave delight, fit for freedom's athletes, fills these arenas, and fully satisfies, out of the action in them, irrespective of success. Whatever we do not attain, we at any rate attain the experiences of the fight, the hardening of the strong campaign, and throb with currents of attempt at least. Time is ample. Let the victors come after us. Not for nothing does evil play its part among us. Judging from the main portions of the history of the world, so far, justice is always in jeopardy, peace walks amid hourly pitfalls, and of slavery, misery, meanness, the craft of tyrants and the credulity of the populace, in some of their protean forms, no voice can at any time say, They are not. The clouds break a little, and the sun shines out — but soon and certain the lowering darkness falls again, as if to last forever. Yet is there an immortal courage and prophecy in every sane soul that cannot, must not, under any circumstances, capitulate. *Vive*, the attack — the perennial assault! *Vive*, the unpopular cause — the spirit that audaciously aims — the never-abandon'd efforts, pursued the same amid opposing proofs and precedents.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN, JULY, 1861

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Specimen Days*, published in 1883. The retreat of the Union army into Washington is portrayed with unusual vividness. The army came from the battlefield in Virginia, twenty-five miles away, crossing the Potomac over the Long Bridge into Washington. The battle of Bull Run takes its name from a small river near which the battle was fought. The Union forces were commanded by General McDowell, the Confederates by General Beauregard and

General Joseph E. Johnston. About a year later, Lee defeated Pope near the same spot in what is called the second battle of Bull Run. These two battles are sometimes spoken of as the first and second battles of Manassas, because they were fought near the railway junction of that name.]

THE defeated troops commenced pouring into Washington over the Long Bridge at daylight on Monday, 22d — day drizzling all through with rain. The Saturday and Sunday of the battle (20th, 21st) had been parched and hot to an extreme — the dust, the grime and smoke, in layers, sweated in, followed by other layers again sweated in, absorb'd by those excited souls — their clothes all saturated with the clay-powder filling the air — stirr'd up everywhere on the dry roads and trodden fields by the regiments, swarming wagons, artillery, etc., all the men with this coating of murk and sweat and rain, now recoiling back, pouring over the Long Bridge — a horrible march of twenty miles, returning to Washington baffl'd, humiliated, panic-struck. Where are the vaunts and the proud boasts with which you went forth? Where are your banners, and your bands of music, and your ropes to bring back your prisoners? Well, there isn't a band playing — and there isn't a flag but clings ashamed and lank to its staff.

The sun rises, but shines not. The men appear, at first sparsely and shame-faced enough, then thicker, in the streets of Washington — appear in Pennsylvania Avenue and on the steps and basement entrances. They come in disorderly mobs, some in squads, stragglers, companies. Occasionally, a rare regiment in perfect order, with its officers (some gaps, dead, the true braves), marching in silence, with lowering faces, stern, weary to sinking, all black and dirty, but every man with his musket, and stepping alive; but these are the exceptions. . . .

During the forenoon Washington gets all over motley with these defeated soldiers — queer-looking objects, strange eyes and faces, drench'd (the steady rain drizzles all day) and fearfully worn, hungry, haggard, blister'd in the feet. Good

people (not over-many of them either) hurry up something for their grub. They put wash-kettles on the fire, for soup, for coffee. They set tables on the sidewalks — wagon-loads of bread are purchas'd, swiftly cut in stout chunks. Here are two aged ladies, beautiful, the first in the city for culture and charm, they stand with store of eating and drink at an improv'd table of rough plank, and give food, and have the store replenish'd from their house every half-hour all that day; and there in the rain they stand, active, silent, white-hair'd, and give food, though the tears stream down their cheeks, almost without intermission, the whole time. Amid the deep excitement, crowds and motion, and desperate eagerness, it seems strange to see many, very many, of the soldiers sleeping — in the midst of all sleeping sound. They drop down anywhere, on the steps of houses, up close by the basements or fences, on the sidewalk, aside on some vacant lot, and deeply sleep. A poor 17- or 18-year old boy lies there, on the stoop of a grand house; he sleeps so calmly, so profoundly. Some clutch their muskets firmly even in sleep. Some in squads; comrades, brothers, close together — and on them, as they lay, sulkily drips the rain.

As afternoon passed, and evening came, the streets, the bar-rooms, knots everywhere, listeners, questioners, terrible yarns, bugaboo, mask'd batteries, our regiment all cut up, etc., — stories and story-tellers, windy, bragging, vain centres of street-crowds. . . .

Meantime in Washington, among the great persons and their entourage, a mixture of awful consternation, uncertainty, rage, shame, helplessness, and stupefying disappointment. The worst is not only imminent, but already here. In a few hours — perhaps before the next meal — the Secesh generals, with their victorious hordes, will be upon us. The dream of humanity, the vaunted union we thought so strong, so impregnable — lo! it seems already smash'd like a china plate. . . .

But the hour, the day, the night, pass'd, and whatever

returns, an hour, a day, a night like that can never return again. The President, recovering himself, begins that very night — sternly, rapidly, sets about the task of reorganizing his forces, and placing himself in position for future and surer work. If there were nothing else of Abraham Lincoln for history to stamp him with, it is enough to send him with his wreath to the memory of all future time, that he endured that hour, that day, bitterer than gall — indeed a crucifixion day — that it did not conquer him — that he unflinchingly stemm'd it, and resolv'd to lift himself and the Union out of it.

Then the great New York papers at once appear'd with leaders that rang out over the land with the loudest, most reverberating ring of clearest bugles, full of encouragement, hope, inspiration, unfaltering defiance. . . . They came in good time, for they were needed. For in the humiliation of Bull Run, the popular feeling north, from its extreme of superciliousness, recoil'd to the depth of gloom and apprehension.

(Of all the days of the war, there are two especially I can never forget. Those were the day following the news, in New York and Brooklyn, of that first Bull Run defeat, and the day of Abraham Lincoln's death. I was home in Brooklyn on both occasions. The day of the murder we heard the news early in the morning. Mother prepared breakfast — and the other meals afterwards — as usual; but not a mouthful was eaten all day by either of us. We each drank half a cup of coffee; that was all. Little was said. We got every newspaper morning and evening, and the frequent extras of that period, and pass'd them silently to each other.)

“CUSTER'S LAST RALLY”

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Specimen Days*. General George A. Custer, with five companies of men, was surrounded by the Sioux Indians at the Little Big Horn River, Montana, on June 25, 1876. He and his entire force were killed after one of the most gallant and desperate fights

ever recorded. Custer entered the Civil War fresh from West Point, serving with distinction in many of the great battles of the war, and coming out at Appomattox a brigadier-general of cavalry and one of Sheridan's most trusted lieutenants.]

WENT to-day to see this just-finish'd painting by John Mulvany, who has been out in far Dakota, on the spot, at the forts, and among the frontiersmen, soldiers and Indians, for the last two years, on purpose to sketch it in from reality, or the best that could be got of it. Sat for over an hour before the picture, completely absorbed in the first view. A vast canvas, I should say twenty or twenty-two feet by twelve, all crowded and yet not crowded, conveying such a vivid play of color, it takes a little time to get used to it. There are no tricks; there is no throwing of shades in masses; it is all at first painfully real, overwhelming, needs good nerves to look at it. Forty or fifty figures, perhaps more, in full finish and detail in the mid-ground, with three times that number, or more, through the rest—swarms upon swarms of savage Sioux, in their war-bonnets, frantic, mostly on ponies, driving through the background, through the smoke, like a hurricane of demons. A dozen of the figures are wonderful. Altogether a western phase of America, the frontiers, culminating, typical, deadly, heroic to the uttermost—nothing in the books like it, nothing in Homer, nothing in Shakspeare; more grim and sublime than either, all native, all our own, and all a fact. A great lot of muscular, tan-faced men, brought to bay under terrible circumstances—death ahold of them, yet every man undaunted, not one losing his head, wringing out every cent of the pay before they sell their lives. Custer (his hair cut short) stands in the middle, with dilated eye and extended arm, aiming a huge cavalry pistol. Captain Cook is there partially wounded, blood on the white handkerchief around his head, aiming his carbine coolly, half-kneeling—(his body was afterwards found close by Custer's). The slaughter'd, or half-slaughter'd horses, for breastworks, make a peculiar feature. Two dead Indians,

herculean, lie in the foreground, clutching their Winchester rifles, very characteristic. The many soldiers, their many faces and attitudes, the carbines, the broad-brimm'd western hats, the powder-smoke in puffs, the dying horses with their rolling eyes almost human in their agony, the clouds of war-bonneted Sioux in the background, the figures of Custer and Cook — with indeed the whole scene, dreadful, yet with an attraction and beauty that will remain in my memory. . . .

TWO BROTHERS, ONE NORTH, ONE SOUTH

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Specimen Days*. Whitman shows here his strong human sympathy as well as his broad national feeling. It is, of course, a picture drawn from his own experience as a hospital nurse.]

I STAID to-night a long time by the bedside of a new patient, a young Baltimorean, aged about nineteen years, W. S. P. (2d Maryland, Southern), very feeble, right leg amputated, can't sleep hardly at all — has taken a great deal of morphine, which, as usual, is costing more than it comes to. Evidently very intelligent and well bred — very affectionate — held on to my hand, and put it by his face, not willing to let me leave. As I was lingering, soothing him in his pain, he says to me suddenly, "I hardly think you know who I am — I don't wish to impose upon you — I am a rebel soldier." I said I did not know that, but it made no difference. Visiting him daily for about two weeks after that, while he lived (death had mark'd him, and he was quite alone), I loved him much, always kiss'd him, and he did me. In an adjoining ward I found his brother, an officer of rank, a Union soldier, a brave and religious man, (Col. Clifton K. Prentiss, sixth Maryland infantry, Sixth corps, wounded in one of the engagements at Petersburg, April 2 — linger'd, suffer'd much, died in Brooklyn, Aug. 20, '65). It was in the same battle both were hit. One was a strong Unionist, the other Secesh; both fought on their respective

sides, both badly wounded, and both brought here after a separation of four years. Each died for his cause.

CHARLES SUMNER

L. Q. C. LAMAR

[Among the addresses delivered in memory of Sumner in the Senate of the United States in 1874, none, perhaps, was more notable than this tribute by Lamar. It marks the beginning of the era of reconciliation between the North and the South.]

MISSISSIPPI regrets the death of Charles Sumner and sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory; not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest lights which have illustrated the councils of the government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship, and the varied learning, which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn," — not this, but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of his character, which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career, making himself, to a part of his countrymen, the object of as deep and passionate hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration; and which are not less the cause that unites all these parties, so widely different, in a common sorrow, to-day, over his lifeless remains.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom; and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact, the creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. It was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been to

deny that he himself existed; and, along with this all-controlling love of freedom, he possessed a moral sensibility, keenly intense and vivid,— a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve, by the breadth of a hair, from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have, in all ages, given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

Let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitements of the struggle between the sections, now past, many have been disposed to deny him. In his fiery zeal, and his earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity towards the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced. It has been the kindness of his sympathy, which, in these later years, he has displayed to the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States, that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect, I might say, even of my admiration. Nor, in the manifestation of this, has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to doubt his sincerity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those to whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act towards the South, though it jarred upon the sensibility of the people at the other extreme of the Union, to propose to erase from the banners of the National Army the mementos of the bloody internal struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride, or wounding the sensibilities, of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people, so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of men. But, while it touched her heart and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would

not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidence of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they can but cherish the recollections of the battles fought, and the victories won, in defence of a hopeless cause; and, respecting, as all true and brave men must, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementos of heroism and victory from either records, monuments, or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them as a common heritage of American valor.

SLAVERY IS DEAD

L. Q. C. LAMAR

[From an address at the unveiling of a statue to John C. Calhoun at Charleston, South Carolina, on April 26, 1888. Lamar was then an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.]

SLAVERY is dead, — buried in a grave that never gives up its dead. Let it rest! Yet, if I remain silent, it will be taken as an admission that there is one part of Mr. Calhoun's life of which it is prudent for his friends to say nothing to the present generation. No one would disapprove, and even disdain, such silence more than he. With reference to the constitutional status of slavery in the States, Mr. Calhoun never entertained or expressed a sentiment that was not entertained and expressed by Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, and all the eminent statesmen of his time. The only difference between Mr. Calhoun, on the one hand, and Webster, Clay, and such statesmen, on the other, was, that the measures hostile to slavery which they sometimes countenanced, and at other times advo-

cated, he saw and predicted, were in conflict with the guarantees of the Constitution, and that their direct tendency and inevitable effect, and, in many cases, avowed motive, was the destruction of slavery in the States. And while Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay disclaimed any such motive, and denied any such probable effects, he declared to Mr. Webster, in debate, that the sentiment would grow and increase, until he, Mr. Webster, would himself be compelled to succumb, or be swept down beneath it.

Vain the forms of law, vain the barriers of the Constitution, vain the considerations of State policy, vain the eloquence and the compromises of statesmen! His predictions were verified to the letter. They were all swept away before the irresistible force of the civilization of the nineteenth century, whose moral sentiment demanded the extinction of slavery.

Every benefit which slavery conferred upon those subject to it; all the ameliorating and humanizing tendencies it introduced into the life of the African; all the elevating agencies which lifted him higher in the scale of rational moral being, were the elements of the future and inevitable destruction of the system. The mistake that was made, by the Southern defenders of slavery, was in regarding it as a permanent form of society, instead of a process of emergence and transition from barbarism to freedom. If, at this very day, the North, or the American Union, were to propose to re-establish the institution, it would be impracticable. The South could not and would not accept it, as a boon. Slavery, as it existed then, could not exist under the present commercial systems of Europe and America. The existing industrial relations of capital and labor, had there been no secession, no war, would of themselves have brought about the death of slavery.

THE CONFLICT ENDED

CHARLES DEVENS

[From an address at Charlestown, Massachusetts, June 17, 1875, at the Centennial Celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill. Representatives from Southern states were among those who took part in the celebration.]

WELCOME to the citizens of every State, alike from those which represent the thirteen Colonies, and from the younger States of the Union! In the earnest hope that the liberty, guarded and sustained by the sanctions of law, which the valor of the fathers won for us, and which to-day we hold in solemn trust, may be transmitted to endless generations, we have gathered, in this countless throng, representing in its assemblage every portion of our common country. A welcome, cordial, generous, and heart-felt, to each and all!

Above all, let us strive to maintain and renew the fraternal feeling which should exist between all the States of the Union. The difficulty which the fathers could not eliminate from the problem before them, they dealt with, with all the wisdom and foresight they possessed. Two classes of States had their place, differing radically in this, that in the one, the system of slavery existed. Believing that the whole system would fade before the great principles of civil and religious liberty, and in pious memory of those who vindicated them; they join with us in the wish to make of this regenerated Union a power grander and more august than its founders dared to hope.

Standing, always, in generous remembrance of every section of the Union, neither now nor hereafter will we distinguish between States, or sections, in our anxiety for the glory and happiness of all. To-day, upon the verge of the centuries, as together we look back upon that which is gone, in deep and heart-felt gratitude for the prosperity so largely enjoyed by us, so together will we look forward serenely and with confidence

to that which is advancing. Together will we utter our solemn aspiration, in the spirit of the motto of the city which now encloses within its limits the battlefield and the town for which the battle was fought: "As God was to our fathers, so may He be to us."

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS

JAMES A. GARFIELD

[From an oration delivered at Arlington, Virginia, May 30, 1868. Arlington, just across the Potomac River from Washington, was formerly the country estate of the Custis family. At the outbreak of the Civil War, it was in the possession of Mrs. R. E. Lee, a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. It was acquired by the government and converted into a national burying-ground.]

I AM oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept; plighted faith may be broken; and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives, there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune, must still be assailed with temptations, before which lofty natures have fallen; but with these the conflict ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot. . . .

PREJUDICES OF THE PAST FORGOTTEN

LAWRENCE S. ROSS

[From an address at Austin, Texas, in 1887, before the surviving members of Hood's Texas brigade. The Texas soldiers led by General John B. Hood were celebrated in the Confederate army for their fierce courage. The tribute to Admiral Farragut in this address is notable. It comes from a man who fought on the opposite side.]

I LOVE to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. . . .

Could these men be silent in 1861; these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up the cherished purposes of life — its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections — and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.

And now consider this silent assembly of the dead. What does it represent? Nay, rather, what does it not represent? It is an epitome of the war. Here are sheaves reaped in the harvest of death, from every battlefield of Virginia. If each grave had a voice to tell us what its silent tenant last saw and heard on earth, we might stand, with uncovered heads, and hear the whole story of the war.

We see here, to-day, a free and independent mingling of men from every section of our broad domain, all prejudices of the past forgotten; and while our State has been fortunate in acquiring thousands of those who fought against us, and who are an honor both to the States which gave them birth, and ours which they have made their home, it matters not whence they come; they can exult in the reflection that our Country is the same, and they find floating here the same banner that

waved above them there, with its broad folds unrent, and its bright stars unobscured; and in its defence, if needs be, the swords of those old Confederates, so recently sheathed, would leap forth with equal alacrity with those of the North.

No nobler emotion can fill the breast of any man than that which prompts him to utter honest praise of an adversary, whose convictions and opinions are at war with his own; and where is there a Confederate soldier in our land who has not felt a thrill of generous admiration and applause for the pre-eminent heroism of the gallant Federal admiral,¹ who lashed himself to the mainmast, while the tattered sails and frayed cordage of his vessel were being shot away by piecemeal above his head, and slowly but surely picked his way through sunken reefs of torpedoes, whose destructive powers consigned many of his luckless comrades to watery graves? The fame of such men as Farragut, Stanley, Hood, and Lee, and the hundreds of private soldiers who were the true heroes of the war, belongs to no time or section, but is the common property of mankind. They were all cast in the same grand mould of self-sacrificing patriotism, and I intend to teach my children to revere their names as long as the love of country is respected as a noble sentiment in the human breast.

It is a remarkable fact that those who bore the brunt of the battle were the first to forget old animosities and consign to oblivion obsolete issues. They saw that nothing but sorrow and shame, and the loss of the respect of the world, was to be gained by perpetuating the bitterness of past strife; and, impelled by a spirit of patriotism, they were willing, by all possible methods, to create and give utterance to a public sentiment which would best conserve our common institutions and restore that fraternal concord in which the war of the Revolution left us, and the Federal Constitution found us.

¹ Farragut, at the battle of Mobile Bay, Alabama, in 1864.

WHY MEMORIAL DAY IS STILL KEPT

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

[From an address to a post of Union veterans at Keene, New Hampshire, on Memorial Day, 1884. Justice Holmes's addresses have been collected into a volume for private circulation. He modestly calls them "chance utterances." All of the selections by him which appear in this book have been reprinted by the courtesy of the author.]

Not long ago I heard a young man ask why people still kept up Memorial Day, and it set me to thinking of the answer. Not the answer that you and I should give to each other, but an answer which should command the assent of those who do not share our memories, and in which we of the North and our brethren of the South could join in perfect accord.

So far as this last is concerned, to be sure, there is no trouble. The soldiers who were doing their best to kill one another felt less of personal hostility, I am very certain, than some who were not imperilled by their mutual endeavors. I have heard more than one of those who had been gallant and distinguished officers on the Confederate side say that they had no such feeling. I know that I and those whom I know best had not. We believed that it was most desirable that the North should win; we believed in the principle that the Union is indissoluble; we, or many of us at least, also believed that the conflict was inevitable, and that slavery had lasted long enough. But we equally believed that those who stood against us held just as sacred convictions that were the opposite of ours, and we respected them as every man with a heart must respect those who give all for their belief. . . .

We attribute no special merit to a man for having served when all were serving. We know that, if the armies of our war did anything worth remembering, the credit belongs not mainly to the individuals who did it, but to average human nature. . . .

But, nevertheless, the generation that carried on the war has been set apart by its experience. Through our good fortune, in our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given to us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing. While we are permitted to scorn nothing but indifference, and do not pretend to undervalue the worldly rewards of ambition, we have seen with our own eyes, beyond and above the gold fields, the snowy heights of honor, and it is for us to bear the report to those who come after us.

But, above all, we have learned that whether a man accepts from Fortune her spade, and will look downward and dig, or from Aspiration her axe and cord, and will scale the ice, the one and only success which it is his to command is to bring to his work a mighty heart. . . .

Every year — in the full tide of spring, at the height of the symphony of flowers and love and life — there comes a pause, and through the silence we hear the lonely pipe of death. Year after year lovers wandering under the apple boughs and through the clover and deep grass are surprised with sudden tears as they see black-veiled figures stealing through the morning to a soldier's grave. Year after year the comrades of the dead follow, with public honor, procession and commemorative flags and funeral march, — honor and grief from us who stand almost alone, and have seen the best and noblest of our generation pass away.

But grief is not the end of all. I seem to hear the funeral march become a pæan. I see beyond the forest the moving banners of a hidden column. Our dead brothers still live for us, and bid us think of life, not death, — of life to which in their youth they lent the passion and glory of the spring. As I listen, the great chorus of life and joy begins again, and amid the awful orchestra of seen and unseen powers and destinies of good and evil our trumpets sound once more a note of daring, hope, and will.

BENEFITS OF THE CIVIL WAR

CHARLES MANLY BUSBEE

[From an address on Memorial Day, 1883, at Raleigh, N.C.]

THE war was not without its benefits to us, and even now we can discern them. It was inevitable! Sooner or later it had to come! It could no more have been avoided than you could have stayed the movements of the tides. It ought not to have been unavoidable, to be sure, just as man ought not to become diseased, but it was. So long as society remains irrational, so long as human governments are imperfect, will the sword be the final arbiter. It is a survival of the savage nature that the refining hand of time has never obliterated, a remnant of the ages of long ago.

But the war, with all its dark catalogue of horrors, brought in its train many compensatory blessings. It developed the manly virtues of our people, their inherent fortitude and self-sacrifice. It is something to have illustrated the valor of a people, to have carried a nation's flag without dishonor through a hundred battles, to have set an example to coming ages of what unselfish heroism can accomplish, to have immortalized a State, to have accepted defeat with fortitude; and this we did.

Again, the war built upon more certain and enduring foundations the government of the United States, and it stands upon a broader and stronger basis than before. Were we honest in our convictions? Yes. Were we sincere in our allegiance to the Confederate States? Yes. Does this affect our loyalty to the government of the United States? Not at all. Loyalty, free and honest loyalty to the government as it is, is not repugnant to a past loyalty to that adolescent nation whose star shone with abnormal brilliancy for a few short years, and then vanished into the blackness of eternal night. The men who followed the "Stars and Bars" from Bethel to Appomattox

with ceaseless devotion; defended them amid the whirlpool of blood that surged and eddied around Malvern Hill; carried them up the crimson slopes of Gettysburg; followed them into the jaws of death at Spottsylvania; shielded them like a tiger at bay over its young behind the earthworks of Petersburg, furlled them at Appomattox forever and forever. The duties, the obligations, the allegiance of a citizen are not inconsistent with the sympathies and memories of a soldier; and if those dead heroes whose virtues and valor we to-day commemorate could defile before us, in the glory of yon setting sun, in serried ghostly phalanx, they would declare the gospel of loyalty and peace and reconciliation.

And the day is not far distant, if it be not already come, when the courage and heroic deeds of both sides will be recognized as the common property of us all, the common heritage and common glory of a prosperous and patriotic people.

THE PASSING OF A BRIGADIER

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER

[From the *Outlook* for January 27, 1912. This is a portrait, drawn with sympathy, of a type of soldier often elected to Congress after the Civil War. Soon after the war, the "rebel brigadiers" appeared in such numbers that a "hostile press" sometimes complained of their power and influence. As the years went on, however, and men grew older, and memories gathered mist, the few remaining brigadiers became pathetic but picturesque reminders of an older and simpler day. Their virtues, however, continue to appeal to the better instincts of a busier generation.]

"One finds the rose and one the rod;
The weak achieve, the mighty fail;
None knows the dark design but God,
Who made the Knight and made the Grail."

FROM the throes of Reconstruction he had come, the chosen of his people, to represent them once again at the capital of the reunited nation. He came, not to apologize for his acts or

his principles, but to render his modest share in the upbuilding of Southern commonwealths from the very ashes of war. His constituents of high and low degree, impoverished by four years of conflict and the overturning of their industrial system, had laid down the sword and rifle and taken up the hoe and the plough. Politics interested them only that two hundred and fifty years of Anglo-Saxon civilization might not pass from the South, and there be substituted for it a saturnalia of uncurbed ignorance and license.

He was one of the old régime, and had long been a leader of his people in peace and in war. He had marched with Campbell across the Rio Grande in '46 and had come back with a Mexican bullet and a halting gait as a perpetual reminder of his campaign in the land of the Aztecs. He had come from Shiloh and Chickamauga with grievous wounds that bore silent testimony that he was ever in the forefront of battle. Thrice had his people called him to the Governor's chair during a period when the kindly heart and the iron hand must needs work in unison that the unfortunate be encouraged and the criminal be rebuked. And now, in their hour of direst need, he who had commanded them in battle and led them through the slough of despond in a peace second only to war must further sacrifice himself upon the altar of duty.

He had come imbued with the profound feeling that the great war was over and that its scars were best blotted out. He credited his foes with the same pride of accomplishment in battle that suffused his own soul, for, next to personal honor, courage was, to him, the badge of manhood. When he found himself classed by a hostile press as one of the "rebel brigadiers," it did not disturb his quietude, for he felt assured of the personal regard of his associates who had fought on the other side.

But there are ever men of vengeful spirit, and some to whom the sound of parliamentary battle is sweeter far than the whistle of bullets, and these must needs revive old scores and salt

the wounds of hate. The old warrior had believed that the war ended when the great leaders had concluded the armistice at Appomattox, and this aftermath of malice and hatred amazed him much. To him there was no pride akin to that of having rendered the State some service, yet he had determined never to be drawn into unseemly and unprofitable discussion of questions which had been settled through the arbitrament of arms.

He found himself upon one occasion, along with the nuts and wine, in conversation with a general who had commanded with great distinction the lines opposed to his own at Chickamauga. He listened with great interest to the general's explanation of defeat, until the suggestion came that if some one had not blundered the result would have been different. Then there came an explosion, quickly and tactfully warded by his sympathetic spouse, who looked kindly into the old warrior's face and said: "My dear, we must get the recipe for this wild-grape jelly; it will be so nice when you kill a deer next fall."

The arrow found its mark, and soon the small company was entranced with the simplicity and the enthusiasm which characterized his vivid description of the chase in the days of the old plantation life. As the curtain rolled back in his fond memory, war and rumors of war were dissipated and there gathered again on the spacious lawn of "Castilian" the kinsmen and clansmen of long ago. The sounding of horns, the hallooing of huntsmen, the baying of the hounds, came back ringing in his ears. Oh, the memory of it all! And then the hush of silence, and tear-stained eyes, as his face saddened and his words died away. In the midst of it all his mind had drifted to the changed scenes, and once more he saw brave women struggling, with the aid of the faithful blacks, alone on the plantations, during those long years of travail and blood, when men shot and stabbed that their ideas of right might prevail. And then came the hour when fair hands, unused to labor, gave an example of heroism that will bring tears to the eyes of generations of yet unborn kinsmen. And when the silence

was most profound the warrior's wife whispered softly to their host, "Now you know why I love him so."

These inborn traits followed him in all his public career. He was noted, not for the frequency of his speeches, but for the vein of humanity which ran through them. When one of opposite political faith was being scourged in debate for his conduct of a public office, the old brigadier resented what he deemed unfair criticism of an opponent, and said: "Whoever in public office holds to the line of any policy adopted for the general good, and which conflicts with individual or local interests, may have friends, but he will certainly have enemies, and they will not scruple to hamper him in every possible way and gloat over his discomfiture and downfall." He had learned early in political life that the creed of many public men is to learn what one's constituents want and then to see that they get it, and that failure to accomplish such selfish ends is not infrequently the basis of criticism.

He had long observed with mental anguish the changing personnel of our distinguished law-making bodies. The wave of industrialism, railway absorption, and great aggregations of capital, and their manifold influences, did not disturb his ideas of statesmanship until he thought he saw their interests represented too brazenly in conference and debate. He had often heard the charge that men who had not brains enough to accumulate fortunes should not presume to intervene in legislation involving the rights of capital. To this his code of ethics admitted of but one reply: "We must rise above the vulgar test of success, and discriminate in favor of him who deserved it rather than of him who attained it. The ends do not justify the means when moral principles are involved."

Whenever he encountered a criticism involving the integrity of his fellow-lawmakers, he brooded over it as an assault upon the dignity of the Nation. And when he finally brought himself to a conviction that wealth was entrenching itself under the dome of the Capitol, it made his heart bleed. Not that he dis-

credited wealth or the ability required to amass it, but he foresaw that the effect upon the younger generation was to place the acquisition of money above character.

He had lived beyond the allotted span, and had seen the Southern brigadiers gradually fall away. They had come from the wreck of war in poverty; they had served the United Nation with honor and fidelity, and of his associates not one had placed greed and self above his good name. Their race had been run with a fair field and no favor. The traditions of their Anglo-Saxon majorities meant more to them than worldly success; and extravagance, in their eyes, was but vulgarity.

He had devoted his mind and body unselfishly and without stint to his country's service, and now, at the end of a long and honorable career, and with the undying affection of all his people, his soul went forth to his God, unafraid and without reproach.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER AFTER THE WAR

HENRY W. GRADY

[From an address on "The New South" at the dinner of the New England Society in New York City in 1886. The morning after the dinner, the newspapers were filled with this speech, and parts of it were reprinted all over the land. Grady literally waked next day to find himself famous. He wrote and spoke much on this subject until his untimely death.]

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as,

buttoning up his faded gray jacket, the parole which was the testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half as much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farms devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches, into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest of June.

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South,

misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

GRANT SALUTES THE VETERANS

HORACE PORTER

[From an address at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee at Chicago, October 8, 1891.]

It was on Decoration Day in the City of New York, the last one he ever saw on earth. That morning the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the veterans in that vicinity, arose earlier than was their wont. They seemed to spend more time that morning in unfurling the old battle flags, in burnishing the medals of honor which decorated their breasts, for on that day they had determined to march by the house of their dying commander to give him a last marching salute. In the streets the columns were forming; inside the house on that bed, from which he was never to rise again, lay the stricken chief. The hand which had seized the surrendered swords of countless thousands could scarcely return the pressure of the friendly grasp. The voice which had cheered on to triumphant victory the legions of America's manhood could no longer call for the cooling draught which slaked the thirst of a fevered tongue; and prostrate on that bed of anguish lay the form which in the New World had ridden at the head of the conquering column, which in the Old World had been deemed worthy to stand with head covered and feet sandaled in the presence of princes, kings, and emperors. Now his ear caught the sound of martial music. . . . And then came the heavy, measured steps of moving columns, a step which can be acquired only by years of service in the field. He recognized it all now. It was the tread of his old veterans. With his little remaining strength he arose and dragged himself to the window. As he gazed upon those battle-flags dipping

to him in salute, those precious standards bullet-riddled, battle-stained, but remnants of their former selves, with scarcely enough left of them on which to print the names of the battles they had seen, his eyes once more kindled with the flames that had lighted them at Shiloh, on the heights of Chattanooga, amid the glories of Appomattox; and as those war-scarred veterans looked with uncovered heads and upturned faces for the last time upon the pallid features of their old chief, cheeks which had been bronzed by Southern suns and begrimed with powder, were bathed in the tears of a manly grief. Soon they saw rising the hand which had so often pointed out to them the path of victory. He raised it slowly and painfully to his head in recognition of their salutations. The column had passed, the hand fell heavily by his side. It was his last military salute.

PART VIII

GALLANT YOUTH

*Fame loves the gentleman and the true-hearted,
but her sweetheart is gallant youth.*—SCHAFF.

NATHAN HALE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

[This sketch of the martyr-spy was written by his grand-nephew. There is a statue of Nathan Hale in one of the parks in New York City.]

NATHAN HALE was born on the 6th of June, 1755, at Coventry, Connecticut. His early education was of that distinctly domestic type, under definite religious direction, which partook of the New England custom of those days. It looked forward to the best, and upward to the noblest, so that there was no service, for God or country, to which the boy, trained under its influence, might not aspire. . . .

Young Hale entered Yale College at fourteen, having, ultimately, the ministry in view. Just after the battle of Lexington, at a town-meeting, with the audacity of boyhood, he cried out, "Let us never lay down our arms till we have achieved independence!" Where had he learned that new word, not to be found in Shakespeare, or in Spenser, and, in Bacon, only as applied to the "Independents" of England? Is there on record any earlier demand for independence than this bold utterance of the boy, Nathan Hale, in April, 1775?

Not yet two years out of college, he secured release from the school he was teaching, enlisted in Webb's regiment,—the

Seventh Connecticut,—by the 1st of September was promoted from lieutenant to captain, and on the 14th marched to Cambridge. He shared in the achievement at Dorchester, and his regiment was one of the five that first marched to New London and thence by water to New York. On the 29th of August, 1776, a sergeant and four of his men attempted to burn the frigate *Phoenix*, and did cut out one of her tenders, securing four cannon.

The war goes on. Where was Hale, as the weeks go by? He was on dangerous service. Washington needed immediate information of the enemy's plans. At a meeting of officers, when his wishes were made known, one answered, "I am willing to be shot; but not hung." When dead silence ensued, Hale, the youngest captain present, still pale from recent sickness, spoke out: "I will undertake it. If my country demands a peculiar service, its claims are imperious." These are the last words we can report of him, until those near his death.

In the second week of September he made a successful attempt, taking with him his college diploma, to pass for a Connecticut school-master, and secured the information desired; but his boat failed to meet him. A British boat answered the signal. His notes, written in Latin, exposed him. He was taken to New York on that eventful 21st of September when five hundred of its buildings were burned, was summarily tried, and executed the next day. The brutal provost-marshal burned, before his face, the letters written to his friends, saying, as excuse, "The rebels shall not know they have a man who can die so bravely." A Bible was refused him, but he was permitted, in derision, "to address the people when he went to the gallows." One sentence makes his name immortal: "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

CAMPAIGNING IN THE VALLEY

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE

[From an article, "The Creed of the Old South," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1892. The Shenandoah Valley, in north-western Virginia, was the scene of much severe fighting during the Civil War. In 1864, Lee sent General Jubal A. Early into this valley to threaten Washington. By this move he hoped to draw off a part of Grant's army, which was pressing down upon Richmond. General John B. Gordon was one of Early's lieutenants. Sheridan defeated Early and forced him out of the valley.

Sheridan's famous "ride" occurred during this campaign. He made a dash on horseback from Winchester to the battlefield on Cedar Creek, rallying his retreating troops and turning defeat into victory. William McKinley and Rutherford B. Hayes, both to become presidents of the United States at a later day, were officers under Sheridan in this battle.]

IN the midsummer of 1863 I was serving as a private in the First Virginia Cavalry. Gettysburg was in the past, and there was not much fighting to be done, but the cavalry was not wholly idle. Raids had to be intercepted, and the enemy was not to be allowed to vaunt himself too much; so that I gained some experience of the hardships of that arm of the service. . . . Now in one of these charges some of us captured a number of the opposing force, among them a young lieutenant. Why this particular capture should have impressed me so I cannot tell, but memory is a tricky thing. A large red fox scared up from his lair by the fight at Castleman's Ferry stood for a moment looking at me; and I shall never forget the stare of that red fox. The explosion of a particular caisson, the shriek of a special shell, will ring in one's ears for life.

A captured lieutenant was no novelty, and yet this captured lieutenant caught my eye and held it. A handsomer young fellow, a more noble-looking, I never beheld among Federals or Confederates, as he stood there, bareheaded, among his captors, erect and silent. His eyes were full of fire, his

lips showed a slight quiver of scorn, and his hair seemed to tighten its curls in defiance. Doubtless I had seen as fine specimens of young manhood before, but if so, I had seen without looking, and this man was evidently what we called a gentleman.

Southern men were proud of being gentlemen, and showed, as was thought, undue exclusiveness on this subject. But this prisoner was the embodiment of the best type of Northern youth, with a spirit as high, as resolute, as could be found in the ranks of Southern gentlemen; and though in theory all enlightened Southerners recognized the high qualities of some of our opponents, this one noble figure in "flesh and blood" was better calculated to inspire respect for "those people," as we had learned to call our adversaries, than many pages of "gray theory."

A little more than a year afterwards, in Early's Valley campaign, — a rude school of warfare, — I was serving as a volunteer aide on General Gordon's staff. The day before the disaster of Fisher's Hill I was ordered, together with another staff officer, to accompany the general on a ride to the front. The general had a well-known weakness for inspecting the outposts, — a weakness that made a position in his suite somewhat precarious. The officer ¹ with whom I was riding had not been with us long, and when he joined the staff had just recovered from wounds and imprisonment. A man of winning appearance, sweet temper, and attractive manners, he soon made friends of the military family, and I never learned to love a man so much in so brief an acquaintance, though hearts knit quickly in the stress of war. He was highly educated, and foreign residence and travel had widened his vision without affecting the simple faith and thorough consecration of the Christian. Here let me say that the bearing of the Confederates is not to be under-

¹ This officer was Captain George H. Williamson, of Maryland, who was educated at Harvard and abroad. He was a lawyer in Baltimore when the war broke out.

stood without taking into account the deep religious feeling of the army and its great leaders. It is an historical element, like any other, and is not to be passed over in summing up the forces of the conflict.

We rode together towards the front, and as we rode our talk fell on Goethe and on Faust, and of all passages the soldiers' song came up to my lips, — the song of soldiers of fortune, not the chant of men whose business it was to defend their country. Two lines, however, were significant:

"Kuhn ist das Muhen,
Herrlich der Lohn."¹

We reached the front. An occasional "zip" gave warning that the sharpshooters were not asleep, and the quick eye of the general saw that our line needed rectification and how. Brief orders were given to the officer in command. My comrade was left to aid in carrying them out. The rest of us withdrew. Scarcely had we ridden a hundred yards towards camp when a shout was heard, and, turning round, we saw one of the men running after us. "The captain had been killed." The peace of heaven was on his face, as I gazed on the noble features that afternoon. The bullet had passed through his official papers and found his heart. He had received his discharge, and the glorious reward had been won.

This is the other picture that the talk of the two old soldiers called up, — dead Confederate against living Federal; and these two pictures stand out before me again, as I am trying to make others understand and to understand myself what it was to be a Southern man twenty-five years ago; what it was to accept with whole heart the creed of the Old South. The image of the living Federal bids me refrain from harsh words in the presence of those who were my captors. The dead Confederate bids me uncover the sacred memories that the dust of life's Appian Way hides from the tenderest and truest of those whose business it is to live and work. For my dead comrade

¹ Bold is the venture, glorious the reward.

of the Valley campaign is one of many; some of them my friends, some of them my pupils as well. The 18th of July, 1861, laid low one of my Princeton College room-mates;¹ on the 21st, the day of the great battle,² the other fell, — both bearers of historic names, both upholding the cause of their State with as unclouded a conscience as any saint in the martyrology ever wore.

SERGEANT JASPER

JOHN B. GORDON

[From an address at Savannah, Georgia, February 22, 1888, at the dedication of a monument to Jasper. General Gordon was then governor of Georgia. The exploits of Sergeant Jasper became famous through the narrative by Parson Weems in his life of Marion.]

PERHAPS no comparatively obscure name has ever gathered about it, after the lapse of a century, so general and tender an interest as that of Sergeant William Jasper. There was nothing in Jasper's birth, education, or circumstances, as far as these are known, calculated to arrest the attention or impress the imagination. He was born in our sister State of South Carolina, of humble parentage, and died an unpretending soldier in the non-commissioned ranks of a rebel army, and died, too, in the very hour of disastrous defeat. Yet there stands not upon this, or any other continent, one monument more worthily erected than the granite column and bronze statue which we are here to unveil.

At Fort Moultrie, on June 28, 1776, he leaped through an embrasure, under furious fire, and recovered, with its shattered staff, the fallen flag of South Carolina. In Georgia, on outpost duty, he released prisoners from the enemy's hands, and distinguished himself by deeds of extraordinary daring. His life was a noble illustration of all the characteristics that adorn the

¹ His Princeton room-mates were James Kendall Lee and Peyton Randolph Harrison.

² Bull Run.

soldier and the patriot. It was an exhibition of all the boasted virtues of the knighthood of olden times. His courage was of the most heroic and elevated type. Patriotism burned with a steadfast and undying flame in his breast. His modesty was as conspicuous as his splendid and unselfish valor. He little thought, when with his dying breath he said, "Tell Mrs. Elliott that I saved the flag she gave me, though I lost my life," that he was placing in the hands of the historic muse one of the rarest gems of chivalry that ever sparkled upon her bosom. Indeed, his modest worth, his lofty courage, his self-sacrifice, his disinterestedness, and his touching reverence for womanhood, in the hour of danger and of death, constitute the very essence and glory of chivalry. They illustrate the truth, that genuine greatness of soul is independent of rank, of titles, of station.

You have raised this monument not only to Jasper, but to that vast army of unpretending heroes who, in all armies, have fought and suffered, and without hope of distinction have forgotten self, braved dangers, faced death unblanched, torn flags from the enemy's hands, and placed their own on hostile breastworks, or gone down to unlettered graves, in the crash and carnage of war.

But, again, this monument will become another bond of sympathy between Ireland and America. Let us regard it, in some sense, as a memorial of the heroic and pathetic struggle waged for self-government by Jasper's fatherland, that Niobe of the nations, "songful, soulful, sorrowful Ireland," the echoes of whose woes are in the very heart of Christendom, whose genius and courage have enriched and ennobled every land, and whose irrepressible passion for liberty, growing stronger through centuries of oppression, is the great phenomenon of history.

Lastly, I interpret the purpose of your monument to be the commemoration of those noble attributes of character which Jasper so beautifully illustrated in his life and death. "God save liberty and my country!" was his exclamation as he rescued the flag at Fort Moultrie. And as he closed his eyes upon his

struggling country, he desired that his father might be assured that his son had died with a steadfast faith in an immortal life beyond the grave.

My countrymen, the occasion which convenes us allures us to the contemplation of a future of greater concord and more perfect unity. On the heights of Bunker Hill, the gratitude of the North has raised an imposing memorial to the heroes who fell there in defence of liberty. Here, after the lapse of a century, on the lowlands of Georgia, on the birthday of Washington, we dedicate this monument to another martyr who fell in the cause of our country's independence. Erected on the same continent, by the shores of the same ocean, to heroes of the same war, whose services and blood were a part of the price paid for our common freedom, these monuments should stand as effectual protests against sectional animosities, forever appealing, in their impressive silence, for a republic of concordant hearts as of equal States.

THE JASPER TABLET IN MADISON SQUARE, SAVANNAH

To the Heroic Memory of
 SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER,
 Who, Though Mortally Wounded,
 Rescued the Colors of his Regiment,
 In the Assault
 On the British Lines about the City,
 October 9th, 1779.
 A Century Has Not Dimmed the Glory
 Of the Irish-American Soldier
 Whose Last Tribute to Civil Liberty
 Was His Noble Life.
 1779-1879

A YOUNG WEST POINT ARTILLERYMAN

MORRIS SCHAFF

[From the *Spirit of Old West Point*; copyright, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1907. John Pelham was graduated from West Point as a cadet from Alabama. He passed into the Confederate army,

rising to the rank of major in the light artillery attached to Stuart's cavalry. He was killed at his guns. His deeds have been celebrated in verse by J. R. Randall and in stories by John Esten Cooke.

One of Pelham's comrades at West Point was the brave Cushing, of the Union army, another artilleryman, who was killed at Gettysburg. He fell "at the peak of Pickett's daring charge."]

WEST POINT is a great character-builder, perhaps the greatest among our institutions of learning. The habit of truth-telling, the virtue of absolute honesty, the ready and loyal obedience to authority, the display of courage, that virtue called *regal*, — to establish these elements of character, she labors without ceasing. The primary agency in accomplishing her ends is, and has been, the tone of the corps of cadets. This tone, which is the very life and breath of the Military Academy, traces back to a fine source, to the character of Washington and the best society at the time of the Revolution. . . .

Whenever I review my cadet life, my fellow-cadets, West Point, its buildings, its surroundings, and its ceremonies, all seem to be clothed in the sweet distance and softness of shadows. And yet, when the war is interposed for a background, and the fields that I have been on, and where some of them lost their lives, come back into view, with the quickness of a dream the battalion becomes distinct and real. The other day I saw the name of Pelham; and at once West Point flashed upon my sight, and I saw him as if he were alive, walking across the "area"; and then I saw myself riding across the field near Brandy Station, where he was mortally wounded on the 17th of March, 1863.

Of all the men at West Point in my day, either as cadets or as officers, his name will possibly outlast all save Cushing's; and I have sometimes thought that at the last the dew will sparkle brighter on Pelham's memory. And that for two reasons. First, he was closely associated with Lee. . . And, second, poetry and sentiment, under some mysterious and inexorable impulse, seem loath to turn away from great dis-

plays of courage and sacrifice of life for a principle; most lovingly of all will they cherish the ashes of brilliant youth associated with failure.

But however this may be, his name, the "gallant Pelham," is now almost a household word throughout the South. He went directly from West Point into the service of the Confederacy, and soon was serving with Jeb Stuart. By his courage Stuart's artillery checked our attacking column at Fredericksburg right under the eye of Lee, who, it is said, exclaimed, "Is it not glorious to see such courage in one so young?"

Later, in his general orders of that disastrous defeat of our army, John Pelham's was the only name Lee mentioned below that of a major-general. He spoke of him as "the gallant Pelham"; — "and THAT from Lee," says one of our distinguished Southern friends, "was worth more than any rank in any army, more valuable than any title of nobility or badge of any order." He was known henceforward as "the gallant Pelham."

There was something about him that gave to Lee's extolling epithet that immediate response of aptness such as we feel when in poetry or elevated prose a word or phrase strikes the eye and ear as the complete expression. It was felt in our lines; for one of our West Point acquaintances, — I think it was Custer, — taking advantage of a flag of truce shortly after the battle, sent this message to Pelham, "I rejoice, dear Pelham, in your success."

He was gracefully tall, fair, a beautiful dancer; it may well be asserted that nature was in a fine mood when she moulded his clay. Her final touch was to give him a pronounced cowlick on his forehead, which added a mounting swirl to his blond hair. His eyes generally were cast thoughtfully downward, and a little wrinkle on his brow gave just the faintest suggestion of a frown on his otherwise unclouded face.

In the winter of 1863-64, while with the army of the Potomac, more than once I travelled the road to Kelly's Ford, where he was killed, little dreaming of the height of his present fame. I

have always thought of the circumstances connected with the coming home of his body to his widowed mother in Alabama, as having about them all the beauty and mystery of night. It was on a night when the moon was full; and her still, white light lit the way by the cotton fields he knew so well, and lay softly white on the roof and in the dooryard of home. His mother stood waiting for him on the doorstep, and, as they bore him up to her, she whispered through falling tears, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain." She is buried beside him in the little village graveyard at Jacksonville, Alabama.

O'RORKE, THE GENTLE AND THE BRAVE

MORRIS SCHAFF

[From *The Spirit of Old West Point*; copyrighted, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1907. O'Rorke was graduated in 1861 with Cushing and Custer. This picture of a gallant young Irishman is a fitting companion piece to the portrait of Pelham. General Schaff's heart goes out to all these brave boys. "I see them with the flush of youth in their cheeks," said he, "and a mist gathers over my eyes as one after another their faces come into view."]

Two or three others died there (at Gettysburg) who were at West Point with me, namely, "Rip" McCreery in the Confederate service, Hazlett, little "Dad" Woodruff, and "Pat" O'Rorke, in our own. McCreery and Hazlett were second-class men; Woodruff and O'Rorke in the class just ahead of mine. The latter drilled me when I was in the animal state, and I was very — and I'm afraid hopelessly — awkward. . . . O'Rorke, spare, middle size, raven-black hair, his face inclined to freckles, but as mild as a May morning, his manner and voice like that of a quiet gentleman — O'Rorke had been a hod-carrier in Rochester when he was appointed to West Point. Previous appointments all having failed to pass, the Congressman, his pride probably ruffled by the fact, set out determined

to find somebody in his district who could graduate at the Military Academy, and, turning away from the rich and the high social levels, made choice of O'Rorke.

There is something that sets the heart beating warmly in the fact that when his friends of toil learned that he stood at the head of his class, they chipped in some of their hard earnings and bought him a costly, richly engraved gold watch as a token that they were proud of him.

He drilled me under the blooming horse-chestnuts on the east side of the academic hall; I can see him now, and the pompon-like, pink-tinted blossoms among the long leaves over us. Moreover, I well remember his looking at that same watch while giving me a little rest, probably nearly bored to death, and wondering how much longer he had to endure it. He graduated at the head of his class, and in less than eighteen months was brevetted twice for gallant and meritorious conduct. The fall before the Gettysburg campaign he became Colonel of the 140th New York; and sometime in the winter of 1862-63 I received, while at Fort Monroe, his wedding-cards, and the bride's name was Bridget. Many a time since, I have thought that this was his boyhood love, to which he had remained steadfast while honors were falling about him. However that may be, he was killed while standing on a large boulder, his regiment immediately before him, and fighting almost at the very muzzles of its guns on Round Top.

HARVARD COLLEGE IN THE WAR

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

[From an answer to a toast in Memorial Hall, Harvard, June 25, 1884. The portrait referred to is that of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, killed at Fort Wagner, South Carolina, 1863. A statue of him by St. Gaudens stands on Beacon Hill, Boston. The bust is that of Charles Russell Lowell, a general of cavalry, mortally wounded at Cedar Creek, Virginia, 1864.]

ANOTHER day than this has been consecrated to the memories of the war. On that day we think not of the children of the University or the city, hardly even of the children whom the State has lost, but of a mighty brotherhood whose parent was our common country. To-day the College is the centre of all our feelings, and if we refer to the war it is in connection with the College, and not for its own sake, that we do so. What, then, did the College do to justify our speaking of the war now? She sent a few gentlemen into the field, who died there becomingly. I know of nothing more.

The great forces which insured the North success would have been at work even if those men had been absent. Our means of raising money and troops would not have been less, I dare say. The great qualities of the race, too, would still have been there. The greatest qualities, after all, are those of a man, not those of a gentleman, and neither North nor South needed colleges to learn them. And yet — and yet I think we all feel that to us at least the war would seem less beautiful and inspiring if those few gentlemen had not died as they did. Look at yonder portrait and yonder bust, and tell me if stories such as they commemorate do not add a glory to the bare fact that the strongest legions prevailed. So it has been since wars began. After history has done its best to fix men's thoughts upon strategy and finance, their eyes have turned and rested on some single romantic figure, — some Sidney, some Falkland, some Wolfe, some Montcalm, some Shaw. This is that little touch of the superfluous which is necessary. Necessary as art is necessary, and knowledge which serves no mechanical end. Superfluous only as glory is superfluous, or a bit of red ribbon that a man would die to win.

It has been one merit of Harvard College that it has never quite sunk to believing that its only function was to carry a body of specialists through the first stage of their preparation. About these halls there has always been an aroma of high feeling, not to be found or lost in science or Greek, — not to be

fixed, yet all-pervading. And the warrant of Harvard College for writing the names of its dead graduates upon its tablets is not in the mathematics, the chemistry, the political economy, which it taught them, but that in ways not to be discovered, by traditions not to be written down, it helped men of lofty natures to make good their faculties. I hope and I believe that it long will give such help to its children. I hope and I believe that, long after we and our tears for the dead have been forgotten, this monument to their memory still will give such help to generations to whom it is only a symbol, — a symbol of man's destiny and power for duty, but a symbol also of that something more by which duty is swallowed up in generosity, that something more which led men like Shaw to toss life and hope like a flower before the feet of their country and their cause.

MEMORIES OF A SOLDIER

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

[From an address at Keene, New Hampshire, May 30, 1884.]

IN the portraits of some of those who fell in the civil wars of England, Vandyke has fixed on canvas the type of those who stand before my memory. Young and gracious figures, somewhat remote and proud, but with a melancholy and sweet kindness. There is upon their faces the shadow of approaching fate, and the glory of generous acceptance of it. I may say of them, as I once heard it said of two Frenchmen, relics of the *ancien régime*, "They were very gentle. They cared nothing for their lives." High breeding, romantic chivalry — we who have seen these men can never believe that the power of money or the enervation of pleasure has put an end to them. We know that life may still be lifted into poetry and lit with spiritual charm. . . .

Each of you, as I do, thinks of a hundred such that he has known. There is one who on this day is always present to my

mind. He entered the army at nineteen, a second lieutenant. In the Wilderness, already at the head of his regiment, he fell, using the moment that was left him of life to give all his little fortune to the soldiers. I saw him in camp, on the march, in action. I crossed debatable land with him when we were rejoining the army together. I observed him in every kind of duty, and never in all the time that I knew him did I see him fail to choose that alternative of conduct which was most disagreeable to himself. He was indeed a Puritan in all his virtues, without the Puritan austerity; for, when duty was at an end, he who had been the master and leader became the chosen companion in every pleasure that a man might honestly enjoy. In action he was sublime. His few surviving companions will never forget the awful spectacle of his advance alone with his company in the streets of Fredericksburg; but if you had seen him with his indifferent carriage, and sword swinging from his finger like a cane, you never would have suspected that he was doing more than conducting a company drill on the camp parade ground. He was little more than a boy, but the grizzled corps commanders knew and admired him; and for us, who not only admired, but loved, his death seemed to end a portion of our life also. . . .

I have spoken of some of the men who were near to me among others very near and dear, not because their lives have become historic, but because their lives are the type of what every soldier has known and seen in his own company. In the great democracy of self-devotion private and general stand side by side. Unmarshalled save by their own deeds, the armies of the dead sweep before us, "wearing their wounds like stars."

PART IX

RESPONSIBILITY

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE

[The fundamental virtues of a good citizen have rarely been better set down.]

The men, to make a State, must be intelligent men. The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it as a sycophant, a tool, a slave? How many do! These are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be honest. I do not mean men that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single tongue. I mean men that consider always what is right, and do it at whatever cost. I mean men whom no king on earth can buy. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men that will crawl, where they cannot climb, — these are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be brave men. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare

to stand alone. I mean the men that are to-day where they were yesterday, and will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue or with his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds the first, — these are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be religious men. To leave God out of states, is to be atheists. I do not mean that men must cant. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of conscience, while they take your spoons. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow. The men that own no future, the men that trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, are made by faith. A man that has no faith is so much flesh. His heart is a muscle; nothing more. He has no past, for reverence; no future, for reliance. Such men can never make a state. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that shines as cheerily, on high, as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can afford to sink the present in the future; and let time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

The men, to make a State, are made by self-denial. The willow dallies with the water, draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It asks no favor, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up towards the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It will be an oak

for seven times seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore, where freemen dwell; and then you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

The men, to make a State, are themselves made by obedience. Obedience is the health of human hearts: obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action; and he can never govern men who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a state.

"ONE ALTAR AND ONE SACRIFICE"

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

[Reprinted from H. B. Carrington's *Columbian Selections*.]

WE departed early — we departed at the beginning — from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution,—a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government, — from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion, — from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature.

It was ours to lead the way, — to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by

beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine, and oppression, and the sword, crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Our empire enlarges. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified, under circumstances so new and peculiar.

Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the pulpit? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and cannot change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the Senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions in all free countries have begun there. Where, then, shall we go to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go but there, where all republican virtue begins and must end? where motives are formed and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humbler school, where the American citizen is trained. Instruct him there, that it will not be enough that he can claim for his country Lacedæmonian heroism, but that more than Spartan valor and more than Roman magnificence is required of her. Go, then, ye laborers in a noble cause; gather the young Catholic and the young Protestant alike into the nursery of freedom, and teach them there that, although religion has many and different shrines on which may be made the offering of a “broken spirit” which God will not despise, yet that their country has appointed only one altar and one sacrifice for all her sons, and that ambition and avarice must be slain on that altar, for it is consecrated to humanity.

THE MAN AMERICA NEEDS

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[From an address delivered in Boston in 1878. Emerson was still as clear-eyed and as vigorous at seventy-five as he was in his earlier days. Few American literary men have been so steadily and so robustly patriotic as Emerson. This side of his character has not, perhaps, been so fully recognized as it should.]

LET the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe. Here let there be what the earth waits for, — exalted manhood. What this country longs for is personalities, grand persons, to counteract its materialities. For it is the rule of the universe that corn shall serve man, and not man corn.

They who find America insipid, they for whom London and Paris have spoiled their own homes, can be spared to return to those cities. I not only see a career at home for more genius than we have, but for more than there is in the world.

The class of which I speak make themselves merry without duties. They sit in decorated club-houses in the cities, and burn tobacco and play whist; in the country they sit idle in stores and bar-rooms, and burn tobacco, and gossip and sleep. They complain of the flatness of American life; "America has no illusions, no romance." They have no perception of its destiny. They are not Americans.

The felon is the logical extreme of the epicure and coxcomb. Selfish luxury is the end of both, though in one it is decorated with refinements, and in the other brutal. But my point now is, that this spirit is not American.

Our young men lack idealism. A man for success must not be pure idealist, then he will practically fail; but he must have ideas, must obey ideas, or he might as well be the horse he rides on. A man does not want to be sun-dazzled, sun-blind; but every man must have glimmer enough to keep him from knocking his head against the walls. And it is in the interest of civi-

lization and good society and friendship, that I dread to hear of well-born, gifted and amiable men, that they have this indifference, disposing them to this despair.

Of no use are the men who study to do exactly as was done before, who can never understand that to-day is a new day. There never was such a combination as this of ours, and the rules to meet it are not set down in any history. We want men of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality, — namely, to considerations of benefit to the human race, — can act in the interest of civilization; men of elastic, men of moral mind, who can live in the moment and take a step forward. Columbus was no backward-creeping crab, nor was Martin Luther, nor John Adams, nor Patrick Henry, nor Thomas Jefferson; and the Genius or Destiny of America is no log or sluggish, but a man incessantly advancing, as the shadow on the dial's face, or the heavenly body by whose light it is marked.

THE INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[In his later years, Lowell became a leader in the movement for greater independence in politics. This movement began in the presidential campaign of 1884. Before that time, men were too apt to vote as they shot in the Civil War; but as the passions of that great struggle subsided, they began to set their vision forward.]

The following selection is from an address on "The Place of the Independent in Politics," in New York City, in 1888. It was one of the last of Lowell's public utterances.]

IF the dangers and temptations of parties be such as I have indicated, and I do not think that I have overstated them, it is for the interest of the best men in both parties that there should be a neutral body, not large enough to form a party by itself, nay, which would lose its power for good if it attempted to form such a party, and yet large enough to moderate between

both, and to make both more cautious in their choice of candidates and in their connivance with evil practices. If the politicians must look after the parties, there should be somebody to look after the politicians; somebody to ask disagreeable questions and to utter uncomfortable truths; somebody to make sure, if possible, before election, not only what, but whom the candidate, if elected, is going to represent. What to me is the saddest feature of our present methods is the pitfalls which they dig in the path of ambitious and able men who feel that they are fitted for a political career, that by character and training they could be of service to their country, yet who find every avenue closed to them unless at the sacrifice of the very independence which gives them a claim to what they seek. As in the semi-barbarous times the sincerity of a converted Jew was tested by forcing him to swallow pork, so these are required to gulp without a wry face what is as nauseous to them. I would do all in my power to render such loathsome compliances unnecessary. The pity of it is that with our political methods the hand is of necessity subdued to what it works in. It has been proved, I think, that the old parties are not to be reformed from within. It is from without that the attempt must be made, and it is the Independents who must make it. . . .

It must be through politics, through its capacity for government, the noblest of sciences, that a nation proves its right to a place among the other beneficent forces of nature. For politics permeate more widely than any other force, and reach every one of us, soon or late, to teach or to debauch. We are confronted with new problems and new conditions. We and the population which is to solve them are very unlike that of fifty years ago. As I was walking not long ago in the Boston Public Garden, I saw two Irishmen looking at Ball's equestrian statue of Washington, and wondering who was the personage thus commemorated. I had been brought up among the still living traditions of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, and the

siege of Boston. To these men Ireland was still their country, and America a place to get their daily bread. This put me upon thinking. What, then, is patriotism, and what its true value to a man? Was it merely an unreasoning and almost cat-like attachment to certain square miles of the earth's surface, made up in almost equal parts of life-long association, hereditary tradition, and parochial prejudice? This is the narrowest and most provincial form, as it is also, perhaps, the strongest, of that passion or virtue, whichever we choose to call it. But did it not fulfil the essential condition of giving men an ideal outside themselves, which would awaken in them capacities for devotion and heroism that are deaf even to the penetrating cry of self? All the moral good of which patriotism is the fruitful mother, my two Irishmen had in abundant measure, and it had wrought in them marvels of fidelity and self-sacrifice which made me blush for the easier terms on which my own duties of the like kind were habitually fulfilled. Were they not daily pinching themselves that they might pay their tribute to the old hearthstone or the old cause three thousand miles away? If tears tingle our eyes when we read of the like loyalty in the clansmen of the attainted and exiled Lochiel, shall this leave us unmoved?

I laid the lesson to heart. I would, in my own way, be as faithful as they to what I believed to be the best interests of my country. Our politicians are so busy studying the local eddies of prejudice or interest that they allow the main channel of our national energies to be obstructed by dams for the grinding of private grist. Our leaders no longer lead, but are as skilful as Indians in following the faintest trail of public opinion. I find it generally admitted that our moral standard in politics has been lowered, and is every day going lower. Some attribute this to our want of a leisure class. It is to a book of the Apocrypha that we are indebted for the invention of the Man of Leisure. But a leisure class without a definite object in life, and without generous aims, is a bane rather than a

blessing. It would end in the weariness and cynical pessimism in which its great exemplar Ecclesiastes ended, without leaving us the gift which his genius left. What we want is an active class who will insist in season and out of season that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured, not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, of hogs packed, of bushels of wheat raised, not only by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul; a country which shall be as great morally as it is materially; a country whose very name shall not only, as now it does, stir us as with the sound of a trumpet, but shall call out all that is best within us by offering us the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than of something that shall fulfil our own thwarted aspiration, when we are but a handful of forgotten dust in the soil trodden by a race whom we shall have helped to make more worthy of their inheritance than we ourselves had the power, I might almost say the means, to be.

A WARNING AGAINST THE SPIRIT OF EMPIRE

GEORGE F. HOAR

[From a speech in the Senate of the United States on April 17, 1900, against the retention of the Philippines, which had fallen to the United States as one of the results of the Spanish-American War. The speech was called forth by a bill introduced into the Senate and vigorously defended by Senator Beveridge of Indiana, which not only favored the retention of the Philippines, but also seemed to foreshadow an era of colonial expansion on the part of the United States. Senator Hoar's speech was in opposition to this bill.]

I HAVE listened, delighted, as have, I suppose, all the members of the Senate, to the eloquence of my honorable friend ¹ from Indiana. I am glad to welcome to the public service his enthusiasm, his patriotism, his silver speech, and the earnest-

¹ Senator Beveridge.

ness and the courage with which he has devoted himself to a discharge of his duty to the Republic as he conceives it. Yet, Mr. President, as I heard his eloquent description of wealth and glory and commerce and trade, I listened in vain for those words which the American people have been wont to take upon their lips in every solemn crisis of their history. I heard much calculated to excite the imagination of the youth seeking wealth, or the youth charmed by the dreams of empire. But the words, Right, Justice, Duty, Freedom, were absent, my friend must permit me to say, from the eloquent speech. I could think, as this brave young Republic of ours listened to what he had to say, of but one occurrence:

Then the Devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

And saith unto Him, "All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Then saith Jesus unto him, "Get thee hence, Satan!"

When on the 8th of July, 1898, less than two years ago, the lamented Vice-President¹ declared the session of the Senate at an end, the people of the United States were at the high-water mark of prosperity and glory. No other country on earth, in all history, ever saw the like. It was an American prosperity and an American glory.

We were approaching the end of a great century. From thirteen states we had become forty-five states. From three million people we had become nearly eighty million. An enormous foreign commerce, promising to grow to still vaster proportions in the near future, was thrown into insignificance by an internal commerce almost passing the capacity of numbers to calculate. Our manufacturers, making their way past hostile tariffs and fiscal regulations, were displacing the products of the greatest manufacturing nations in their own markets. South of us, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, our Monroe doctrine had banished from the American continent

¹ Garret A. Hobart.

the powers of Europe; Spain and France had retired; monarchy had taken its leave; and the whole territory was occupied by republics owing their freedom to us, forming their institutions on our example. Our flag was known and honored throughout the earth, was welcomed everywhere in friendly ports, and floated everywhere on friendly seas. We were the freest, richest, strongest nation on the face of the earth — strong in the elements of material strength, stronger still in the justice and liberty on which the foundations of our empire were laid. We had abolished slavery within our own borders by our constitutional mandate, and had abolished slavery throughout the world by the influence of our example.

We had won the glory of a great liberator in both hemispheres. The flag of Spain . . . had been driven from the Western Hemisphere, and was soon to go down from her eastern possessions. The war had been conducted without the loss of a gun or the capture of an American soldier in battle. The glory of this great achievement was unlike any other which history has recorded. It was not that we had beaten Spain. It was not that seventy-five million people had conquered fifteen million. Not that the spirit of the nineteenth century had been too much for the spirit of the fifteenth century. Not that the young athlete had felled to the ground the decrepit old man of ninety. It was not that the American mechanic and engineer in the machine shop could make better ships or better guns; or that the American soldier or sailor had displayed the same quality in battle that he had shown on every field — at Bunker Hill, at Yorktown, at Lundy's Lane, at New Orleans, at Buena Vista, at Gettysburg; in every sea fight, on Lake Erie, or on the Atlantic. Nobody doubted the skill of the American general, the gallantry of the American admiral, or the courage of the American soldier or sailor.

The glory of the war and the victory was that it was a war and a victory in the interests of liberty. The American flag had appeared as a liberator in both hemispheres; when it

floated over Havana or Santiago or Manila, there were written on its folds, where all nations could read it, the pledge of the resolution of Congress and the Declaration of the President.

Every true American thanked God that he had lived to behold that day. The rarest good fortune of all was the good fortune of President McKinley. He was, in my judgment, the best-loved President who ever sat in the chair of Washington. . . He had won golden honors by his patriotic hesitation in bringing on war, and by his interpretation of the purpose with which the people at last entered upon it.

The American people, so far as I know, were all agreed that their victory brought with it the responsibility of protecting the liberated peoples from the cupidity of any other power until they could establish their own independence in freedom and in honor.

I stand here today to plead with you not to abandon the principles that have brought these things to pass. I implore you to keep to the policy that has made the country great. . . I have nothing new to say. But I ask you to keep in the old channels, and to keep off the old rocks laid down in the old charts, and to follow the old sailing orders that all the old captains of other days have obeyed, to take your bearings, as of old, from the north star,

Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament,

and not from this meteoric light of empire.

THE RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION

FRANCIS A. WALKER

[From *Discussions in Economics*; copyright, Henry Holt & Co.]

FINALLY, the present situation is most menacing to our peace and political safety. In all the social and industrial disorders of this country since 1877, the foreign elements have

proved themselves the ready tools of demagogues in defying the law, in destroying property, and in working violence. A learned clergyman who mingled with the socialistic mob which, two years ago, threatened the State House and the governor of Massachusetts, told me that during the entire disturbance he heard no word spoken in any language which he knew, — either in English, in German, or in French. There may be those who can contemplate the addition to our population of vast numbers of persons having no inherited instincts of self-government and respect for law; knowing no restraint upon their own passions but the club of the policeman or the bayonet of the soldier; forming communities, by the tens of thousands, in which only foreign tongues are spoken, and into which can steal no influence from our free institutions and from popular discussion. But I confess to being far less optimistic. I have conversed with one of the highest officers of the United States army and with one of the highest officers of the civil government regarding the state of affairs which existed during the summer of 1894; and the revelations they made of facts not generally known, going to show how the ship of state grazed along its whole side upon the rocks, were enough to appall the most sanguine American, the most hearty believer in free government. Have we the right to expose the republic to any increase of the dangers from this source which now so manifestly threaten our peace and safety?

For it is never to be forgotten that self-defence is the first law of nature and of nations. If that man who careth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, the nation which permits its institutions to be endangered by any cause which can fairly be removed is guilty not less in Christian than in natural law. Charity begins at home; and while the people of the United States have gladly offered an asylum to millions upon millions of the distressed and unfortunate of other lands and climes, they have no right to carry their hospitality one step beyond the line where American institutions, the American

rate of wages, the American standard of living, are brought into serious peril. All the good the United States could do by offering indiscriminate hospitality to a few millions more of European peasants, whose places at home will, within another generation, be filled by others as miserable as themselves, would not compensate for any permanent injury done to our republic. Our highest duty to charity and to humanity is to make this great experiment, here, of free laws and educated labor, the most triumphant success that can possibly be attained. In this way we shall do far more for Europe than by allowing its city slums and its vast stagnant reservoirs of degraded peasantry to be drained off upon our soil. Within the decade between 1880 and 1890, five and a quarter millions of foreigners entered our ports! No nation in human history ever undertook to deal with such masses of alien population. That man must be a sentimentalist and an optimist beyond all bounds of reason who believes that we can take such a load upon the national stomach without a failure of assimilation, and without great danger to the health and life of the nation. For one, I believe it is time that we should take a rest, and give our social, political, and industrial system some chance to recuperate.

TAXATION AND GOVERNMENT

JOHN FISKE

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WHAT, then, are taxes? The question is one which is apt to come up, sooner or later, to puzzle children. They find no difficulty in understanding the butcher's bill for so many pounds of meat, or the tailor's bill for so many suits of clothes, where the value received is something that can be seen and handled. But the tax bill, though it comes as inevitably as the autumnal frosts, bears no such obvious relation to the incidents of do-

mestic life; it is not quite so clear what the money goes for; and hence it is apt to be paid by the head of the household with more or less grumbling, while for the younger members of the family it requires some explanation.

It only needs to be pointed out, however, that in every town some things are done for the benefit of all the inhabitants of the town, things which concern one person just as much as another. Thus roads are made and kept in repair, school-houses are built and salaries paid to school-teachers, there are constables who take criminals to jail, there are engines for putting out fires, there are public libraries, town cemeteries, and poor-houses. Money raised for these purposes, which are supposed to concern all the inhabitants, is supposed to be paid by all the inhabitants, each one furnishing his share; and the share which each one pays is his town tax.

From this illustration it would appear that taxes are private property taken for public purposes; and in making this statement we come very near the truth. Taxes are portions of private property which a government takes for its public purposes. Before going farther, let us pause to observe that there is one other way, besides taxation, in which government sometimes takes private property for public purposes. Roads and streets are of great importance to the general public; and the government of the town or city in which you live may see fit, in opening a new street, to run it across your garden, or to make you move your house or shop out of the way for it. In so doing, the government either takes away or damages some of your property. It exercises rights over your property without asking your permission. This power of government over private property is called "the right of eminent domain." It means that a man's private interests must not be allowed to obstruct the interests of the whole community in which he lives. But in two ways the exercise of eminent domain is unlike taxation. In the first place, it is only occasional, and affects only certain persons here or there, whereas taxation

goes on perpetually and affects all persons who own property. In the second place, when the government takes away a piece of your land to make a road, it pays you money in return for it; perhaps not quite so much as you believe the piece of land was worth in the market; the average human nature is doubtless such that men seldom give fair measure for measure unless they feel compelled to, and it is not easy to put a government under compulsion. Still it gives you something; it does not ask you to part with your property for nothing. Now in the case of taxation, the government takes your money and seems to make no return to you individually; but it is supposed to return to you the value of it in the shape of well-paved streets, good schools, efficient protection against criminals, and so forth.

In giving this brief preliminary definition of taxes and taxation, we have already begun to speak of the "government" of the town or city in which you live. We shall presently have to speak of other "governments," — as the government of your state and the government of the United States; and we shall now and then have occasion to allude to the governments of other countries in which the people are free, as, for example, England; and of some countries in which the people are not free, as, for example, Russia. It is desirable, therefore, that we should here at the start make sure what we mean by "government," in order that we may have a clear idea of what we are talking about.

Our verb "to govern" is an old French word, one of the great host of French words which became a part of the English language between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, when so much French was spoken in England. The French word was *gouverner*, and its oldest form was the Latin *gubernare*, a word which the Romans borrowed from the Greek, and meant originally "to steer the ship." Hence it very naturally came to mean "to guide," "to direct," "to command." The comparison between governing and steering was a happy one. To

government is not to command as a master commands a slave, but it is to issue orders and give directions for the common good; for the interests of the man at the helm are the same as those of the people in the ship. All must float or sink together. Hence we sometimes speak of the "ship of state," and we often call the state a "commonwealth," or something in the weal or welfare of which all the people are alike interested.

Government, then, is the directing or managing of such affairs as concern all the people alike, — as, for example, the punishment of criminals, the enforcement of contracts, the defence against foreign enemies, the maintenance of roads and bridges, and so on. To the directing or managing of such affairs all the people are expected to contribute, each according to his ability, in the shape of taxes. Government is something which is supported by the people and kept alive by taxation. There is no other way of keeping it alive.

The business of carrying on government — of steering the ship of state — either requires some special training, or absorbs all the time and attention of those who carry it on; and accordingly, in all countries, certain persons or groups of persons are selected or in some way set apart, for longer or shorter periods of time, to perform the work of government. Such persons may be a king with his council, as in the England of the twelfth century; or a parliament led by a responsible ministry, as in the England of to-day; or a president and two houses of congress, as in the United States; or a board of selectmen, as in a New England town. When we speak of "a government" or "the government," we often mean the group of persons thus set apart for carrying on the work of government. Thus, by "the Gladstone government" we mean Mr. Gladstone, with his colleagues in the cabinet and his Liberal majority in the House of Commons; and by "the Lincoln government," properly speaking, was meant President Lincoln, with the Republican majorities in the Senate and House of Representatives.

"The government" has always many things to do, and there are many different lights in which we might regard it. But for the present there is one thing which we need especially to keep in mind. "The government" is the power which can rightfully take away part of your property, in the shape of taxes, to be used for public purposes. A government is not worthy of the name, and cannot long be kept in existence, unless it can raise money by taxation, and use force, if necessary, in collecting its taxes. The only general government of the United States during the Revolutionary War, and for six years after its close, was the Continental Congress, which had no authority to raise money by taxation. In order to feed and clothe the army and pay its officers and soldiers, it was obliged to *ask* for money from the several states, and hardly ever got as much as was needed. It was obliged to borrow millions of dollars from France and Holland, and to issue promissory notes which soon became worthless. After the war was over it became clear that this so-called government could neither preserve order nor pay its debts, and accordingly it ceased to be respected either at home or abroad, and it became necessary for the American people to adopt a new form of government. Between the old Continental Congress and the government under which we have lived since 1789, the differences were many; but by far the most essential difference was that the new government could raise money by taxation, and was thus enabled properly to carry on the work of governing.

If we are in any doubt as to what is really the government of some particular country, we cannot do better than observe what person or persons in that country are clothed with authority to tax the people. Mere names, as customarily applied to governments, are apt to be deceptive. Thus in the middle of the eighteenth century France and England were both called "kingdoms"; but so far as kingly power was concerned, Louis XV was a very different sort of a king from George II. The French king could impose taxes on his people, and it might

therefore be truly said that the government of France was in the king. Indeed, it was Louis XV's immediate predecessor¹ who made the famous remark, "The state is myself." But the English king could not impose taxes; the only power in England that could do that was the House of Commons, and accordingly it is correct to say that in England, at the time of which we are speaking, the government was (as it still is) in the House of Commons.

I say, then, the most essential feature of a government — or at any rate the feature with which it is most important for us to become familiar at the start — is its power of taxation. The government is that which taxes. If individuals take away some of your property for purposes of their own, it is robbery; you lose your money and get nothing in return. But if the government takes away some of your property in the shape of taxes, it is supposed to render to you an equivalent in the shape of good government, something without which our lives and property would not be safe. Herein seems to lie the difference between taxation and robbery. When the highwayman points his pistol at me and I hand him my purse and watch, I am robbed. But when I pay the tax-collector, who can seize my watch or sell my house over my head if I refuse, I am simply paying what is fairly due from me toward supporting the government.

LIBERTY IS RESPONSIBILITY, NOT LICENSE

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

[From an address at the dedication of the Cuyahoga County Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Cleveland, Ohio, July 4, 1894. Mr. McKinley was then governor of Ohio. Two years later he was elected to the Presidency.]

¹ Louis XIV, the Grand Monarch, who personally ruled France from 1661 until his death in 1715. That he addressed the words "*L'État c'est moi*" to the President of the Parliament of Paris is a fairly well established tradition; that the famous dictum represents his belief and practice is a matter of history. (FISKE.)

SUCH monuments as these have another meaning, which is one dear to the hearts of many who stand by me. It is, as Mr. Lincoln said at Gettysburg, that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation's later birth of freedom and the people's gain of their own sovereignty shall not perish from the earth. That is what this monument means. That is the lesson of true patriotism, that what was won in war shall be worn in peace.

But we must not forget, my fellow countrymen, that the Union which these brave men preserved, and the liberties which they secured, places upon us, the living, the gravest responsibility. We are the freest government on the face of the earth. Our strength rests in our patriotism. Peace and order and security and liberty are safe so long as love of country burns in the hearts of the people. It should not be forgotten, however, that liberty does not mean lawlessness. Liberty to make our own laws does not give us license to break them. Liberty to make our own laws commands a duty to observe them ourselves and enforce obedience among all others within their jurisdiction. Liberty, my fellow citizens, is responsibility, and responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law and for the law and by the law.

EDUCATED MEN AND POLITICS

GROVER CLEVELAND

[From an address at Princeton, New Jersey, in 1896, at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the charter of the College of New Jersey. On this date the college formally became Princeton University. Mr. Cleveland was then near the end of his second presidential term, and was soon to take up his residence in Princeton.]

I HASTEN to concede the good already accomplished by our educated men in purifying and steadying political sentiment; but I hope I may be allowed to intimate my belief that their

work in these directions would be easier and more useful if it were less spasmodic and occasional. The disposition of our people is such that while they may be inclined to distrust those who only on rare occasions come among them from a seclusion savoring of assumed superiority, they readily listen to those who exhibit a real fellowship and a friendly and habitual interest in all that concerns the common welfare. Such a condition of intimacy would, I believe, not only improve the general political atmosphere, but would vastly increase the influence of our universities and colleges in their efforts to prevent popular delusions or correct them before they reach an acute and dangerous stage.

I am certain, therefore, that a more constant and active participation in political affairs on the part of our men of education would be of the greatest possible value to our country.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that politics should be regarded in any quarter as an unclean thing, to be avoided by those claiming to be educated or respectable. It would be strange indeed if anything related to the administration of our government or the welfare of our nation should be essentially degrading. I believe it is not a superstitious sentiment that leads to the conviction that God has watched over our national life from its beginning. Who will say that things worthy of God's regard and fostering care are unworthy of the touch of the wisest and best of men?

I would have those sent out by our universities and colleges not only the counselors of their fellow-countrymen, but the tribunes of the people — fully appreciating every condition that presses upon their daily life, sympathetic in every outward situation, quick and earnest in every effort to advance their happiness and welfare, and prompt and sturdy in the defence of all their rights.

I have but imperfectly expressed the thoughts to which I have not been able to deny utterance on an occasion so full of glad significance and so pervaded by the atmosphere of

patriotic aspiration. Born of these surroundings, the hope cannot be vain that the time is at hand when all our countrymen will more deeply appreciate the blessings of American citizenship, when their disinterested love of their government will be quickened, when fanaticism and passion shall be banished from the fields of politics, and when all our people, discarding every difference of condition or opportunity, shall be seen under the banner of American brotherhood, marching steadily and unfalteringly on toward the bright heights of our national destiny.

THE NEW RESPONSIBILITY OF THE BAR

ELIHU ROOT

[From an address in New York City at the annual dinner of the New York Bar Association on January 15, 1916. Mr. Root had recently retired from the United States Senate and had just resumed the practice of law in New York City. This speech was delivered with the great European war in the mind of everybody present.]

WE are no longer isolated. The ever flowing stream of ocean which surrounds us is no longer a barrier. We have grown so great, the bonds that unite us in trade, in influence, in power, with the rest of the world, have become so strong and compelling that we cannot live unto ourselves alone.

New questions loom up in the horizon which must be met; questions upon which we have little or no precedent to guide us; questions upon the right determination of which the peace and prosperity of our country will depend. Those questions can be met only by a nation worthy to deal with them. They can be met by a democracy only as it is prepared for the performance of its duty. . . .

How are we to meet the future, and what is the responsibility of the bar, that is the guardian of American law, toward meeting that future? It is not a matter of opportunism; it is not a matter of temporary expedient. The situation cannot

be dealt with merely by doing what seems to you and to me to be the expedient thing in this situation and that situation to-day or to-morrow. Our people must base themselves upon a foundation of principle. They must renew their loyalty to ideals. And the basic principle is the principle of American law.

It is the principle of individual liberty which has grown out of the life of the Anglo-Saxon race and has been waxing strong during all the 700 years since Magna Charta. That was the formative principle that made America, the United States and Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the frozen north, English speaking, pursuing the course of the common law, preserving liberty and doing justice. That, the power of that principle of individual liberty that developed in the life of our race, is the greatest formative power in the history of the world. Over against it stands the principle of the State. Upon the one hand is the declaration in that great instrument, the value of which we hardly yet appreciate, the immortal declaration, penned by Thomas Jefferson, that all men are created with inalienable rights, which governments are created to preserve. On the other hand is the principle that States are created with supreme rights which all individuals are bound to observe. The one centers the system of law and order and justice upon the inalienable right of the individual, the other centres the system of law and order and justice upon the rights of the State, which subordinates the rights of the individual, and that is the fundamental question which is being fought out upon the battlefields of Europe.

Here in this country we have enjoyed liberty and order so long that we have forgotten how they came. Our people assume that they come as the air comes, to be breathed; they have assumed that they will, of their nature and by their own force, continue forever, without effort. Ah, no! Liberty has always been born of struggle, it has not come save through sacrifice and the blood of martyrs and the devotion of man-

kind. And it is not to be preserved except by jealous watchfulness and stern determination always to be free.

That eternal vigilance is the price of liberty is such a truism that it has lost its meaning, but it is an eternal truth, and the principles of American liberty to-day stand in need of a renewed devotion on the part of the American people. We have forgotten that in our vast material prosperity. We have grown rich, we have lived in ease and comfort and peace so long, that we have forgotten to what we owe those agreeable incidents of life. We must be prepared to defend our individual liberty in two ways. We must be prepared to do it first by force of arms against all external aggression. God knows I love peace and I despise all foolish and wicked wars, but I do not wish for my country the peace of slavery or dishonor or injustice or poltroonery. I want to see in my country the spirit that beat in the breast of the men at Concord Bridge, who were just and God-fearing men, but who were ready to fight for their liberty. And if the hundred million people of America have that spirit and it is made manifest, they won't have to fight.

Another circumstance which we ought not to lose sight of is the fact that a vast number of people have come to the United States within very recent times from those countries of Europe which differ so widely in their fundamental conceptions of law and personal freedom from ourselves.

The millions of immigrants who have come from the Continent of Europe have come from communities which have not the traditions of individual liberty, but the traditions of State control over liberty; they have come from communities in which the courts are part of the administrative system of the government, not independent tribunals to do justice between the individual and the government; they have come from communities in which the law is contained in codes framed and imposed upon the people by superior power, and not communities like ours, in which the law is the growth of the life

of the people, made by the people, through their own recognition of their needs.

It is a slow process to change the attitude of the individual toward law, toward political principles. It cannot be done in a moment, and this great mass of men, good men, good women, without our traditions, but with entirely different traditions, will change us unless we change them.

Fifteen per cent of the lawyers of this city are foreign born. Fifty per cent of the lawyers of this city are either foreign born or of foreign parents. And the great mass of them have in their blood, with all the able and brilliant and good and noble men among them — have in their blood necessarily the traditions of the countries from which they came. They cannot help it. They will hold those traditions until they are expelled by the spirit of American institutions. That is a question of time. And somebody has got to look after it. Somebody had got to make the spirit of those institutions vocal. Somebody has got to exhibit belief in them, trust in them, devotion to them, loyalty to them, or you cannot win this great body from Continental Europe to a true understanding of and loyalty to our institutions. . . .

Here is a great new duty for the bar, and if we have not been hypocrites during all these years in which we have been standing up in court and appealing to the principles of the law, appealing to the principles of our Constitution, demanding justice according to the rules of the common law for our clients; if we have not been hypocrites, we will come to the defence and the assertion — the triumphant assertion — of those principles upon which we have been relying. . . .

The whole business of government, in which we are all concerned, is becoming serious, grave, threatening. No man in America has any right to rest contented and easy and indifferent, for never before, not even in the time of the civil war, have all the energies and all the devotion of the American democracy been demanded for the perpetuity of American institutions,

for the continuance of the American republic against foes without and more insidious foes within, than in this year of grace 1916.

INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

ELIHU ROOT

[From a speech before the New York State Constitutional Convention on August 30, 1915. In discussing the short ballot amendment (the purpose of which was to concentrate responsible power in the hands of the governor and one or two other elective officers), Mr. Root took occasion to lay bare, with fearless force and precision, the evil workings of the boss system as it sometimes appears in American politics. Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt were United States senators from New York and political bosses within the recollection of all the men who attended the convention which Mr. Root was addressing. The phrase "invisible government" was first used, in the sense in which Mr. Root used it, by former Senator A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana, in an address at Indianapolis in 1912. It then became current.]

I AM going to discuss a subject now that goes back to the beginning of the political life of the oldest man in this Convention, and one to which we cannot close our eyes, if we keep the obligations of our oath. We talk about the government of the Constitution. We have spent many days in discussing the powers of this and that and the other officer. What is the government of this State? What has it been during the forty years of my acquaintance with it? The government of the Constitution? Oh, no; not half the time, or half way. When I ask, what do the people find wrong in our State government, my mind goes back to those periodic fits of public rage in which the people rouse up and tear down the political leader, first of one party and then of the other. It goes on to the public feeling of resentment against the control of party organizations, of both parties and of all parties.

Now, I treat this subject in my own mind not as a personal

question to any man. I am talking about the system. They call the system — I don't coin the phrase, I adopt it because it carries its own meaning — the system they call "invisible government." For I don't remember how many years, Mr. Conkling was the supreme ruler in this State; the Governor did not count, the legislatures did not count; comptrollers and secretaries of state and what not, did not count. It was what Mr. Conkling said, and in a great outburst of public rage he was pulled down.

Then Mr. Platt ruled the State; for nigh upon twenty years he ruled it. It was not the Governor; it was not the Legislature; it was not any elected officers; it was Mr. Platt. And the capitol was not here; it was at 49 Broadway; Mr. Platt and his lieutenants. . . .

The ruler of the State during the greater part of the forty years of my acquaintance with the State government has not been any man authorized by the Constitution or by the law, and, sir, there is throughout the length and breadth of this State a deep and sullen and long-continued resentment at being governed thus by men not of the people's choosing. The party leader is elected by no one, accountable to no one, bound by no oath of office, removable by no one. It is all wrong that a government not authorized by the people should be continued superior to the government that is authorized by the people.

How is it accomplished? How is it done? Mr. Chairman, it is done by the use of patronage, and the patronage that my friends on the other side of this question have been arguing and pleading for in this Convention is the power to continue that invisible government against that authorized by the people. Everywhere, sir, that these two systems of government co-exist, there is a conflict day by day, and year by year, between two principles of appointment to office, two radically opposed principles. The elected officer or the appointed officer, the lawful officer who is to be held responsible for the administra-

tion of his office, desires to get men into the different positions of his office who will do their work in a way that is creditable to him and his administration. Whether it be a president appointing a judge, or a governor appointing a superintendent of public works, whatever it may be, the officer wants to make a success, and he wants to get the man selected upon the ground of his ability to do the work.

How is it about the boss? What does the boss have to do? He has to urge the appointment of a man whose appointment will consolidate his power and preserve the organization. The invisible government proceeds to build up and maintain its power by a reversal of the fundamental principle of good government, which is that men should be selected to perform the duties of the office; and to substitute the idea that men should be appointed to office for the preservation and enhancement of power of the political leader. The one, the true one, looks upon appointment to office with a view to the service that can be given to the public. The other, the false one, upon appointment to office with a view to what can be gotten out of it. Gentlemen of the Convention, I appeal to your knowledge of facts. Every one of you knows that what I say about the use of patronage under the system of invisible government is true. Louis Marshall told us the other day about the appointment of wardens in the Adirondacks, hotel keepers and people living there, to render no service whatever. They were appointed not for the service that they were to render to the State; they were appointed for the service they were to render to promote the power of a political organization. Mr. Chairman, we all know that the halls of this capitol swarm with men during the session of the Legislature on pay day. A great number, seldom here, rendering no service, are put on the payrolls as a matter of patronage, not of service, but of party patronage. Both parties are alike; all parties are alike. The system extends through all. . . .

I have been told forty times since this Convention met that

you cannot change it. We can try, can't we? I deny that we cannot change it. I repel that cynical assumption which is born of the lethargy that comes from poisoned air during all these years. I assert that this perversion of democracy, this robbing democracy of its virility, can be changed as truly as the system under which Walpole governed the commons of England, by bribery, as truly as the atmosphere which made the *credit mobilier* scandal possible in the Congress of the United States has been blown away by the force of public opinion. We cannot change it in a moment, but we can do our share. We can take this one step toward, not robbing the people of their part in government, but toward robbing an irresponsible autocracy of its indefensible and unjust and undemocratic control of government, and restoring it to the people to be exercised by the men of their choice and their control.

THE DUTY OF AMERICA IN CUBA

JOHN M. THURSTON

[From a speech in the Senate of the United States on March 24, 1898, a few days after the United States warship *Maine* was blown up, supposedly by a submarine mine, in the harbor of Havana. Thurston had recently visited Cuba to obtain first-hand information.]

THERE is only one action possible, if any is taken; that is, intervention for the independence of the island; intervention that means the landing of an American army on Cuban soil, the deploying of an American fleet off Havana; intervention which says to Spain, leave the island, withdraw your soldiers, leave the Cubans, these brothers of ours in the New World, to form and carry on government for themselves. Such intervention on our part would not in itself be war. It would undoubtedly lead to war. But if the war came it would come by act of Spain in resistance to the liberty and the independence of the Cuban people.

The time for action has, then, come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay

only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only one power can intervene — the United States of America. Ours is the one great nation of the New World, the mother of the American republics. She holds a position of trust and responsibility toward the people and the affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere.

It was her glorious example which inspired the patriots of Cuba to raise the flag of liberty in her eternal hills. We cannot refuse to accept this responsibility which the God of the Universe has placed upon us as the one great power in the New World. We must act! What shall our action be?

We cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war; war means blood. The lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee preached the divine doctrine of love, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Not peace on earth at the expense of liberty and humanity. Not good will toward men who despoil, degrade, and starve to death their fellow-men. I believe in the doctrine of peace; but men must have liberty before there can come abiding peace.

Intervention means force. Force means war. War means blood. But it will be God's force. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of wrong, injustice, and oppression has ever been carried except by force?

Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastille and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, and gave

Grant victory at Appomattox. . . . The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on.

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for future diplomatic negotiation, which means delay, but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country, and my God.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA

WOODROW WILSON

[From an address at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, January 31, 1916. This address was one of a series made to impress upon the people of the United States the importance of being prepared for any emergency that might arise out of the chaos of war in Europe. The controversy with Germany over methods of submarine warfare was uppermost in everybody's mind.]

WHO shall say what the spirit of America is? I have many times heard orators apostrophize this beautiful flag, which is the emblem of the nation. I have many times heard orators and philosophers speak of the spirit which was resident in America.

I have always, for my own part, felt that it was an act of audacity to attempt anything of that kind. And when I have been outside of the country in foreign lands and have been asked if this, that, or the other was true of America, I have habitually said, "Nothing stated in general terms is true of America, because it is the most variegated and varied and multiform land under the sun." Yet I know, my fellow citizens, that if you turn away from the physical aspects of the country, if you turn away from the variety of the strains of blood that make up our great population, if you turn away from the great variation of occupation and of interest among our fellow citi-

zens, there is a spiritual unity in America. I know that there are some things which stir every heart in America, no matter what the racial derivation or the local environment, and one of the things that stirs every American is the love of individual liberty.

We do not stand for occupations. We do not stand for material interests. We do not stand for any narrow conception, even of political institutions; but we do stand for this, that we are bonded together in America to see to it that no man shall serve any master who is not of his own choosing. And we have been very liberal and generous about this idea.

We have seen great peoples, for the most part not of the same blood as ourselves—to the south of us—build up policies in which the same idea pulsed and was regnant, this idea of free institutions and individual liberty, and when we have seen hands reached across the water from older political polities to interfere with the development of free institutions on the Western Hemisphere, we have said: “No, we are the champions of the freedom of popular sovereignty wherever it displays or exercises itself, throughout both Americas.” We are the champions of a particular sort of freedom, the sort of freedom which is the only foundation and guarantee of peace.

Peace lies in the hearts of great industrial and agricultural populations and we have arranged a Government on this side of the water by which their preferences and their predilections and their interests are the mainsprings of government itself. And so, when we prepare for national defense, we prepare for national political integrity; we prepare to take care of the great ideals which gave birth to this government; we are going back in spirit and in energy to those great first generations in America when men banded themselves together, though they were but a handful upon a single coast of the Atlantic, to set up in the world the standards which have ever since floated everywhere, that Americans asserted the power of their Government.

As I came along the line of the railway to-day I was touched to observe that everywhere, upon every railway station, upon every house where a flag could be procured, some temporary standard had been raised from which there floated the Stars and Stripes. They seemed to have divined the errand upon which I had come, to remind you that we must subordinate every individual interest and every local interest to assert once more, if it should be necessary to assert them, the great principles for which that flag stands.

Do not deceive yourselves as to where the colors of that flag came from. Those lines of red are lines of blood nobly and unselfishly shed by men who loved the liberty of their fellow-men more than they loved their own lives and fortunes. God forbid that we should have to use the blood of America to freshen the color of that flag. But if it should ever be necessary again to assert the majesty and integrity of those ancient and honorable principles, that flag will be colored once more, and in being colored will be glorified and purified.

WASHINGTON'S MAXIM

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[From an address before the cadets at the naval academy at Annapolis in June, 1897; reprinted by G. P. Putnam's Sons in *American Ideals*, by Theodore Roosevelt, 1901.]

A CENTURY has passed since Washington wrote "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace." We pay to this maxim the lip loyalty we so often pay to Washington's words; but it has never sunk deep into our hearts. Indeed, of late years many persons have refused it even the poor tribute of lip loyalty, and prate about the iniquity of war as if somehow that was a justification for refusing to take the steps which can alone in the long run prevent war or avert the dreadful disasters it brings in its train.

Preparation for war is the surest guaranty for peace. Arbi-

tration is an excellent thing, but ultimately those who wish to see this country at peace with foreign nations will be wise if they place reliance upon a first-class fleet of first-class battle-ships rather than on any arbitration treaty which the wit of man can devise. Nelson said that the British fleet was the best negotiator in Europe, and there was much truth in the saying. Moreover, while we are sincere and earnest in our advocacy of peace, we must not forget that an ignoble peace is worse than any war. We should engrave in our legislative halls those splendid lines of Lowell:

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honor lost and dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell of triumph tasted!

Peace is a goddess only when she comes with sword girt on thigh. The ship of state can be steered safely only when it is always possible to bring her against any foe with "her leashed thunders gathering for the leap." A really great people, proud and high-spirited, would face all the disasters of war rather than purchase that base prosperity which is bought at the price of national honor. All the great masterful races have been fighting races, and the minute that a race loses the hard fighting virtues, then, no matter what else it may retain, no matter how skilled in commerce and finance, in science or art, it has lost its proud right to stand as the equal of the best. . . .

We of the United States have passed most of our few years of national life in peace. We honor the architects of our wonderful material prosperity; we appreciate the necessity of thrift, energy, and business enterprise, and we know that even these are of no avail without the civic and social virtues. But we feel, after all, that the men who have dared greatly in war, or the work which is akin to war, are those who deserve best in the country. The men of Bunker Hill and Trenton, Saratoga and Yorktown, the men of New Orleans and Mobile Bay,

Gettysburg and Appomattox, are those to whom we owe most. None of our heroes of peace, save a few great constructive statesmen, can rank with our heroes of war. The Americans who stand highest on the list of the world's worthies are Washington, who fought to found the country which he afterward governed, and Lincoln, who saved it through the blood of the best and bravest in the land; Washington, the soldier and statesman, the man of cool head, dauntless heart, and iron will, the greatest of good men and the best of great men; and Lincoln, sad, patient, kindly Lincoln, who for four years toiled and suffered for the people, and when his work was done laid down his life that the flag which had been rent in sunder might once more be made whole and without a seam.

TRUE AMERICANISM

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[From the *Forum* for April, 1894; reprinted in *American Ideals*. Most of the men mentioned in this selection were Revolutionary patriots. John Jay of New York was a framer of the Constitution and the first chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. John Sevier was a hero of the battle of King's Mountain, fought in 1780, on the border between the Carolinas. He was afterward governor of Tennessee. Francis Marion, known as "the swamp fox," was the chief of an independent command that harassed the British in the lowlands of South Carolina. Henry Laurens, also of South Carolina, was a president of the Continental Congress and spent some time disagreeably in an English prison.

Philip Schuyler commanded American troops at the battle of Saratoga, in New York State, in 1777. He was afterward a senator in Congress from New York. One of the Muhlenbergs of Pennsylvania was a general in the Revolution. Philip Sheridan was the most famous cavalry leader in the Union army during the Civil War. One of his able lieutenants, George A. Custer, also famous later as an Indian fighter, was descended from a Revolutionary Hessian. Many of the Hessians settled down in America after the Revolution

and became good American citizens. Mr. Roosevelt himself is descended from a Dutch immigrant who early settled in New York.

All of the men just mentioned, men of non-English descent, were born on American soil. Two other names readily come to mind — Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel, efficient generals in the Civil War on the Union side. Both were born in Germany.]

THE immigrant of to-day can learn much from the experience of the immigrants of the past, who came to America prior to the Revolutionary War. We were then already, what we are now, a people of mixed blood. Many of our most illustrious Revolutionary names were borne by men of Huguenot blood — Jay, Sevier, Marion, Laurens. But the Huguenots were, on the whole, the best immigrants we have ever received; sooner than any other, and more completely, they became American in speech, conviction, and thought. The Hollanders took longer than the Huguenots to become completely assimilated; nevertheless they in the end became so, immensely to their own advantage. One of the leading Revolutionary generals, Schuyler, and one of the Presidents of the United States, Van Buren, were of Dutch blood; but they rose to their positions, the highest in the land, because they had become Americans and had ceased being Hollanders. If they had remained members of an alien body, cut off by their speech and customs and belief from the rest of the American community, Schuyler would have lived his life as a boorish, provincial squire, and Van Buren would have ended his days a small tavern-keeper. So it is with the Germans of Pennsylvania. Those of them who became Americanized have furnished to our history a multitude of honorable names, from the days of the Mühlengbergs onward; but those who did not become Americanized form to the present day an unimportant body, of no significance in American existence. So it is with the Irish, who gave to Revolutionary annals such names as Carroll and Sullivan, and to the Civil War men like Sheridan — men who were Americans and nothing else: while the Irish

who remain such, and busy themselves solely with alien politics, can have only an unhealthy influence upon American life, and can never rise as do their compatriots who become straightout Americans. Thus it has ever been with all people who have come hither, of whatever stock of blood.

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO RULE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[From an address delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York City, under the auspices of the Civic Forum, March 20, 1912; reprinted from the *Outlook*.]

OUR task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose.

The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected according as actual experience shows that they work well or ill. But in our hearts we must have this lofty purpose, and we must strive for it in all earnestness and sincerity, or our work will come to nothing. In order to succeed we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls. The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won.

In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is "spend and be spent." It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds: but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind.

We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be

ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. If on this new continent we merely build another country of great and unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us. To turn this Government either into government by a plutocracy or government by a mob would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead.

We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in a spirit of courage, of common sense, of high purpose, above all in a spirit of kindly justice towards every man and every woman. We not merely admit, but insist, that there must be self-control on the part of the people, that they must keenly perceive their own duties as well as the rights of others; but we also insist that the people can do nothing unless they not merely have, but exercise to the full, their own rights. The worth of our great experiment depends upon its being in good faith an experiment — the first that has ever been tried — in true democracy on the scale of a continent, on a scale as vast as that of the mightiest empires of the Old World. Surely this is a noble ideal, an ideal for which at need it is worth while to sacrifice much; for our ideal is the rule of all the people in a spirit of friendliest brotherhood towards each and every one of the people.

RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS ON THE HIGH SEAS

WOODROW WILSON

[From a letter to Senator William J. Stone, chairman of the committee on foreign relations in the Senate of the United States. It is dated February 24, 1916. It was written while an interchange of notes was going on between the United States and Germany in regard to undersea warfare. One of Germany's suggestions was, that neu-

trals should refrain from traveling in the ships of nations that were at war. There was a strong sentiment in Congress in favor of accepting such a compromise rather than run the risk of a violent break with Germany. President Wilson's letter to Senator Stone, however, held firmly to our rights as neutrals. Congress accepted the President's point of view.]

No nation, no group of nations, has the right while war is in progress to alter or disregard the principles which all nations have agreed upon in mitigation of the horrors and sufferings of war; and if the clear rights of American citizens should ever unhappily be abridged or denied by any such action we should, it seems to me, have in honor no choice as to what our own course should be.

For my own part, I cannot consent to any abridgment of the rights of American citizens in any respect. The honor and self-respect of the nation is involved. We covet peace and shall preserve it at any cost but the loss of honor. To forbid our people to exercise their rights for fear we might be called upon to vindicate them would be a deep humiliation indeed. It would be an implicit, all but an explicit, acquiescence in the violation of the rights of mankind everywhere, and of whatever nation or allegiance. It would be a deliberate abdication of our hitherto proud position as spokesman, even amidst the turmoil of war, for the law and the right. It would make everything this Government has attempted, and everything that it has achieved during this terrible struggle of nations, meaningless and futile.

It is important to reflect that if in this instance we allowed expediency to take the place of principle, the door would inevitably be opened to still further concessions. Once accept a single abatement of right, and many other humiliations would certainly follow, and the whole fine fabric of international law might crumble under our hands piece by piece. What we are contending for in this matter is of the very essence of the things that have made America a sovereign nation. She

cannot yield them without conceiving her own impotency as a nation, and making virtual surrender of her independent position among the nations of the world.

NEUTRALITY AND AMERICAN RIGHTS

GEORGE SUTHERLAND

[From an address in the Senate of the United States, March 7, 1916. The loss of American lives when the *Lusitania* and other vessels were sunk by submarines gave rise to much diplomatic correspondence and to much discussion in Congress and elsewhere. Mr. Sutherland advocated the rights of neutrals.]

THE question next arises — and, indeed, it is really the crucial question — shall our citizens be officially advised to forbear from traveling upon belligerent merchant vessels armed for defense only? Or, indeed, shall we go further, as some people insist, and forbid their doing so under penalty for disobedience? If I am correct in what I have already said, namely, that these merchant ships have the right to carry defensive armament, it follows that such a ship has the same status as though unarmed and that the right of a neutral citizen to transport his goods or travel upon either is the same, and not a different right. . . .

If, therefore, a citizen take passage upon a ship so armed and lose his life by the sinking of the ship without warning, what must be the contention and claim of this government? To my mind, clearly this: That the citizen in the exercise of a clear right has been deprived of his life by the deliberately illegal act of the belligerent government which sent the submarine on its mission of death. Others are welcome to their own opinions, but I can conceive of no other position for this government to assume; and unless it is willing to forfeit the respect of mankind by becoming a craven thing, it must be prepared to sustain that position at whatever cost or consequence.

However desirable it may be that our citizens for their own

sakes should refrain from traveling upon defensively armed ships, it is quite another matter for the government to advise or order them to do so. So long as he violates no law, an American citizen may pursue his business in his own way, even though it may be a dangerous business or a dangerous way. It is not to be presumed that he will recklessly or needlessly put his life in danger—indeed, all presumptions are to the contrary—and no resolution of Congress can possibly advise him of any danger of sea travel which he does not already fully understand.

But what of the American citizens scattered about the world, engaged in lawful pursuits, who are from time to time obliged to travel upon the sea from and to ports between which neutral ships do not ply? What is the citizen so placed to do? Is he to indefinitely maroon himself, however imperatively his presence may be required elsewhere? If not, and he be entitled to the protection of his Government in the exercise, and perhaps in the vitally necessary exercise, of his lawful right of travel upon a belligerent merchant vessel armed for defense, upon what theory consistent with national courage and self-respect can Congress or the Executive interfere with or forbid the use of his own discretion in the matter?

I am one of those who desire peace. I detest the bully and the brawler among nations as I do among individuals. I would sacrifice much to avoid war—pride of opinion, money, property, comfort,—I would fight over no wrongs which money could compensate,—but a nation, when all other means fail, that will not resent a flagrant and illegal attack upon the lives of its own citizens is only less detestable than a man who will not fight for his wife and children. . . .

I repeat, sir, that I do not want war at any time, and I pray God that it may not come now; but I would rather have war, with all its sacrifices and sufferings, than that this nation, with its long history of heroism and glory, should play the poltroon when confronted by a supreme national duty because it places a greater value upon its ease than upon its honor.

Nothing in the long run can be more certain to bring trouble upon us than a policy of timidity and vacillation. Such a policy is not in keeping with American traditions or spirit. It is the duty of a self-respecting nation to stand, and to stand firmly, for the rights of every citizen against foreign aggression from any source, however powerful.

SOBER SECOND THOUGHT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

GEORGE SUTHERLAND

[From a speech in the Senate of the United States, July 11, 1911. Thoughtful men are ever seeking remedies for the harmful practices that creep into political life from time to time. It is a sign of political health. Some have advocated, among other expedients, the extension of the primary system, and the adoption of the "recall," a plan by which an unfit or unsatisfactory public official may, by a popular vote, be deprived of office. The more radical have advocated the recall of judges, even the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Sutherland's speech was in opposition to hasty and ill-considered changes.]

I AM not one of those who have become impatient at the restraints and checks and safeguards of the representative form of government and the written Constitution. I am not one of those who would launch the ship of state, with every sail set, upon the wide sea of tossing waters — with all its unsounded depths and unknown shallows, with here a whirlpool and there a half-submerged rock — without a chart or a compass or a rudder or an anchor, trusting alone to the merciful chance of wind and wave and the tumultuous efforts of an uncaptained crew to preserve it from disaster. I disagree utterly with the distinguished Senator from Oklahoma [Mr. Owen], who told us a few days ago in that calm, judicial way of his, that the Constitution of the United States — for which some of us had conceived a rather high opinion — was all wrong; that it was not sufficiently democratic; that it was so

drawn by Madison and those who were in the Constitutional Convention as to vest unfair power in the hands of the minority, and that this principle shows from one end of it to the other; that, among other things, to his deep regret, he had been unable to discover in that worn and antiquated document any provision for the recall of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Against these criticisms of the Constitution by this American Senator I would put the strong words of the great English commoner,¹ who described it as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Against all such wild and visionary demands for the popular recall of the judges I would print in letters of living light the strong words of Chief Justice Marshall:

The judicial department comes home, in its effects, to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all. Is it not to the last degree important that he should be rendered perfectly and completely independent, *with nothing to influence or control him but God and his conscience?* . . .

In the main and in the long run changes which come by the gradual and orderly processes of evolution are better and far more enduring than those brought about by the spasmodic methods of revolution. Experience is a safer guide than prediction. The tree is known by its fruits rather than by its blossoms, for sometimes the fairest blooms, like the fairest promises, produce no fruit at all. The rules of government that have been tried, that have been rounded into shape by years of practical use, that have stood the strain and pressure from every direction, are not to be lightly cast aside in order that we may put high-sounding experiment in their place. The strength and the glory of the common law, which is but the crystallized common sense of the clear-thinking English race expressed in definite form, is that it has been gradually developed by hundreds of slow years of application to the

¹ Gladstone.

diverse and changing needs of society, until it has become fitted and molded and adjusted to all the conditions of life. And so with the great principles of our Government. Like the common law, they are a growth, not an invention. Year by year they have developed in enduring strength, striking their roots deeper and deeper into the intimate life of the people. They have withstood the specious opposition of the doctrinaire and the theorist, as well as the open shock of armed conflict. The preservation, the renewal, the strengthening of the old faith in their efficiency and virtue I regard as essential to our continued development along sane and symmetrical lines.

If the visionary and the dreamer, the agitator and the demagogue, could succeed in tearing them from the stately edifice of constitutional government, which, builded by the wise and loving hands of the fathers and cemented by the blood of the Civil War, has proven the sure refuge and shelter of all our people throughout the years in time of stress and trial, no man can foresee what miserable and inadequate makeshifts might be set in their place. I look with grave apprehension upon the present-day tendency to overturn, uproot, and destroy these vital and fundamental principles of representative government under which we have made and are making the most wonderful moral, social, and material advancement mankind has ever beheld.

But, sir, I preach no gospel of despair. My sure confidence rests in the saving grace of the sober second thought of the American people, for, in the last analysis, we are a practical and a conservative people, sometimes, it is true, dreaming with our heads in the clouds, but always waking to the realizing sense that we must walk with our feet upon the earth. Sometimes the haunting spell of the darkness is upon us, but in the end the night goes, "the dawn comes, the cock crows, the ghost vanishes"; we open our eyes and all the uneasy and terrifying visions disappear in the light which fills the east with the glowing promise of another morning.

THE INVISIBLE BRIDGE BETWEEN ITALY
AND AMERICA

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

[The Italian war commissioners were welcomed by New York, at the City Hall, June 21, 1917. Mayor Mitchel presided and made the formal address of welcome. President Butler of Columbia University spoke for what he called the "unofficial citizenship." A part of his address is given below. The chief representative of the Italian commission was the Prince of Udine, a cousin of King Victor Emmanuel. Another member of the group was Marconi, the inventor, who is a member of the Italian senate.]

You have seen in the crowded streets through which you have passed, you have heard from the voices of the school children and their elders the acclaim which is in every American heart as you put foot in our great cosmopolitan capital. The Mayor has said that this is a peculiar city. New York is a great city, too great for envy; New York is a powerful city, too powerful for boasting; New York is a generous city, too generous to feel the need to extol the art of giving; New York is a patriotic city, too patriotic to be satisfied with service of the lips.

For nearly three years the population of this great metropolis has watched with tense expectancy the movement of opinion beyond the seas, and when the time came that Italy saw its duty and prepared to do it, the finger pointed to a quick coming of the day when the experience of the United States would be the same. This is no ordinary war. This is no war prosecuted by allied peoples and by allied armies with hymns of hate upon their lips. This is no war of conquest. This is no war of destruction. This is a war of which Italy knows so well — a war to unify and to free men. May one suppose that the great, peace-loving, industrious population of Italy and the great, peace-loving, industrious population

of the United States could be turned from their occupations to take up arms at this day in the history of the world on any but an issue which stirs men's souls, which appeals to men's consciences, and which holds men's intelligence in the tight grip of everlasting principle?

Nothing less could have brought Italy, nothing less could have brought the United States, into this contest, which is to be prosecuted, be the day soon or far, until the aims for which it has been undertaken are secure beyond human peradventure. The world has no intention of repeating this experience. It proposes, by the aid of Italian arms, by the aid of Italian patriotism, by the aid of Italian ideals, and Italian devotion, to mark an era on the recorded book of the world's history where no page can ever again be turned back.

You are welcomed with heartiness and welcomed with acclaim by this great population. The 800,000 among us who revere the name, the tongue, the traditions of Italy, even in whose veins runs Italian blood, are of the very stock and stuff of our best citizenship.

They are gathered here to a great and representative number. They have lined the streets through which we have come, and they will line the streets through which we are yet to go, and they represent a bond — a bond which is human and therefore immortal — between the sun-kissed land from which they came and this bounteous land across the sea to which they have come. Not that they love Italy less, but that they found here an opportunity to go forward in those paths which most warmly appeal to them, and which they can do with no breach of tradition, no break of affections, no sundering of ancient and beloved ties.

And that is why this great element of our metropolitan population is so sternly and so strongly American, and why it is so fond of the name and the fame of Italy; and that is why it represents a bond, a bridge, an invisible bridge across this great ocean over which ideals and accomplishments come

and go, pass and repass, as the great human tide flows on to make itself felt in the accomplishment of liberty. That is the keynote that we strike at the opening of these memorable days. These are days that we do not forget, because they stir our souls. These are days that we cannot forget, for they make us into new men.

WHY WE ARE FIGHTING GERMANY

FRANKLIN K. LANE

[From a speech before the Home Club of the Interior Department, June 4, 1917, at Washington.]

WHY are we fighting Germany? The brief answer is that ours is a war of self-defense. We did not wish to fight Germany. She made the attack upon us; not on our shores, but on our ships, our lives, our rights, our future.

We are fighting Germany because in this war feudalism is making its last stand against on-coming democracy. We see it now. This is a war against an old spirit, an ancient, outworn spirit. It is a war against feudalism — the right of the castle on the hill to rule the village below. It is a war for democracy — the right of all to be their own masters. Let Germany be feudal if she will. But she must not spread her system over a world that has outgrown it.

America speaks for the world in fighting Germany. Mark on a map those countries which are Germany's allies, and you will mark but four, running from the Baltic through Austria and Bulgaria to Turkey. All the other nations, the whole globe around, are in arms against her or are unable to move. There is a deep meaning in this.

We fight with the world for an honest world, in which nations keep their word, for a world in which nations do not live by swagger or by threat, for a world in which men think of the ways in which they can conquer the common cruelties of nature instead of inventing more horrible cruelties to inflict upon the

spirit and body of man, for a world in which the ambition of the philosophy of a few shall not make miserable all mankind, for a world in which the man is held more precious than the machine, the system, or the State.

THE NATION NEEDS ALL OF ITS MEN

WOODROW WILSON

[From President Wilson's selective draft proclamation. It was signed May 18, 1917.]

THE Power against which we are arrayed has sought to impose its will upon the world by force. To this end it has increased armament until it has changed the face of war. In the sense in which we have been wont to think of armies, there are no armies in this struggle, there are entire nations armed. Thus the men who remain to till the soil and man the factories are no less a part of the army that is in France than the men beneath the battle flags.

It must be so with us. It is not an army that we must shape and train for war; it is a nation. To this end our people must draw close in one compact front against a common foe. But this cannot be if each man pursues a private purpose. All must pursue one purpose.

The nation needs all men, but it needs each man, not in the field that will most pleasure him, but in the endeavor that will best serve the common good. Thus, though a sharpshooter pleases to operate a triphammer for the forging of great guns, and an expert machinist desires to march with the flag, the nation is being served only when the sharpshooter marches and the machinist remains at his levers.

The whole nation must be a team in which each man shall play the part for which he is best fitted. To this end Congress has provided that the nation shall be organized for war by selection and that each man shall be classified for service

in the place to which it shall best serve the general good to call him.

The significance of this cannot be overstated. It is a new thing in our history and a landmark in our progress. It is a new manner of accepting and vitalizing our duty to give ourselves with thoughtful devotion to the common purpose of us all. It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is, rather, selection from a nation which has volunteered in mass. It is no more a choosing of those who shall march with the colors than it is a selection of those who shall serve an equally necessary and devoted purpose in the industries that lie behind the battle line.

The day here named is the time upon which all shall present themselves for assignment to their tasks. It is for that reason destined to be remembered as one of the most conspicuous moments in our history. It is nothing less than the day upon which the manhood of the country shall step forward in one solid rank in defence of the ideals to which this nation is consecrated. It is important to those ideals, no less than to the pride of this generation in manifesting its devotion to them, that there be no gaps in the ranks.

THE WESTERN WORLD IN DANGER

ELIHU ROOT

[Mr. Root spoke before the Republican Club of New York City, April 9, 1917, on the importance of making the war hard and thorough. He also urged his hearers to forget that they were political partisans. "We will make a coalition ourselves with every Democrat in the country. The coalition of the United States will be of all its people, to hold up the hands of the Government of the United States, no matter from which party it comes."]

It has been growing more and more manifest during the past two and a half years that the conflict raging in Europe, Asia, and Africa between the Central European powers and the Allies has been a conflict for the control of the world.

From all the confused statements and mass of documents at the beginning of the war there has gradually emerged the ascertained certainty that Germany, under the leadership of the military caste of Prussia, has entered upon the great undertaking she has been preparing for for more than a generation, the hegemony of the world.

It has been startlingly true that, if Germany won, the same principle by which she treated the covenant with Belgium as a scrap of paper, that the same principles of conduct which violated every rule of international law and obligations of treaties, would be applied by her to the rest of the world.

Even though Germany may not be successful, she will still remain the Germany of 70,000,000 people. They will still be there. At the close of the war, if the terms of peace provide for no protection to the western continents, there will be but one opportunity for the application of those principles known in Germany as national evolution. There will be but one avenue for her to resume her career of expansion. That will be the broad and ill-defended spaces of the Western continent. What will the Monroe Doctrine be worth if the American people are not prepared to defend it?

If we shrink from the test now, what will we do if we see Germany establishing a base in the Caribbean, at the very entrance to the canal? If we do nothing now, we will do nothing then. If we do not get ready now, we will not be ready then. If we are not stirred to action now, we will not be stirred to action then. If such a base should be established on our border as a basis for new aggression, how long would it be before the time would come when we would find ourselves in the condition of a subject people, unready to defend our liberties?

Democracies cannot live alongside autocracies. To remain alongside such a power means that democracy must surrender to autocracy. The question is whether all the world shall become a group of armed camps, inhabited by people who

have surrendered their liberties to military authority. The President was right when he said that the world must be made safe for democracy. We are to fight for our liberties and the liberties of mankind. We are to fight for the ideals of America, for the mission of America, for the enfranchisement of the world.

THE EDUCATED MAN AND DEMOCRATIC IDEALS

CHARLES E. HUGHES

[From *Conditions of Progress in Democratic Government*; Yale University Press, 1910. The volume contains a series of public lectures delivered at Yale.]

It is of first importance that there should be sympathy with democratic ideals. I do not refer to the conventional attitude commonly assumed in American utterances and always taken on patriotic occasions. I mean the sincere love of Democracy. As Montesquieu says: "A love of the Republic in a democracy is a love of the democracy; as the latter is that of equality."

It would be difficult to find an association in which wealth, or family, or station are of less consequence, and in which a young man is appraised more nearly at his actual worth, than in an American college. Despite the increase of luxury in college living, the number of rich men's sons who frequent these institutions, and the amount of money lavishly and foolishly expended, our colleges are still wholesomely democratic. A young man who is decent, candid, and honorable in his dealings will not suffer because he is poor, or his parents are obscure, and the fact that he may earn his living in humble employment in order to pay for his education will not cost him the esteem of his fellows. He will be rated, as the rich man's son will be rated, at the worth of his character, judged by the standards of youth which maintain truth and fair dealing and will not tolerate cant or sham. This is so largely true

that it may be treated as the rule, and regrettable departures from it as the exception.

But a larger sympathy and appreciation are needed. The young man who goes out into life favorably disposed towards those who have had much the same environment and opportunity may still be lacking in the broader sympathy which should embrace all his fellow-countrymen. He may be tolerant and democratic with respect to those who, despite differences in birth and fortune, he may regard as kindred spirits, and yet in his relation to men at large, to the great majority of his fellow beings, be little better than a snob. Or despite the camaraderie of college intercourse he may have developed a cynical disposition or an intellectual aloofness which, while not marked enough to interfere with success in many vocations, or to disturb his conventional relations, largely disqualifies him from aiding his community as a public-spirited citizen. The primary object of education is to emancipate; to free from superstition, from the tyranny of worn-out notions, from the prejudices, large and small, which enslave the judgment. His study of history and of the institutions of his country has been to little purpose if the college man has not caught the vision of Democracy and has not been joined by the truth of heart and conscience to the great human brotherhood which is working out its destiny in this land of opportunity.

The true citizen will endeavor to understand the different racial viewpoints of the various elements which enter into our population. He will seek to divest himself of antipathy or prejudice toward any of those who have come to us from foreign lands, and he will try, by happy illustration in his own conduct, to hasten appreciation of the American ideal. For him "American" will ever be a word of the spirit and not of the flesh. Difference in custom or religion will not be permitted to obscure the common human worth, nor will bigotry of creed or relation prevent a just appraisal. The pitiful revelations of ignorance and squalor, of waste and folly, will

not sap his faith. He will probably seek truly to know himself and others, and with fraternal insight to enter into the world's work, to share the joys of accomplishment, and to help in the bearing of the burdens of misery. He will be free from the prejudice of occupation or of residence. He will not look askance either at city or at country. For him any honest work will be honorable, and those who are toiling with their hands will not be merely economic factors of work, but human beings of like passions and possessed of the "certain inalienable rights." Neither birth nor station, neither circumstance nor vocation, will win or prevent the esteem to which fidelity, honesty, and sincerity are alone entitled. He will look neither up nor down, but with even eye will seek to read the hearts of men.

WHAT THE FLAG MEANS

CHARLES E. HUGHES

[An address in presenting a flag to the honor members of a graduating class at a school in Washington, June, 1916.]

This flag means more than association and reward. It is the symbol of our national unity, our national endeavor, our national aspiration. It tells you of the struggle for independence, of union preserved, of liberty. And union one and inseparable, of the sacrifices of brave men and women to whom the ideals and honor of this nation have been dearer than life.

It means America first; it means an undivided allegiance. It means America united, strong and efficient, equal to her tasks. It means that you cannot be saved by the valor and devotion of your ancestors; that to each generation comes its patriotic duty; and that upon your willingness to sacrifice and endure as those before you have sacrificed and endured rests the national hope.

It speaks of equal rights; of the inspiration of free institutions exemplified and vindicated; of liberty under law intelligently conceived and impartially administered.

There is not a thread in it but scorns self-indulgence, weakness, and rapacity. It is eloquent of our community interests, outweighing all divergences of opinion, and of our common destiny.

Given as a prize to those of the highest standing, it happily enforces the lesson that intelligence and zeal must go together, that discipline must accompany emotions, and that we must ultimately rely upon enlightened opinion.

THE MORAL REGENERATION OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

[From *The Meaning of the Times*; copyright, 1908; reprinted by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company. This address sets forth the strong desire of earnest men to correct the evils that have appeared in the wake of great industrial expansion. It has the spirit of resoluteness and of optimism. In such a spirit lies the hope of the future.]

THE meaning of the times is the organization of honesty. We are in a moral movement, not a political phase. Ours is a period of history, not a moment of passion. The Nation is writing into law for all men to obey those rules of fair dealing which, without any law, most men already obey.

It is said that we need no such statutes. But you Yale men, who so often win in athletics, know that you cannot leave the game to the mind, will, or moral sense of any man or set of men. So you make rules of the game, which every man must obey. The purpose of these rules is order and fair play. A game won by fraud is not a victory, but a disgrace. These rules apply equally to all. Nobody can be above the rules of the game, no matter how strong or wise he is. If any man among you took the stand that he would play the game by his own notions, instead of by the rules which govern all the rest of you, you would apply those rules to him harder than to anybody else; or else you would not let him play at all.

This simple example shows how wrong it is to let exceptional men do big business in their own way regardless of law, instead of having common rules for making them do business in everybody's way in obedience to law. It shows how necessary it is to make the extraordinary man do business by the same rules by which the ordinary man must do business. That, and only that, is what we started to do in the laws we have passed; what we will keep on doing until the work is finished.

This is the meaning of the times — a meaning that is simple and plain, just as the meaning of every historic movement has been simple and plain. All great things, all things that last, are simple and plain. The Bismarck period in Germany meant the unity of the German people; all other matters connected with it were mere incidents of the march and not the march itself. The Washington movement in America was mainly nationhood; everything had to give way to that, whether British or Hessian bayonets without, or local and selfish ideas within. The meaning of the Lincoln movement was mainly supremacy of the general will of all the people over the local will of some of the people — the never-dying and ever-growing idea that we are one people with one flag, instead of many peoples with many flags; and as time goes on, all the problems of our Civil War, important as they appeared, are seen to be little when we look at them side by side with this overwhelming issue.

So all great movements have had a plain and simple meaning — a clear principle running straight through and explaining their every phase. And every one of these movements went on until its meaning was thoroughly worked out. All of them were resisted by the wrongs which these movements had come to make right. Able and wicked men who fattened on those evils resisted them with money, pen, and sword; and even good men saw with the eye of the hour instead of the eye of the future, grew weak and faint-hearted, and sometimes thought it better to endure the things which hurt the people than to suffer the pains that come with their cure.

For nothing wrong is ever made right without pain. There is no such thing as a comfortable reform. Suffering is the price of putting righteousness in the place of wrong. But it is worth the price. Valley Forge was terrible, but the birth of the Republic was worth a thousand Valley Forges. Vicksburg and the Wilderness were fearful, but the unity of the American people was cheap at the cost of those red years, those storms of death, those fields of blood.

Throughout all these great movements for the betterment of man there were seasons of despair, and the despair of the good was strengthened by the courage of the bad. So in our Revolution we see Washington and his patriots surrounded within his own camp by scheme and plot to end the struggle; but Washington and his patriots kept straight on, and in the end they won. In Lincoln's day even pure and able men said of the seceding states, "Let the erring sisters go"; and a political party nominated for President a Union general upon a platform that "the war is a failure." Lincoln and those who thought that nothing could fail which was right, and nothing could win which was wrong, went straight on, and in the end they won.

So we see that our own movement to-day is just like every other similar movement throughout all history. It, too, is fought by the same kind of forces that fought the same kind of movements in the past. It, too, has its dark hour when those who have battled for it lose their nerve, and when those who oppose it come to the fight with fresh bravery and skill. It, too, has its plain and simple meaning — the organization of honesty; or as I named it two years ago, the moral regeneration of American business. This is the clear light by which all the laws we have passed and intend to pass may be read easily, and by which future generations will behold and understand our times.

Each of these movements grew out of conditions, and so does ours. We have been busy with material things, making money, building railroads, sinking mines, occupying land;

busy with trade and the development of resources. All this was good. But finally we became so busy with material things that we forgot ideal things; so busy with results that we forgot methods. Development of resources too often became exploitation of resources; trade too often became trickery; government too often became graft; building industry too often became juggling with industry; the praiseworthy spirit of gain by fair methods too often gave way to the evil spirit of gain by any methods.

Men felled and sawed into lumber forests belonging to the Nation, and called it enterprise; men sold poisoned food and diseased meat to the people and called it business; men watered stocks, overcharged the people to make the stocks pay dividends, and called it finance; men forced secret rebates from railroads, built prosperous plants upon the fraud, and called it industry; men bought the mastery of cities and states, got corrupt privileges and contracts, and called it government; men purchased high office, and called it career.

When we stopped the robbery of the Nation's forests the robbers called it paternalism; when we stopped the sale of poisoned food and diseased meats the sellers called it socialism; when we are trying to stop stock-juggling, criminal rebates and the like the jugglers call it a raid on prosperity; when we try to stop government by graft and politics by purchase, those who grow rich by graft or go to high places by purchase call our work interference with private affairs in the one case, and assault upon respectability in the other case. . . .

With us in America, the fight is between interests which do not want fair play on the one hand, and the people who mean that everybody shall play fair on the other hand. Here and now, as everywhere and at all times, the people are winning and will completely win. But it is a hard fight. Every man is needed. Especially young men like yourselves are needed. If the Nation were at war — and it may be at war before many years — every one of us would gladly give his blood and life

for it on the field of battle. But this is not enough; every one of us must give his time and strength to the Nation in the field of politics. The man who will not do this does not deserve those rights which his indifference compels others to win for him. The young man who will not take part in the Nation's civil struggles for honesty and righteousness is unworthy of his fathers, who gave not only their time and strength in the same struggle, but gave their blood and lives on war's red fields for the same great purpose.

THE NEW WEALTH

WALTER E. WEYL

[From *Harper's Magazine*, by permission of the author and the publishers.]

WHETHER we use our new wealth wisely or unwisely, however, there are many who believe that its mere increase will intensify our proverbial American materialism. For many decades we have been upbraided for our flaunting of gold, for our naked worship of wealth, for our applying merely pecuniary standards to the highest and the best. . . .

It is doubtful, however, whether America really grows more materialistic as it grows wealthier. Are rich nations more mercenary than poor? Do peoples strive harder for what they have than for what they lack? Are we more materialistic than French, Italians, or Swiss, or more openly and crassly materialistic than were the Americans of Grant's day or Washington's? Ours is still "The Land of Dollars," but surely our present materialism is at least somewhat tempered by idealism. Here and there in our American life we encounter an idealism, linked seemingly with our wealth, practical, business-like, but sincere, almost sentimental, almost romantic.

A curious illustration of a certain over-moneyed idealism is found in the benefactions of some of our very wealthy men. In America, where class sentiment is weak and men have no

peerage to which to aspire, and no well-defined leisure-class opinion to which to appeal, even the wealthiest are not entirely above the common judgment of the nation, nor beyond the need of the approval of their fellow-citizens. We consequently find that multimillionaires, who have acquired their wealth legally and illegally, morally and immorally, make wise donations to hospitals, libraries, research laboratories, art-museums, and other works of social progress. These benefactions have their evil as well as their good side, but no fair man can doubt their impulse. A little vain-glory, a little ostentation in competitive benevolence, weighs but lightly against the real sense of social obligation which these gifts reveal.

It is not, however, by donations and benefactions, munificent as these may be, that the great new wealth of America can be applied so as to bring to the nation the maximum of advantage and the minimum of harm. The final influence of American wealth upon American character must depend upon its distribution. We have paid too scant attention to the channels through which this vast wealth flows, and are only now learning, to our cost, that wealth which spurts and gushes and trickles uncertainly, a torrent here, a trickling, dying stream there, may do damage as well as good.

To-day opposing tendencies reveal themselves in the concentration and in the diffusion of this national wealth. We have intangible, elusive fortunes, with the fluidity of quicksilver, daily, stupendously growing. We see dismaying contrasts between men who have more than they need, and men who need more than they have; between multimillionaires, bewildered by the magnitude of their possessions, and abject wretches brutalized by want. And yet these spectacular contrasts tell only part of the story. Simultaneously there occurs a slow but immense diffusion of our national wealth.

An ever larger section of the people is emerging from former poverty, is getting into a position where life may be faced from the vantage-ground of a high wage or of a small property. This

diffusion means a far higher standard of comfort in country as in city, among well-to-do, comfortable, and moderately poor people. It means a lessening death-rate. It means that babies can be more carefully treated by physicians and nurses, and can be assured of a better diet. It means that the children of America may be better fed, better clad, better housed, better amused, better educated than before. The new wealth, to the extent of its diffusion and to the extent of its social utilization, means a better school attendance at better schools, an enormous increase in secondary education, a far wider spread and democratization of university education.

Even our inequality in wealth, enormous and incomprehensible though it is, does not deflect all advantages from the masses. Our income is far less unequally divided, and the use of wealth is more general than its possession. The rents of the great city landowner are paid to him; his houses are *used* by the people. Directly or indirectly, modern wealth goes largely to supply the needs, improve the position, and increase the power of the great mass of the population.

If America were to go into the hands of a receiver, if our total assets were to be taken over by one single intelligence, interested uniquely in making the best use of our hundred and eighty-seven billions of wealth, we should doubtless find, after a few decades of such stewardship, that America had changed and American characteristics, qualities, and aspects had changed equally. Our vast new wealth, wisely applied, would mean the passing of illiteracy, the abolition of pathological child labor, the careful preparation of our entire population for all the different requirements of modern life. It would mean the end of low wages, of dangerous and unsanitary factories, of excessive or deleterious toil, of unemployment, of underemployment, of industrial uncertainty, and that long train of vices which follow casual labor. It would mean the end of evil housing conditions; the building of new and healthful, if not always beautiful, suburbs; a bold and successful cam-

paign against typhoid, tuberculosis, and other plagues; a diminution of city mortality, an increase in the amount and a betterment of the quality of life. It would mean improved recreation, enlarged pleasure, a diminution of drunkenness and disease, and an escape from that haunting fear of poverty which so accentuates the gambling element in our civilization. It would lessen that ruthlessness, recklessness, and cynical egotism with which our present-day wealth is so intimately associated.

What is required is a change in our attitude toward society, responsibility on the part of each for the wealth that each possesses, a responsibility on the part of all for the social and equitable distribution of the new wealth as it pours out unceasingly. . . .

A better distribution and a better utilization of our present wealth would mean an increase in the intelligence and the capacity of the people who acquire wealth, than which no better investment could be made. Measured by the men of the coming generations, we are to-day singularly unproductive. We are still pitifully ignorant of natural science, pitifully ignorant of social science. . . . We are only slowly — very slowly — learning.

As we look forward, we are overcome with the sheer magnitude of our probable future wealth and with our uncomprehended responsibility for its use. What we now have is but an earnest of the incomparably greater stores beyond. We have not yet begun to exploit the resources of our continent. We have not begun to learn from science the magic which will open the earth to our needs. We have hardly approached the study of those great problems of social reorganization and of popular education which will make of these gifts of nature a blessing and not a curse. We are like an ignorant savage starving in the midst of fertile fields; like the pioneer Balboa, wading timidly into an ocean upon which great vessels are destined to sail.

PART X

OPPORTUNITY

AMERICA IS THE HOME OF MAN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[From a lecture read in Boston in 1844. It called on the American people to be alert, independent, and progressive. This is the dominant note in much of Emerson's writing at this period. It was a time of national self-complacency and intellectual and moral sluggishness. It needed Emerson's quickening power.]

THE development of our American internal resources, the extension to the utmost of the commercial system, and the appearance of new moral causes which are to modify the State are giving an aspect of greatness to the Future, which the imagination fears to open. One thing is plain for all men of common sense and common conscience, that here, here in America, is the home of man.

After all the deductions which are to be made for our pitiful politics, which stake every gravest national question on the silly die whether James or whether Robert shall sit in the chair and hold the purse; after all the deduction is made for our frivolities and insanities, there still remains an organic simplicity and liberty, which, when it loses its balance, redresses itself presently, which offers opportunity to the human mind not known in any other region.

It is true the public mind wants self-respect. We are full of vanity, of which the most signal proof is our sensitiveness to foreign and especially English censure. One cause of this is our immense reading, and that reading chiefly confined to the productions of the English press. It is also true that to

imaginative persons in this country there is somewhat bare and bald in our short history and unsettled wilderness. They ask, who would live in a new country that can live in an old? and it is not strange that our youths and maidens should burn to see the picturesque extremes of an antiquated country.

But it is one thing to visit the Pyramids, and another to wish to live there. Would they like tithes to the clergy, and sevenths to the government, and Horse-Guards, and licensed press, and grief when a child is born, and threatening, starved weavers, and a pauperism now constituting one-thirteenth of the population? Instead of the open future expanding here before the eye of every boy to vastness, would they like the closing in of the future to a narrow slit of sky, and that fast contracting to be of no future? One thing, for instance, the beauties of aristocracy, we commend to the study of the traveling American. The English, the most conservative people this side of India, are not sensible of the restraint, but an American would seriously resent it. The aristocracy, incorporated by law and education, degrades life for the unprivileged classes. It is a questionable compensation to the embittered feeling of a proud commoner, the reflection that a fop, who, by the magic of title, paralyzes his arm and plucks from him half the graces and rights of a man, is himself also an aspirant excluded with the same ruthlessness from higher circles, since there is no end to the wheels within wheels of this spiral heaven.

Something may be pardoned to the spirit of loyalty when it becomes fantastic; and something to the imagination, for the baldest life is symbolic. Philip II of Spain rated his ambassador for neglecting serious affairs in Italy, whilst he debated some point of honor with the French ambassador: "You have left a business of importance for a ceremony." The ambassador replied, "Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony."

The English have many virtues, many advantages, and the proudest history of the world; but they need all and more

than all the resources of the past to indemnify a heroic gentleman in that country for the mortifications prepared for him by the system of society, and which seem to impose the alternative to resist or to avoid it. That there are mitigations and practical alleviations to this rigor, is not an excuse for the rule. Commanding worth and personal power must sit crowned in all companies, nor will extraordinary persons be slighted or affronted in any company of civilized men. But the system is an invasion of the sentiment of justice and the native rights of men, which, however decorated, must lessen the value of English citizenship.

It is for Englishmen to consider, not for us; we only say, Let us live in America, too thankful for our want of feudal institutions. Our houses and towns are like mosses and lichens, so slight and new; but youth is a fault of which we shall daily mend. This land too is as old as the Flood, and wants no ornament or privilege which nature could bestow. Here stars, here woods, here hills, here animals, here men abound, and the vast tendencies concur of a new order. If only the men are employed in conspiring with the designs of the Spirit who led us hither and is leading us still, we shall quickly enough advance out of all hearing of others' censures, out of all regrets of our own, into a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded.

LINCOLN: THE MYSTERY OF DEMOCRACY

WOODROW WILSON

[From an address at Hodgenville, Kentucky, September 4, 1916, in accepting, on behalf of the American people, the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln as a gift from the Lincoln Farm Association. The log cabin in which Lincoln was born is now housed in a granite memorial building. At the presentation ceremonies a large crowd, representing nearly every type of American, was in attendance. "Gaunt mountaineers," says a newspaper account, "of the type of Lincoln's forebears, who had trudged for miles over the rough roads, rubbed elbows with wealthy visitors who came in motor cars."]

How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind.

Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot.

No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many a horizon which those about him dreamed not of — that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the

ready ease of one to the manner born — or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy, that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amid which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise, our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origin was as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story. . . .

Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world — a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference

as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome — after we have recognized them. . . .

I have come here to-day, not to utter an eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none; but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled?

For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose.

The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

AMERICANISM IN LITERATURE

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

[From *Americanism in Literature*, 1871.]

It seems unspeakably important that all persons among us, and especially the student and the writer, should be pervaded with Americanism. Americanism includes the faith that national self-government is not a chimera, but that, with whatever inconsistencies and drawbacks, we are steadily establishing it here. It includes the faith that to this good thing all other good things must in time be added. When a man is heartily imbued with such a national sentiment as this, it is as marrow in his bones and blood in his veins. . . .

I affirm that democratic society, the society of the future, enriches and does not impoverish human life, and gives more, not less, material for literary art. Distributing culture through all classes, it diminishes class-distinction and develops individuality. Perhaps it is the best phenomenon of American life thus far, that the word "gentlemen," which in England still designates a social order, is here more apt to refer to personal character. When we describe a person as a gentleman, we usually refer to his manners, morals and education, not to his property or birth; and this change alone is worth the transplantation across the Atlantic. The use of the word "lady" is yet more comprehensive, and therefore more honorable still; we sometimes see, in a shopkeeper's advertisement, "sales-lady wanted." No doubt the mere fashionable novelist loses terribly by the change: when all classes may wear the same dress-coat, what is left for him? But he who aims to depict passion and character gains in proportion; his material is increased tenfold. The living realities of American life ought to come in among the tiresome layfigures of average English fiction . . . and no longer turn on the vexed question whether the daughter of this or that matchmaker shall marry the bar-

onet. . . . The play of human emotion is a thing so absorbing that the petty distinctions of cottage and castle become as nothing in its presence. Why not waive these small matters in advance, then, and go straight to the real thing?

The greatest transatlantic successes which American novelists have yet attained — those won by Cooper and Mrs. Stowe — have come through a daring Americanism of subject, which introduced in each case a new figure to the European world, — first the Indian, then the negro. Whatever the merit of the work, it was plainly the theme which conquered. Such successes are not easily to be repeated, for they were based on temporary situations never to recur. But they prepare the way for higher triumphs to be won by a profounder treatment, — the introduction into literature not of new tribes alone, but of the American spirit. To analyze combinations of character that only our national life produces, to portray dramatic situations that belong to a clearer social atmosphere, — this is the higher Americanism. Of course, to cope with such themes in such a spirit is less easy than to describe a foray or a tournament, or to multiply indefinitely such still-life pictures as stereotyped English or French society affords; but the thing when once done is comparably nobler. It may be centuries, before it is done; no matter. It will be done. . . .

It is not important to know whether a man reads Homer, or Dante: the essential point is whether he believes the world to be young or old; whether he sees as much scope for his own inspiration as if never a book had appeared in the world. So long as he does this, he has the American spirit: no books, no travel, can overwhelm him, for these will only enlarge his thoughts and raise his standard of execution. When he loses his faith, he takes rank among the copyists and the secondary, and no accident can raise him to a place among the benefactors of mankind. He is like a man who is frightened in battle: you cannot exactly blame him, for it may be an affair of the temperament or of the digestion; but you are glad to let him

drop to the rear, and to close up the ranks. Fields are won by those who believe in the winning.

PERMANENT FAMILIES IN THE UNITED STATES

CHARLES W. ELIOT

[From a Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, June 28, 1888, on "The Working of the American Democracy." Reprinted here by permission of the Century Company.]

IN the future there will undoubtedly be seen a great increase in the number of permanent families in the United States, — families in which honor, education, and property will be transmitted with reasonable certainty; and a fair beginning has already been made. On the quinquennial catalogue of Harvard University there are about five hundred and sixty family stocks, which have been represented by graduates at intervals for at least one hundred years. On the Yale catalogue there are about four hundred and twenty such family stocks; and it is probable that all other American colleges which have existed one hundred years or more show similar facts in proportion to their age and to the number of their graduates. There is nothing in American institutions to prevent this natural process from extending and continuing. The college graduate who does not send his son to college is a curious exception. American colleges are, indeed, chiefly recruited from the sons of men who were not college-bred themselves; for democratic society is mobile, and permits young men of ability to rise easily from the lower to the higher levels. But on the other hand nothing in the constitution of society forces men down who have once risen, or prevents their children and grandchildren from staying on the higher level if they have the virtue in them. . . .

Two things are necessary to family permanence, — education and bodily vigor, in every generation. To secure these

two things, the holding and the transmission of moderate properties in families must be so well provided for by law and custom as to be possible for large numbers of families. For the objects in view, great properties are not so desirable as moderate or even small properties, since the transmission of health and education with great properties is not so sure as with small properties. It is worth while to inquire, therefore, what has been accomplished under the reign of the American democracy in the way of making the holding and the transmission of small properties possible. In the first place, safe investments for moderate sums have been greatly multiplied and made accessible, as every trustee knows. Great trust-investment companies have been created expressly to hold money safely, and make it yield a sure though small income. The savings-bank and the insurance company have been brought to every man's door, the latter insuring against almost every kind of disaster to which property and earning capacity are liable. Life insurance has been regulated and fostered, with the result of increasing materially the stability of households and the chances of transmitting education in families. Through these and other agencies it has been made more probable that widows and orphans will inherit property, and easier for them to hold property securely, — a very important point in connection with the permanence of families, as may be strikingly illustrated by the single statement that eighteen per cent of the students of Harvard College have no fathers living. Many new employments have been opened to women, who have thus been enabled more easily to hold families together and educate their children. Finally, society has been saved in great measure from war and revolution, and from the fear of these calamities; and thus family property, as well as happiness, has been rendered more secure.

The holding and the transmission of property in families are, however, only means to two ends, namely, education and health in successive generations. From the first, the American

democracy recognized the fact that education was of supreme importance to it, — the elementary education for all, the higher for all the naturally selected; but it awakened much later to the necessity of attending to the health of the people. European aristocracies have always secured themselves in a measure against physical degeneration by keeping a large proportion of their men in training as soldiers and sportsmen, and most of their women at ease in country seats. In our democratic society, which at first thought only of work and production, it is to be observed that public attention is directed more and more to the means of preserving and increasing health and vigor. Some of these means are country schools for city children, country or seaside houses for families, public parks and gardens, out-of-door sports, systematic physical training in schools and colleges, vacations for business and professional men, and improvements in the dwellings and the diet of all classes. Democracy leaves marriages and social groups to be determined by natural affiliation or congeniality of tastes and pursuits, which is the effective principle in the association of cultivated persons under all forms of government. So far from having any quarrel with the law of hereditary transmission, it leaves the principle of heredity perfectly free to act; but it does not add to the natural sanctions of that principle an unnecessary bounty of privileges conferred by law.

From this consideration of the supposed conflict between democracy and the law of heredity the transition is easy to my last topic, namely, the effects of democratic institutions on the production of ladies and gentlemen. There can be no question that a general amelioration of manners is brought about in a democracy by public schools, democratic churches, public conveyances without distinction of class, universal suffrage, town-meetings, and all the multifarious associations in which democratic society delights; but this general amelioration might exist, and yet the highest types of manners might fail. Do these fail? On this important point American ex-

perience is already interesting, and I think conclusive. Forty years ago Emerson said it was a chief felicity of our country that it excelled in women. It excels more and more. Who has not seen in public and private life American women unsurpassable in grace and graciousness, in serenity and dignity, in affluent gladness and abounding courtesy? Now, the lady is the consummate fruit of human society at its best. In all the higher walks of American life there are men whose bearing and aspect at once distinguish them as gentlemen. They have personal force, magnanimity, moderation, and refinement; they are quick to see and to sympathize; they are pure, brave, and firm. These are also the qualities that command success; and herein lies the only natural connection between the possession of property and nobility of character. In a mobile or free society the excellent or noble man is likely to win ease and independence; but it does not follow that under any form of government the man of many possessions is necessarily excellent. On the evidence of my reading and of my personal observation at home and abroad, I fully believe that there is a larger proportion of ladies and gentlemen in the United States than in any other country. This proposition is, I think, true with the highest definition of the term "lady" or "gentleman"; but it is also true, if ladies and gentlemen are only persons who are clean and well-dressed, who speak gently and eat with their forks. It is unnecessary, however, to claim any superiority for democracy in this respect; enough that the highest types of manners in men and women are produced abundantly on democratic soil.

It would appear then from American experience that neither generations of privileged ancestors nor large inherited possessions are necessary to the making of a lady or a gentleman. What is necessary? In the first place, natural gifts. The gentleman is *born* in a democracy, no less than in a monarchy. In other words, he is a person of fine bodily and spiritual qualities, mostly innate. Secondly, he must have through ele-

mentary education early access to books, and therefore to great thoughts and high examples. Thirdly, he must be early brought into contact with some refined and noble person — father, mother, teacher, pastor, employer, or friend. These are the only necessary conditions in peaceful times and in law-abiding communities like ours. Accordingly, such facts as the following are common in the United States:

One of the numerous children of a small farmer manages to fit himself for college, works his way through college, becomes a lawyer, at forty is a much-trusted man in one of the chief cities of the Union, and is distinguished for the courtesy and dignity of his bearing and speech. The son of a country blacksmith is taught and helped to a small college by his minister; he himself becomes a minister, has a long fight with poverty and ill-health, but at forty-five holds as high a place as his profession affords, and every line in his face and every tone in his voice betoken the gentleman. The sons and daughters of a successful shopkeeper take the highest places in the most cultivated society of their native place, and well deserve the preëminence accorded to them. The daughter of a man of very imperfect education, who began life with nothing and became a rich merchant, is singularly beautiful from youth to age, and possesses to the highest degree the charm of dignified and gracious manners. A young girl, not long out of school, the child of respectable but obscure parents, marries a public man, and in conspicuous station bears herself with a grace, discretion, and nobleness which she could not have exceeded had her blood been royal for seven generations. Striking cases of this kind will occur to every person in this assembly. They are everyday phenomena in American society. What conclusion do they establish? They prove that the social mobility of a democracy, which permits the excellent and well-endowed of either sex to rise and to seek out each other, and which gives every advantageous variation in a family stock free opportunity to develop, is immeasurably more beneficial to a nation

than any selective inbreeding, founded on class distinctions, which has ever been devised. Since democracy has every advantage for producing in due season and proportion the best human types, it is reasonable to expect that science and literature, music and art, and all the finer graces of society will develop and thrive in America, as soon as the more urgent tasks of subduing a wilderness and organizing society upon an untried plan are fairly accomplished.

FIVE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILIZATION

CHARLES W. ELIOT

[From a volume of essays and addresses bearing the same title. Reprinted by permission of the Century Company.]

THESE five contributions to civilization — peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being — I hold to have been eminently characteristic of our country, and so important that, in spite of the qualifications and deductions which every candid citizen would admit with regard to every one of them, they will ever be held in the grateful remembrance of mankind. They are reasonable grounds for a steady, glowing patriotism. They have had much to do, both as causes and as effects, with the material prosperity of the United States; but they are all five essentially moral contributions, being triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith, and justice over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity, and distrust. Beneath each one of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit. . . .

Timid or conservative people often stand aghast at the possible directions of democratic desire, or at some of the predicted results of democratic rule; but meantime the actual

experience of the American democracy proves: 1, that property has never been safer under any form of government; 2, that no people have ever welcomed so ardently new machinery and new inventions generally; 3, that religious toleration was never carried so far, and never so universally accepted; 4, that nowhere have the power and disposition to read been so general; 5, that nowhere has governmental power been more adequate, or more freely exercised, to levy and collect taxes, to raise armies and to disband them, to maintain public order, and to pay off great public debts — national, state and town; 6, that nowhere have property and well-being been so widely diffused; and 7, that no form of government ever inspired greater affection and loyalty, or prompted to greater personal sacrifices in supreme moments.

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY

HENRY VAN DYKE

[From *Essays in Application*; copyright, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

FOREIGN critics say that the United States is not a truly democratic country, because the people are not all on a level, all alike. But when did democracy offer to guarantee the similarity of people, or grade mankind down to a dead flat? When all the trees in the forest have the same number of leaves, when all the rivers that flow into the sea contain the same number of fish, when all the fields in the farm bear the same crop, then will all men be alike in their power and skill, and consequently on a level in degree and station. Democracy is no miracle worker, no infidel to natural law. Democracy declares that men, unequal in their endowments, shall be equal in their rights to develop those endowments.

Classes must exist in every social order — ruling classes, teaching classes, agricultural classes, manufacturing classes, commercial classes. All these are in the laboring class, but

their labor is divided. The moment you begin to divide labor you begin to differentiate men. The moment you have men developed, by different kinds of work, on different sides of their nature, you have classes.

What democracy says is that there shall be no locked doors between these classes. Every stairway shall be open. Every opportunity shall be free. Every talent shall have an equal chance to earn another talent. I think we may claim that this is the case in the United States, at least to a larger extent than ever before in the history of the world. Not all the farmers' boys in the country may become Presidents of the nation. That would be physically impossible. But any of them may do so, and several of them have done so. Some of them, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, attained such eminence and power that the Presidency could hardly have added to their fame.

These cases are not accidents. They are logical evidences of an equality among men in the only sense in which equality is possible—equality of opportunity. This equality is no nebulous dream of a state in which degree is abolished and every man is as mediocre as everybody else. It is a real escape from the tyranny of artificial and hereditary distinctions; real approximation of position and fitness, honor and ability. It is safeguarded, and its effects are diffused in some measure through the whole fabric of social life, not by any mere legal enactment; but by something vastly stronger and more efficient: the state of mind which is created in the people by committing to them the choice of their own ruling classes. Herein is fulfilled the divine prophecy of democracy: "And their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governors shall proceed from the midst of them."

THE VOICE OF THE BUGLE

JOSIAH ROYCE

[From the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for May, 1916. The article is modestly entitled "A Word for the Times." *Collier's* calls it "The Voice of the Bugle." Mr. Royce was writing, of course, under the influence of the great European War.]

WHAT great crises teach all men whom the example and counsel of the brave inspire is the lesson: Fear not, view all the tasks of life as sacred, have faith in the triumph of the ideal, give daily all that you have to give, be loyal, and rejoice whenever you find yourselves part of a great ideal enterprise.

You, at this moment, have the honor to belong to a generation whose lips are touched by fire. You live in a land that now enjoys the blessing of peace. But let nothing human be wholly alien to you. The human race now passes through one of its great crises. New ideas, new issues — a new call for men to carry on the work of righteousness, of charity, of courage, of patience, and of loyalty — all these things have come and are daily coming to you. When you are old you will look back to these days. Perhaps, with the strange joy that memory throws, like a sunset glow, over even the most tragic events when once they are long past, you will some day say of these times of perplexity, of doubt, and of world-wide pain what Wordsworth said in the well-known words when he recalled the French Revolution and the hopes of his youth:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

But however memory brings back this moment to your minds, let it be able to say to you: That was a great moment. It was the beginning of a new era. The world was passing to a new life, and was greeting the new life with a loud call and with a strength of the passions of the nations that was never known before. This world in its crisis called for volunteers, for men of

faith in life, of patience in service, of charity, and of insight. I responded to the call however I could. I volunteered to give myself to my master — the cause of humane and brave living. I studied, I loved, I labored, unsparingly and hopefully, to be worthy of my generation.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

FRANKLIN K. LANE

[This address was delivered before the clerks of the Department of the Interior at Washington on Flag Day, 1914. Addresses on formal occasions are too apt to fall into well-worn ruts, both in thought and language. This address by Mr. Lane has both freshness of presentation and vitality of feeling.]

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms

no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag: "The work that we do is the making of the flag. I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

WHAT I SHOULD LIKE TO TELL THE IMMIGRANT

EDWARD A. STEINER

[From his volume called *From Alien to Citizen*; copyrighted by F. H. Revell & Co., 1914. Reprinted by permission.]

I SHOULD like the entrance into the United States to be a poem to all who come, and not the horrible tragedy into which it often resolves itself when the first ecstasy is over. All the way across the sea I would make of every ship a school, with such fair comforts as men are entitled to, for their money.

I should like to teach them that they may enter without fear and without uttering a lie, so that those at the gate might know that these new comers are human, and treat them as such, so long as they conduct themselves properly.

I should like to teach the strangers that there is a fair reward for hard struggle and an honest living wage for an honest day's work. That they must guard their health by abstinence from intoxicating drink, and I should like to prohibit its sale on

board of ship and everywhere else. For to the immigrants, the ignorant immigrants, alcohol is a lying curse. They believe that it strengthens and that no hard labor can be done without it. I should like to tell them also that their health will be guarded in mines and factories and that their bodies and souls have value to man and to God.

I should like to point to the Goddess of Liberty and say that she welcomes all who come in her name, that she guarantees freedom to all who obey law, that our law is always reasonable and that, if it is a burden, it falls upon the shoulders of rich and poor alike.

I should like to tell them that they have nothing to fear in this country except their own frailties, that there are no barriers here but their own clannishness and that the way to the best is open to all who walk reverently. This and more I should like to be able to teach; fragments of it I have taught, more of it than many of them will find true, I fear. But to me so much of it has been true that I should like to have all men find it so.

I have suffered much here, I have gone the whole scale of hunger, sorrow and despair; yet I say it again and again, Holy America! Holy America! And I want all men to be able to say it, as they said it with me under the lee of the land where free men live.

ON BECOMING AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

EDWARD A. STEINER

[From his volume called *From Alien to Citizen*; copyright, by Fleming H. Revell & Co., 1914. Reprinted by permission.]

It would be futile to try to tell of the many jubilant notes which my seminary experiences brought into the hitherto minor chords of my life in America. One epoch-making event, however, I must record. During that period I became an American citizen. On a certain never-to-be-forgotten day

I walked to the county seat, about seven miles away, to get my papers. What seemed to me should be a sacred rite proved to be an uninspiring performance. I entered a dingy office where a commonplace man, chewing tobacco, mumbled an oath which I repeated. Then he handed me a document for which I paid two dollars. When I held the long-coveted paper in my hand, the inspiring moment came, but it transpired in my own soul.

"Fellow-citizen with the saints! Fellow-citizen with the saints!" I repeated it many times all to myself.

I scarcely noticed the straight, monotonous seven miles back. I was travelling a much longer road; I was reviewing my whole life. Far away across the ocean I saw the little village in the Carpathian Mountains, with its conglomerate of warring races among which I lived, a despised "Jew boy." Loving them all, I was hated by all.

I heard the flogging of the poor Slovak peasants, the agonized cries of Jewish men and women incarcerated in their homes, while these same peasants, inflamed by alcohol but still more by prejudice, were breaking windows and burning down houses.

I saw myself growing into boyhood more and more separated from my playmates, until I lived a youth, without friends, growing into a "man without a country!"

Again I felt the desolation of that voyage on the sea, relived the sweat shop experience in New York, the hard labor in mill and mine, tramped across the plains and suffered anew all the agonies of the homeless, hungry days in Chicago. Then came the time when faith began to grow and the Christ became real. . . . After that, once more a stranger in a strange but holy place, and then a "Fellow-citizen with the saints!"

It is no wonder that strangers like myself love this country, and love it, perhaps, as the native never can. Frequently I have wished for the careless American citizen, who holds his franchise cheap, an experience like my own, that he might know the value of a freeman's birthright. It would be a glorious

experience, I am sure, to feel that transition from subject to citizen, from scarcely being permitted to say, "I," to those great collective words: "We, Fellow-citizens."

If I have preached this doctrine of fellowship in a hundred variations from one end of the country to the other — and I have done it almost with a fanatic's zeal — those who have read the story of my life will understand the reason. I have preached this doctrine with a passion, not only because America gave me the chance to achieve certain things, or because it has granted me certain rights and privileges, but because this country ought to be able to keep itself young and virile and vital enough, to bestow these blessings upon all who crowd our shores, filling our cities and entering daily into our inner life.

A hard and an almost impossible task it is, unless we can bring our idealistic forces to bear upon these unformed and rude elements which come to "spy out the land."

More and more I realize that the right of citizenship has been too easily given, because it is too lightly held; that the time must come when homeborn and stranger shall learn to realize that it is not only a gift but a privilege which must be earned, and whose right to hold must be proved by him who holds it. The community, the church, the schools and the other new, articulated ideals which are being born in these better days, must become so aggressive and so vital, that even these unlettered folk shall know that the three electric signs¹ on Broadway are not the symbols which dominate our life.

¹ The three electric signs noted by a foreign traveller first walking up Broadway represented a woman winking her right eye, a large whiskey bottle, and a chariot race. "Those three signs appeared to us to represent the American spirit," said he. "The woman who seems to rule everything, the whiskey which symbolizes your love of pleasure, and the horses, the rush of trampling trade. Since that first impression, however, we have discovered that the unseen and unadvertised forces are stronger here than we believed. We have ceased to be startled by your materialistic symbols; but each day brings its new surprises in the sphere of ideals."

They must learn that outside this illumined triangle in which the great tragedies of life take place, there is a vast, unlimited field over which broods the spirit of a noble idealism, the spirit of America. It is a cause for sincere gratitude that we are becoming more and more conscious of the power of ideals in our national life, and that these ideals bid fair to conquer.

AMERICA THE MELTING POT

SAMUEL W. MCCALL

[From the *Liberty of Citizenship*, a volume of public lectures delivered at Yale; Yale University Press, 1915.]

THE perils of a wilderness infested by savages and wild beasts were sufficiently formidable in reality, but they seemed even more alarming when they were looked upon from the eastern shores of the Atlantic. Such forbidding dangers could make no appeal to weaklings and cowards. They beckoned strong and brave men to meet them, and strong and brave men responded. All along the Atlantic, settlements were established by a hardy stock and the sterling seed was sown from which a great nation was destined to spring.

It came about that not merely during the periods before the Revolution, but for a half-century or more afterwards, this process of natural selection went on, and we see America in its making taking unto itself a virile, enterprising and daring body of citizens. The institutions adopted by people of such a character could not be otherwise than free. The atmosphere was charged with democracy and equality. Each man was in the eye of the law and of public opinion as good as every other and endowed with the same opportunity.

But the dangers and hardships of immigration gradually melted away. It became as safe to cross the sea in modern ships as to remain at home. The savages and wild beasts had disappeared and the wilderness had given place to fields of wheat and corn. . . .

Our freedom of access, our hospitality, our amazing opportunity, have brought to us each decade millions of people of stocks alien to that by which our institutions were established. We have been put under an extraordinary strain. And just as England and other nations have in the past shown their colonizing energy by sending out offshoots, planting them upon distant and empty territories and building up new nations in their own image, so we are displaying at least an equal colonizing energy in the way in which we have received these vast numbers and are assimilating them and making them over essentially into our image.

I do not mean that the nation has in no respect been changed or modified in the process. The developments from these recent additions to our population have not yet clearly appeared, but we already can see enough to permit us to believe that as a result the nation will have not only a more cosmopolitan but a richer and a more versatile citizenship, that our free institutions will essentially remain intact and the spirit of our democracy be broadened.

The influence which the mixture of races is likely to exert upon our institutions and civilization is certainly not less important than the character of the race type ultimately to be evolved. We have seen little as yet of the operation of the commonly accepted idea of the "melting pot" and have witnessed little change in the individual type. The "melting pot" notion is that we cast a certain number of Englishmen, Germans, Irishmen, Italians and members of other races into a crucible as we should the components of steel and that they become thoroughly melted and fused, and that after this fusion we may take out a new creation of uniform structure which will be the ultimate and standardized American. Possibly in the distant future we may see something of that sort, and the Irish and English crossed with the French and German, and every other known stock, may appear in a new creature who will be the typical member of the new American race. . . .

But the process will surely be slow. Indeed I am skeptical enough to doubt that this standardized world citizen or American citizen is destined to appear in a future which is not very distant. I fancy the world for mundane purposes will be as well off without either and that to increase the monotony of its citizens will not contribute to the interest of the world. The race landscape, if that term is permissible, will be no less interesting if it shall maintain its present general features, even though the divisions between the fields may not be so abrupt but may blend into each other. The strong tendency is toward the preservation of the integrity of the race stocks.

But there is a practical truth in the melting pot notion likely to be seen in times which are not remote. The fusion is more likely to be witnessed in our general achievement and in the sum of our civilization. If we shall prove reasonably homogeneous in one respect and remain devoted to democracy and the maintenance of free institutions, then, under the stimulus of our freedom, we may hope to witness in our country the noblest achievements, the fairest fruitage of the different races in our population. We may hope to see the industrial efficiency of the Germans, the strong fibre of the British with genius for political freedom, and the literary and artistic qualities of the Latin race.

We shall have a "melting pot" worth while, if out of it shall come a fusion and blending of the best works of all races and a more many-sided and a fairer civilization.

TO NEWLY-MADE CITIZENS

WOODROW WILSON

[This address was delivered at Convention Hall in Philadelphia on May 10, 1915.]

It warms my heart that you should give me such a reception; but it is not of myself that I wish to think to-night, but of those who have just become citizens of the United States.

This is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated rebirth. Other countries depend upon the multiplication of their own native people. This country is constantly drinking strength out of new sources by the voluntary association with it of great bodies of strong men and forward-looking women out of other lands. And so by the gift of the free will of independent people it is being constantly renewed from generation to generation by the same process by which it was originally created. It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great Nation, founded for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world.

You have just taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one, unless it be God — certainly not of allegiance to those who temporarily represent this great Government. You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of the human race. You have said, "We are going to America not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit — to let men know that everywhere in the world there are men who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them if they can but satisfy their quest for what their spirits crave; knowing that whatever the speech there is but one longing and utterance of the human heart, and that is for liberty and justice." And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you — bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave behind in them. I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin, — these things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts, — but it is one thing to love the place where

you were born and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go. You can not dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans. You can not become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American, and the man who goes among you to trade upon your nationality is no worthy son to live under the Stars and Stripes.

My urgent advice to you would be, not only always to think first of America, but always, also, to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow-men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either ourselves or in the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make them see finer things than they had seen before, to get rid of the things that divide and to make sure of the things that unite. It was but an historical accident no doubt that this great country was called the "United States"; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United" in its title, and the man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in this great Union is striking at its very heart.

It is a very interesting circumstance to me, in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to this great Government, that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are very disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice

in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose as it does everywhere else in the world. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand. But remember this: If we had grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome. If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me. I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise. Just because you brought dreams with you, America is more likely to realize dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you come expecting us to be better than we are.

See, my friends what that means. It means that Americans must have a consciousness different from the consciousness of every other nation in the world. I am not saying this with even the slightest thought of criticism of other nations. You know how it is with a family. A family gets centered on itself if it is not careful and is less interested in the neighbors than it is in its own members. So a nation that is not constantly renewed out of new sources is apt to have the narrowness and prejudice of a family; whereas, America must have this consciousness, that on all sides it touches elbows and touches hearts with all the nations of mankind. The example of America must be a special example. The example of America must be the example, not merely of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and 'strife is not. There is

such a thing as a man being too proud to fight.¹ There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

You have come into this great Nation voluntarily seeking something that we have to give, and all that we have to give is this: We can not exempt you from work. No man is exempt from work anywhere in the world. We cannot exempt you from the strife and the heartbreaking burden of the struggle of the day — that is common to mankind everywhere; we cannot exempt you from the loads that you must carry. We can only make them light by the spirit in which they are carried. That is the spirit of hope, it is the spirit of liberty, it is the spirit of justice.

When I was asked, therefore, by the Mayor and the committee that accompanied him to come up from Washington to meet this great company of newly admitted citizens, I could not decline the invitation. I ought not to be away from Washington, and yet I feel that it has renewed my spirit as an American to be here. In Washington men tell you so many things every day that are not so, and I like to come and stand in the presence of a great body of my fellow-citizens, whether they have been my fellow-citizens a long time or a short time, and drink, as it were, out of the common fountains with them and go back feeling what you have so generously given me — the sense of your support and of the living vitality in your hearts of the great ideals which have made America the hope of the world.

¹ This address was delivered three days after the sinking of the *Lusitania* by a German submarine. The phrase, "too proud to fight," was interpreted by some as a statement that this country would not fight under any provocation. Nothing could have been further from the meaning of the speaker. It was no doubt meant to counsel moderation. Its purpose was to allay excitement and to put people on their guard against rashness of thought and action.

ADDRESS TO WEST POINT CADETS

WOODROW WILSON

[From an address to the graduating class at West Point, on June 13, 1916.]

No man can certainly tell you what the immediate future is going to be either in the history of this country or in the history of the world. It is not by accident the present great war came in Europe. Every element was there and the contest had to come sooner or later, and it is not going to be by accident that the results are worked out, but by purpose, by the purpose of the men who are strong enough to have guiding minds and indomitable wills when the time for decision and settlement comes. And the part that the United States is to play has this distinction in it, that it is to be in any event a disinterested part.

There is nothing that the United States wants that it has to get by war, but there are a great many things that the United States has to do. It has to see that its life is not interfered with by anybody else who wants something.

These are days when we are making preparations, when the thing most commonly discussed around every sort of table, in every sort of circle, in the shops and in the streets, is preparedness, and undoubtedly that is the present imperative duty of America, to be prepared. . . .

America fortunately does know what she wants to do with her force. America came into existence for a particular reason. When you look about upon these beautiful hills and up this stately stream, and then let your imagination run over the whole body of this great country from which you youngsters are drawn, far and wide, you remember that while it had aboriginal inhabitants, while there were people living here, there was no civilization which we displaced. It was as if in the providence of God a continent had been kept unused and wait-

ing for a peaceful people who loved liberty and the rights of men more than they loved anything else, to come and set up an unselfish commonwealth. It is a very extraordinary thing. You are so familiar with the general character of American history that it does not seem strange to you, but it is a very strange history. There is none other like it in the whole annals of mankind, of men gathering out of every civilized nation of the world on an unused continent, and building a policy exactly to suit themselves, not under the domination of any ruling dynasty or of the ambitions of any royal family, doing what they pleased with their own life on a free space of land which God had made rich with every resource which was necessary for the civilization they meant to build up.

Now, what we are preparing to do is to see that nobody mars that. We are not in for anything selfish, and we want the whole mighty power of America thrown into that scale and not into any other. You know that the chief thing that is holding many people back from enthusiasm for what is called preparedness is the fear of militarism. I want to say a word to you young gentlemen about militarism.

You are not a militarist because you are military. Militarism does not consist in the existence of an army, not even in the existence of a very great army. Militarism is a spirit. It is a point of view. It is a system. It is a purpose. The purpose of militarism is to use armies for aggression. The spirit of militarism is the opposite of the civilian spirit; the citizen spirit. In a country where militarism prevails, the military man looks down upon the civilian, regards him as inferior, thinks of him as intended for his use, and just so long as America is America that spirit and point of view is impossible with us. There is as yet in this country, so far as I can discover, no taint of the spirit of militarism.

You young gentlemen are not preferred in promotion because of the families you belong to. You are not drawn into the academy because you belong to certain influential circles.

You do not come here with a long tradition of military pride back of you. You are picked out from the citizens of the United States to be that part of the force of the United States which make its policy safe against interference. You are the part of American citizens who say to those who would interfere, "You must not, and you shall not." But you are American citizens, and the idea I want to leave with you to-day is this: No matter what comes, always remember that first of all you are citizens of the United States before you are officers, and that you are officers because you represent in your particular profession what the citizenship of the United States stands for. There is no danger of militarism if you are genuine Americans, and I for one do not doubt that you are. When you begin to have the militaristic spirit, — not the military spirit, that is all right, — then begin to doubt whether you are Americans or not.

You have read a great deal in the books about the pride of the old Roman citizen, who always felt like drawing himself to his full height when he said: "I am a Roman," but as compared with the pride that must have risen to his heart, our pride has a new distinction, not the distinction of the mere imperial power of a great empire, not the distinction of being masters of the world, but the distinction of carrying certain lights for the world that the world has never so distinctly seen before, certain guiding lights of liberty and principle and justice.

We have drawn our people, as you know, from all parts of the world, and we have been somewhat disturbed recently, because some of those, though I believe a very small number, whom we have drawn into our citizenship have not taken into their hearts the spirit of America, and have loved other countries more than they loved the country of their adoption, and we have talked a great deal about Americanism. It ought to be a matter of pride with us to know what Americanism really consists of. Americanism consists in utterly believing

in the principles of America, and putting them first as above anything that might by chance come into competition with it.

Now we ought to put this test to every man we know. We ought to let it be known that nobody who does not put America first can consort with us. We ought to set them the example. We ought to set them the example by thinking American thoughts, by entertaining American purposes, and those thoughts and purposes will stand the test of example anywhere in the world, for they are intended for the betterment of mankind. So I have come to say these few words to you to-day, to remind you how we must all stand together in one spirit as lovers and servants of America. And that means something more than lovers and servants merely of the United States.

You have heard of the Monroe Doctrine. You know that we are already spiritual partners with both continents of this hemisphere, and that America means something which is bigger even than the United States, and that we stand here with the glorious power of this country ready to swing it out into the field of action whenever liberty and independence and political integrity are threatened anywhere in the western hemisphere. And we are ready. Nobody has authorized me to say this, but I am sure of it. We are ready to join with the other nations of the world in seeing that the kind of justice prevails anywhere that we believe in. So that you are graduating to-day into a new distinction. Glory attaches to all those men whose names we love to recount who have made the annals of the American army distinguished. They played the part they were called upon to play with honor, and with extraordinary character and success.

I am congratulating you not because you will be better than they, but because you have a wider world of thought and conception to play your part in. I am an American, but I do not believe that any of us loves a blustering nationality, a nationality with a chip on its shoulder, a nationality with its elbows out, and with its swagger on. We love that quiet,

self-respecting, unconquerable spirit which does not strike until it is necessary to strike, and then strikes to conquer. . . .

So my conception of America is a conception of infinite dignity, along with quiet, unquestionable power. I ask you to join with me in that conception, and let us all in our several spheres be soldiers together to realize it.

THE VIGIL OF ARMS

RALPH BARTON PERRY

[From one of the essays in *The Free Man and the Soldier*; copyrighted, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons. The essay first appeared in the *New Republic* for May 27, 1916.

Americans, from the beginning, have been averse to a large army in times of peace—partly on account of the expense, partly because it was thought unnecessary by reason of our isolated position, but largely from the vague fear that the army might, at some future day, be used as an instrument by some despot to crush popular liberty. The nation has always shuddered at the thought of the Man on Horseback. The coming of the great European war, however, brought home to Americans the importance of being prepared for the worst that may befall. Much thoughtful discussion has arisen. The article below advocates military service which shall not be militaristic according to Old World standards, but in keeping with the democratic spirit of the New World.]

It was thought appropriate that a man should pass the eve of his knighthood "bestowing himself in orisons and prayers." A knight should be a good knight, "a noble and gentle knight"—one dedicated to service and jealous of honor. Similarly a nation about to arm itself should confess its sins and renew allegiance to its ideals. It will not do to substitute for a code so exacting as that of chivalry, or a cause so clear as that of the crusades, a mere indeterminate vow of patriotism. Loyalty to one's country, unless one understands its policy and helps to mould it, is simply a renouncing of one's judgment. If we are to make training for military service a part of citizenship,

as I think we must, it is therefore important to adjust that duty to those ends that justify our national existence. In particular, how shall we be as strong as the hazard of war requires with the least prejudice to our peaceful pursuits and our constructive humane ends? It is the importance, here and now, of such a stock-taking and reckoning of cost that will justify, I hope, the rehearsal of familiar truisms.

The American army should be both dedicated to the service of democracy, and also itself an example of democracy. Democracy is on trial, as it has been many times before. A democratic government must be able to do what other governments do, namely, provide security against attack from abroad, and the necessary mechanism and organization by which the nation may exert its united strength when occasion requires. A democracy which relies for the execution of its policies on the indulgence or accidental interest of another nation is a confessed failure, whatever liberty of speech and thought it may enjoy in its domestic affairs. To prove that a democracy can maintain itself, protect the interests under its charge, and be as good as its word, is then the service which the armed force of a democracy owes to the cause of democracy.

If the army and navy are not to subvert the democracy for which they act, they must be democratic in their own internal spirit and organization, without loss of discipline. In a democratic army the officer and the private are comrades because, each doing something needful, they acknowledge one another's support in the common cause. The officer is not a person who enjoys privileges so much as one whose duties are more exacting and more responsible. He is less distinguished by his trappings than by his long hours. He is more bound than the private, who looks to him rather with gratitude than with envy. Responsible leadership and prompt concerted obedience are not undemocratic where they are pervaded by this understanding of the game, and the will to play one's part in it. They become undemocratic only when the difference

between officer and private coincides with more generally recognized social cleavages. To avoid this it is important that men of wealth and position should serve in the ranks, and that men who are favored only by their military experience and native fitness should rise from the ranks to command them. To the same end it is important that humiliating punishments should be avoided, and the authority of officers confined within clearly recognized bounds, so as to protect the self-respect of privates from the abuse or caprice of authority. In short, a democratic army must owe its discipline to morale and loyalty rather than to harshness and to fear. It is self-evident that there is most hope of fostering this spirit in an army of citizenship, conscious both of the equal dignity and of the common service which that rôle implies.

Whatever system of military service this country may adopt must be suited to our peculiar institutions and whatever we account indispensable to our national spirit. It has been argued that any military system is contrary to the genius of America. . . . It is a misfortune that America is reputed to be a land where you can make money easily and do as you please. Those whom this repute brings to us are likely to feel abused when they find that success requires work, law, and taxes here as elsewhere. Compulsory military service is in principle contrary to no ideal save that of making bricks without straws, which is an illusion on which no national life can be founded. . . .

That which is most necessary in order to adapt military training to American life is that men should be, as in the Swiss system, withdrawn only for short periods from civil life. The function of war must always be regarded as subordinate to peaceful pursuits, in the life of the individual as well as in that of the nation. The citizen must be a non-combatant first and a soldier second. He must derive his tastes and standards from his family, economic, political or recreative associations, so as to prevent the development of dominance of a distinct military type.

It is essential to democracy that the civil authority should be superior to the military authority. This is provided for in our constitutional forms and is heartily seconded by public opinion. But it has been urged against compulsory service that it requires a man to fight in a war he deems unrighteous, and stops him from criticizing it. That any given individual should be free at all times to do as his conscience dictates is somewhat less possible in time of war than in time of peace. But the difference is only one of degree. Authority of any kind, civil or military, implies that individuals shall do under pressure what they would otherwise not do. If a man is unfortunate enough to be a conscientious nihilist or a conscientious polygamist, he will find himself constrained to act contrary to his own best judgment. He may have conscientious scruples against paying his taxes, or against educating his children. But the state will penalize his action without respecting his conscience; and if he incites to riot on behalf of his own peculiar ideals he may have to submit to martyrdom. It is in principle precisely the same situation which exists in time of war. If the nation is in fact at war, then the executive and military authorities must prosecute that war as effectively as they can under such laws or rules as may be best for their guidance. A citizen who does not approve of the war must bide his time. He has had his opportunity to influence national policy, and he will have it again. Meanwhile he must bear his share of the burden which the national exigency imposes. Whether he is a volunteer or a conscript will not matter much. He cannot expect to reserve liberty of action in the presence of the enemy. If his conscience is offended, so much the worse for his conscience. What he needs is a new conscience which will teach him to keep the faith with his fellows until such time as their common understanding and their controlling policy shall have been modified. The man who refuses to obey the law because he has been outvoted is more likely to be afflicted with peevishness or egotism than exalted by heroism.

THE ADVENTURE OF BEING HUMAN

ZONA GALE

[From an article in *The Outlook*.]

A WONDER of the day is that the social instinct — the instinct for getting together for wholesome recreation and talk — should for so long have been left to satisfy itself by chance and mischance. It has been left to the more idle folk in the community, and has become a silly passion or a stupid paying of obligation, or, for the young people, a stolen thing, subject to reproof and “correction.” Only of late has the truth grown to recognition that the health of the community depends largely on the wholesome satisfaction of this wholesome need, and that the way to that satisfaction it is the province of the community to work out. And Social Centers have arisen.

I have a friend who says:

“When I saw the Oriental rugs of the professor of our new red brick high school building’s wife, hanging on the line, I says to myself, ‘No. Not that woman. I won’t never vote for her for President of the Ladies’ Aid. She ain’t one of us.’ And while they was votin’ that day I set over in one corner feelin’ mean and thinkin’, ‘No. You don’t get no ballot out of me. You ain’t folks.’

“And then the next mornin’, while I was gettin’ breakfast, she come walkin’ acrost the yard between our houses, and she says:

““Oh, Mis Arthur, I’m makin’ jonnycake, an’ I can’t tell whether you put in soda or baking powder. Which do you?’

“And when I’d told her how, and she’d started back, I stood inside the screen door just looking after her. And I thought:

““Why, my land! Underneath your Oriental rugs you was like that all the time! Why, you’re folks.’”

And once in a little town a team ran away, dashed across a trim lawn, overturned the latticed well-house, injured a young catalpa, and came to a standstill by a flower-bed. The house-

holder emerged furiously from his castle, unhitched the team, and led it into his stable. And to his assembling neighbors he breathed out the threatening that he would be paid by whoever owned that team, and paid well, for this damage before the owner should ever have back his horses.

A while later a tired man came hurrying up the street and saw his wagon marooned by the householder's tulip-bed. He came to the man's door. And the neighbors who were thereabout heard what the owner of the injured property said. It was:

"Why, hello Cal! Was them your colts? Never recognized 'em. Oh, they're all right now. I've got 'em in my barn. Dinner's just ready. Come on in!"

In these incidents lies a part of the rationale of the Social Center Idea. Namely, that, if you know people, things look different. We have always felt this. We have agreed that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin, and that a touch of nature makes the whole world kin. But we have never institutionalized that universal feeling. The Social Center does that. It consciously seeks to express and to develop the common humanhood. For this, it says, is the basis of democracy.

Here and there among the people who watch life and help it to live there is the spirit that rejects the conscious notion of clearing up the world. Perhaps more people have this spirit than ever may show it, because the stress and conflict of things most worth while constantly make the talk take to itself terms more or less militant. But deep within the insufficient things said about right and reform and improvement lives this spirit which knows that unless the thing done is done for its own sake, for the joy of doing, and as a spontaneous expression of the human being behind it, then it is born without wings.

It is precisely this spirit that the Social Center Idea expresses. It says that the common thing about people is that they are

human beings and want to be with other human beings. It says that to bring this about in right relations, and to let people act upon it and express it spontaneously, is to get more results for humanity than can result from the conscious nurturing of specific "reforms." It instils, not the rules of democracy, but the zest of the game.

In more than one hundred cities and towns in the United States social centers have been developed within the last few years: in Rochester, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Columbus, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, and Toledo. Now the University of Wisconsin has a department of Social Centers and Civic Development, in charge of Edward J. Ward, who was the director of the Rochester social centers and who instituted the movement. That is, the Wisconsin University has created an office whose duties are to develop neighborhood centers throughout the State, and to assist in their activities. One result of this has been the recent National Convention at Madison, with delegates from sixteen States, and the formation there of the National Association of Social Centers and Civic Development, with headquarters now established in New York City. And the University of Virginia has followed Wisconsin in the establishment of a Social Center Department; and other universities have afoot similar plans. It is felt to be eminently the province of the universities, since their occupation is the making of citizens. Thus the little towns and villages are growing into the movement, too. It is the ancient and simple way to accomplishment.

The Social Center, then, is the place in any community where the people of that community meet, discuss, enjoy, coöperate upon common ground as citizens in a democracy, as members of a neighborhood, as human beings, without regard to party, creed, class, or difference of possession.

With the need for such a place as this arises the realization of citizens that they have made a certain investment which could pay more than it is paying. The public schools are open

only about six hours a day. The rest of the time they lie useless, making no return on the billion-dollar investment which taxpayers have made in them. The school-house is the logical place for social center activities. It is giving the citizens the use of their own property, long subject to the "permission" of school boards. The Legislature of Wisconsin lately passed a bill granting the use of all school-houses for free discussion and recreation purposes, on application by an organization of citizens. Wisconsin is the first State to write such a bill on its statute-books, thus recognizing its function as a State to minister to the social needs of its citizens just as it ministers to their other vital needs.

The idea having arisen and the place having been opened, the development everywhere proceeds along the same natural lines: the organization of a Recreation Department in the school or in the town, the engaging of a salaried civic club organizer or director who helps with the various club meetings, with the public lectures, the motion picture entertainments, dramatics, orchestras, choruses, and the gymnasium. The spirit of the social center is the spirit of neighborhood, and its method is the method of Christmas and Thanksgiving extended to take in the family of the neighborhood, of the town.

As in every other movement, the appeal varies with the community. In one the need is recognized as the demand for social life. In another the need is for recreational life for the young people, to keep the young people off the streets, they say. In another it is to satisfy the instinct for organization. In another too many organizations have rent the life of the town, until a common meeting-place is needed to win back the town's dignity and its unity—its sacred unity. And in these days of social readjustment the blunders committed because some folk are the first by whom the new is tried and some are the lingering last by whom it is laid aside would be far less frequent, the Social Center Idea maintains, if there were some place for general discussion of new community

and State measures besides saloons and partisan political meetings — if there were a citizens' forum. But, whatever the specific appeal, always the starting-point is everybody's starting-point: being human, needing to meet as citizens, as neighbors, as human beings, for wholesome recreation and talk.

ELEMENTARY DUTY OF A DEMOCRACY

WALTER LIPPMANN

[From *Drift and Mastery*; copyright. Reprinted by permission of Mitchell Kennerley.]

THE desire for self-government has become vivid with the accumulation of a great surplus of wealth. Man to-day has at last seen the possibility of freeing himself from his supreme difficulty. It wasn't easy to think much of the possibilities of this world, while he lived on the edge of starvation. Resignation to hardship was a much more natural outlook. But in the midst of plenty, the imagination becomes ambitious, rebellion against misery is at least justified, and dreams have a basis in fact.

Of course, there are immense sections of the globe where the hard conditions of the older life still prevail, and there the ideal of democracy is still a very ineffective phase. But the United States has for the most part lifted itself out of primitive hardship, and that fact, more than our supposedly democratic constitution, is what has justified in some measure the hope which inspires our history. We have been far from wise with the great treasure we possessed, and no nation has such cause for shame at the existence of poverty. We have only our short-sighted selves to blame. But the blinders are not fatal: American wealth has hardly been tapped. And that is why America still offers the greatest promise to democracy.

The first item in the program of self-government is to drag the whole population well above the misery line. To create

a minimum standard of life below which no human being can fall is the most elementary duty of the democratic state. For those who go below the line of civilized decency not only suffer wretchedly: they breed the poisons of self-government. They form the famous slum proletariat about whom even the socialists despair. Occasionally some dramatic figure rises out of them, occasionally they mutter and rebel and send the newspapers into a panic. But for the purposes of constructive revolution this submerged mass is of little use, for it is harassed, beaten, helpless. These last will not be first. They may scare the rest of us into a little reform. But out of sheer wretchedness will come little of the material or the power of democracy, for as Walter Weyl has said, "A man or a class, crushed to earth — is crushed to earth."

Unfit for self-government, they are the most easily led, the most easily fooled, and the most easily corrupted. They make a governing class essential. They are used by the forces of reaction. Once in a while they are used by revolutionists for agitation, but always they are used. Before you can begin to have democracy you need a country in which everyone has some stake and some taste of its promise.

THE REPUBLIC WILL ENDURE

JAMES GIBBONS

[From an address at the meeting of the American Federation of Catholic Societies in New York City, August 20, 1916. "The note of loyalty," says a newspaper account, "that dominated the first big public meeting of 'Catholic Week' was suggested by the use of the stars and stripes as the sole decoration, and was reiterated in patriotic songs and speeches which met with hearty response from the great audience."]

You live in a Republic where there is liberty without license, and authority without despotism, and where the civil rulers hold over you the ægis of its protection without interfering with the God-given rights of conscience.

In view of the signal blessings you enjoy, it is your duty to take an active, personal, vital interest in the welfare of your country. You should glory in her prosperity and be concerned at every adversity that may befall her. You should hold up the arms of those who are charged with the administration of public affairs, as the children of Israel held up the hands of Moses while he interceded for them before the Lord.

The inspired word of God enjoins this loyalty to country, and reverence for its rulers. The religion you profess demands this fealty. The constitutions of your respective societies uphold it; and I am sure that there is not a single fibre of your heart which does not pulsate with a genuine, undivided love for the Republic and its sacred traditions.

I venture to say that every member of your society is a loyal citizen. Every citizen a patriot; every patriot a soldier; every soldier a hero; and every hero would be a martyr, to die if need be for his country.

There are some pessimistic prophets who are in the habit of predicting the downfall of our Republic. They are more frequently heard on the eve of a presidential election. I have been listening to these dire forebodings for over fifty years; but on the morning after the election we find the prophets sounded a false alarm.

For my part I have an abiding faith in the endurance of the Republic. I might base my hope on the intelligence and patriotism of the American people. I might base my confidence on the wisdom of our statesmen and the heroism of our soldiers. I might place my reliance on our standing armies and dreadnoughts. And surely these are all elements of strength to be reckoned with.

But, my friends, if the Republic is to endure it must rest on a stronger foundation than the intelligence and patriotism of our citizens, the wisdom of our statesmen, the heroism of our soldiers, our armies, and dreadnaughts. It must rest on the eternal principles of truth and justice and righteousness

and downright honesty in our relations with foreign nations. It must rely on our firm belief in an overruling Providence who created all things by His power, governs all things by His wisdom, and who controls the affairs of nations as well as of men.

THE RULE OF HONOR FOR THE REPUBLIC

CARL SCHURZ

[From an address at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, January 2, 1896, at New York City.]

WHAT is the rule of honor to be observed by a power so strong and so advantageously situated as this Republic is? Of course, I do not expect it meekly to pocket real insults if they should be offered to it. But, surely, it should not, as our boyish jingoes wish it to do, swagger about among the nations of the world, with a chip on its shoulder, and shaking its fist in everybody's face. Of course, it should not tamely submit to real encroachments upon its rights. But, surely, it should not, whenever its own notions of right or interest collide with the notions of others, fall into hysterics and act as if it really feared for its own security and its very independence.

As a true gentleman, conscious of his strength and his dignity, it should be slow to take offense. In its dealings with other nations it should have scrupulous regard, not only for their rights, but also for their self-respect. With all its latent resources for war, it should be the great peace power of the world. It should never forget what a proud privilege and what an inestimable blessing it is not to need and not to have big armies or navies to support.

It should seek to influence mankind, not by heavy artillery, but by good example and wise counsel. It should see its highest glory, not in battles won, but in wars prevented. It should be so invariably just and fair, so trustworthy, so good tempered, so conciliatory, that other nations would instinc-

tively turn to it as their mutual friend and the natural adjuster of their differences, thus making it the greatest preserver of the world's peace.

This is not a mere idealistic fancy. It is the natural rôle of this great Republic among the nations of the earth. It is its noblest vocation, and it will be a glorious day for the United States when the good sense and the self-respect of the American people see in this their "manifest destiny." It all rests upon peace. Is not this peace with honor? There has of late been much loose speech about "Americanism." Is not this good Americanism? It is surely to-day the Americanism of those who love their country most. And I fervently hope that it will be and ever remain the Americanism of our children and our children's children.

CARL SCHURZ

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

[From an address at the Schurz memorial meeting, New York City, November 21, 1906; reprinted in Mr. Choate's *American Addresses*, The Century Company, 1911.]

I HEARD Mr. Lincoln at the Cooper Institute in 1860 say: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it." Search all the books in our libraries, and you can find no better statement of Mr. Schurz's rule of life than this. Truth, right, duty, and freedom were the four corners of his chart of life, with which all his speech and conduct squared. And so it was from the beginning to the end. In the first freshness of youth he left the university and joined the Revolution of 1848, and fought to break oppression and maintain constitutional liberty. In that marvelous achievement of daring and devotion by which, at the deadly peril of his own life, he rescued his old teacher and comrade from the fortress in which he had been condemned for life to pick oakum for the Prussian government, he furnished to the world a heroic romance, worthy to be immor-

talized by a new Schiller, a miracle long since celebrated, and always to be celebrated in German poetry and song. A refugee from hopeless tyranny, he came here into exile and made America his home. He was himself the choicest example of that splendid host of Germans who have enriched and strengthened and fertilized our native stock, to produce that composite creature, the latest result of time, the blending of all the Caucasian races — the New American. . . .

When the war broke out and it became manifest that the Gordian knot of slavery could be cut only by the sword, he resigned the lazy post of Minister to Spain, and on many a bloody field — at Manassas, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Chattanooga — with dauntless skill and courage he fought for freedom here as he had fought for it at home.

As a Senator, I think he made the noblest record of his noble life. There his genius, his courage, his humanity, and his patriotism had full play. There politics, patronage, the chance of reelection were nothing to him. He was there not to serve his state only, but the whole country. . . .

As a Cabinet Minister, too, his record is a noble one. Politics and politicians he turned "neck and heels" out of his department, and made tenure of office there depend only upon merit and fitness. Frauds and plunderers found in him their most dangerous foe. He was a real father to the Indian tribes, and fought in defence of our vast forest domains that were then already falling victims to robbers. . . .

A fearless foe of every wrong, an independent champion of every wise reform, setting personal consequences always at defiance where public service was concerned, he has left to the young Americans of the present and the future an example of honesty, courage, and patriotism; a richer legacy than if he had been able to transmit to them, or to each of them, the combined wealth of all the millionaires of the land. Truly, to recall again the words of Lincoln, he had faith that right makes might, and he dared to the end to do his duty as he understood it.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1917

WOODROW WILSON

[These words were spoken by the President at Arlington to the veterans of both the Federal and Confederate armies. Mingling with the old soldiers were men in khaki who were soon to carry to the battlefields of France the spirit of America.]

ANY Memorial Day of this sort is, of course, a day touched with sorrowful memory, and yet I for one do not see how we can have any thought of pity for the men whose memory we honor to-day. I do not pity them. I envy them, rather, because theirs is a great work for liberty accomplished and we are in the midst of a work unfinished, testing our strength where their strength already has been tested. There is a touch of sorrow, but there is a touch of reassurance also in a day like this, because we know how the men of America have responded to the call of the cause of liberty, and it fills our minds with a perfect assurance that that response will come again in equal measure, with equal majesty, and with a result which will hold the attention of all mankind.

When you reflect upon it, these men who died to preserve the Union died to preserve the instrument which we are now using to serve the world — a free nation espousing the cause of human liberty. In one sense the great struggle into which we have now entered is an American struggle, because it is in defence of American honor and American rights, but it is something even greater than that; it is a world struggle. It is a struggle of men who love liberty everywhere, and in this cause America will show herself greater than ever because she will rise to a greater thing. We have said in the beginning that we planned this great Government that men who wish freedom might have a place of refuge and a place where their hope could be realized, and now, having established such a Government, having preserved such a Government, having vindicated the power of such a Government, we are saying

to all mankind, "We did not set this Government up in order that we might have a selfish and separate liberty, for we are now ready to come to your assistance and fight out upon the fields of the world the cause of human liberty." In this thing America attains her full dignity and the full fruition of her great purpose.

OUR DEBT OF HONOR TO FRANCE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[The following is a part of a letter from Mr. Roosevelt, dated April 17, 1917, to Mrs. Story, president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The letter was an appeal to this patriotic society to give its support to the American Society for the Relief of French War Orphans. The appeal met with instant and enthusiastic response.]

YOU and your associates are the direct descendants of the men who fought our Revolutionary War. Side by side with these men stood the soldiers of France under Lafayette, Rochambeau and their fellows. It was this aid of French soldiers, combined with loans of French ships and gifts of French money, which made possible the success of our struggle for independence. The service which France thus rendered to us was declared by Washington, on the morning after the victory at Yorktown, to call for "unalterable gratitude." This service was of such vital character as to constitute a debt of honor which every American should regard as a sacred obligation, to be repaid whenever the opportunity arises.

That opportunity has come now, under such circumstances that in paying our debt to France we also render the greatest possible service to humanity as a whole. France is fighting to-day for her very existence as a nation. More than that, she is fighting our battles as well as her own. She is fighting for American ideals, for democracy and civilization, and for the reign of justice among the nations of mankind.

SERVICE LEADS TO SUCCESS

FRANK A. VANDERLIP

[From the *New York Sun*, January 28, 1917.]

YOUNG men, you are under no handicaps because of the time in which your career is placed. I believe I can give you the most unqualified assurance of that. I see the situation from the point of view of membership in executive committees of important corporations, and if I know anything at all of business and industrial corporations I believe that there has never been a more insistent call for well-trained, energetic men of character, ability and initiative, and that the world has never been ready to pay greater rewards or offer so many prizes for especial distinction as is the case to-day.

I speak from a considerable experience in the search of men of exceptional qualifications to fill places of great importance, and there is no fact clearer to me than the fact that our industrial and business life to-day is rich beyond anything that has gone before in opportunity for men with ability, industry, imagination, and character.

There is a theory entertained by many that we have reached a time when work should be less urgent than in other days, when men should have more leisure, that their hours of labor should be shorter and periods of recreation longer. If you hope to gain one of the prizes of life, do not adopt that theory for your individual guidance and practice. It may be true for the man whose day's work is solely made up of an expenditure of physical effort; there never was a time when it was less true of the man who hopes to make an intellectual success of life. I have often said to young men who have asked advice about their work that if they hoped for a large measure of success they must make up their minds to do two full days' work each day.

Now, just one more thought in regard to those qualities which

make for material success. To forget yourself is more important than to remember any single thing you have ever learned in your lifetime. Do not worry about your personal relation to a piece of work, but give the deepest attention and consideration to the execution of that piece of work. Never mind whether you have what you regard as your full share of it; never mind whether you are getting what you feel to be your full measure of credit; have the single purpose of getting the work done, of seeing that every proper means is employed to do the work better than it has been done before, and forget yourself, the credit you will receive, the relation you personally occupy toward the work, and if you will do that I give you my word you will have accomplished for yourself the greatest good.

You will not be unwatched. Men will have an eye to your capacities and characteristics, their observation will be far greater than you guess, and when that overseeing eye finds the man who is interested in the job more than in himself, that man will be marked for promotion and for larger things.

Make up your mind to serve. It is service that receives reward; it is by service, forgetful of self-interest, service for the sake of accomplishment, that you will gain the greatest material rewards. It is by service to society, by recognition of rights more sacred than any that are personal to yourself, that you will gain an attitude toward life rich in permanent satisfactions.

It is by intelligent service, free from self-interest, in the political activity of your time that you will justify the great gift of citizenship which has been bestowed upon you.

OPPORTUNITY IS PLENTIFUL IN AMERICA

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

[From *Succeeding with What You Have*; Century Co., copyright, 1917.]

FOR thirty-six years I have been moving among working men in what is now the biggest branch of American industry, the steel business. In that time it has been my good fortune to

watch most of the present leaders rise from the ranks. These men, I am convinced, are not natural prodigies. *They won out by using normal brains to think beyond their manifest daily duty.*

American industry is spilling over with men who started life even with the leaders, with brains just as big, with hands quite as capable. And yet one man emerges from the mass, rises sheer above his fellows; and the rest remain.

The men who miss success have two general alibis: "I'm not a genius" is one; the other, "There aren't the opportunities to-day there used to be."

Neither excuse holds. The first is beside the point; the second is altogether wrong.

The thing that most people call "genius" I do not believe in. That is, I am sure that few successful men are so-called "natural geniuses."

There is not a man in power at our Bethlehem steel works to-day who did not begin at the bottom and work his way up, round by round, simply by using his head and his hands a little more freely and a little more effectively than the men beside him. The fifteen men in direct charge of the plants were selected not because of some startling stroke of genius but because, day in and day out, they were doing little unusual things — thinking beyond their jobs.

Most talk about "super-geniuses" is nonsense. I have found that when "stars" drop out, their departments seldom suffer. And their successors are merely men who have learned by application and self-discipline to get full production from an average, normal brain.

The inventor, the man with a unique, specialized talent, is the only real 'super-genius. But he is so rare that he needs no consideration here.

I have always felt that the surest way to qualify for the job just ahead is to work a little harder than any one else on the job one is holding down.

I have yet to hear an instance where misfortune hit a man because he worked overtime. I know lots of instances where it hit men who did not. Misfortune has many cloaks. Much more serious than physical injury is the slow, relentless blight that brings standstill, lack of advancement, final failure.

Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains — specialized brains — and faithful, loyal service. Brains are needed to carry out the plans of those who furnish the capital.

The man who attracts attention is the man who is thinking all the time, and expressing himself in little ways. It is not the man who tries to dazzle his employer by doing the theatrical, the spectacular.

If a young man entering industry were to ask me for advice, I would say: "Don't be afraid of imperilling your health by giving a few extra hours to the company that pays your salary! Don't be reluctant about putting on overalls! Bare hands grip success better than kid gloves."

Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful men than there are forceful men to fill them. Whenever the question comes up of buying new works we never consider whether we can make the works pay. That is a foregone conclusion if we can get the right man to manage them.

All successful employers of labor are stalking men who do the unusual, men who think, men who attract attention by performing more than is expected of them. These men have no difficulty in making their worth felt. They stand out above their fellows until their superiors cannot fail to see them.

WAR MESSAGE OF APRIL 2, 1917

"The world must be made safe for democracy."

WOODROW WILSON

[This famous message to the Congress was delivered in the Hall of Representatives, Washington, before a joint session of the House and the Senate, on the evening of April 2. The members of the Supreme Court of the United States and the diplomatic corps were also present. Very deliberately the President read his message to this brilliant assemblage. Intense interest, marked by silence, soon gave way to whole-hearted approval and ended in long and tumultuous applause. The message explains itself. It set forth everything that had gone before in our relations with Germany and it pointed out the pathway of the future. With luminous clearness and in unforgettable words it expressed the Spirit of America.]

Gentlemen of the Congress: — I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the 3d of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean. That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft, in conformity with its promise, then given to us, that passenger boats should not be sunk and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy, when no resistance was offered or escape attempted,

and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats. The precautions taken were meagre and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed.

The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any Government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation has right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside, under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these, which it is impossible to employ, as it is employing them, without throwing to the wind all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be. The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination.

The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

When I addressed the Congress on the 26th of February last, I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are in effect outlaws, when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea. It is common prudence in such circumstances, grim necessity indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all.

The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend. The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be. Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual; it is likely only to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents. There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making; we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable coöperation in counsel and action with the Governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those Governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may so far as possible be added to theirs.

It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible.

It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines.

It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States, already provided for by law in case of war, of at least 500,000 men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training.

It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well conceived taxation.

I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation, because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits, which will now be necessary, entirely on money borrowed. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people, so far as we may, against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty — for it will be a very practical duty — of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the considera-

tion of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon whom the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world, what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the nation has been altered or clouded by them. I have exactly the same things in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the 22d of January last; the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the 3d of February and on the 26th of February. Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles.

Neutrality is not longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic Governments, backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their Governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized States.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in

entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days, when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools.

Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor States with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic Government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships

of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life. The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character, or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added, in all their naïve majesty and might, to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities, and even our offices of government, with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture, but a fact proved in our courts of justice, that the intrigues, which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country, have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government, accredited to the Government of the United States.

Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a Government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that Government entertains no real friendship for us, and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted

note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a Government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, can be no assured security for the democratic Governments of the world. We are now about to accept the gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience.

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the Governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unqualified indorsement and acceptance of the reckless and law-

less submarine warfare, adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the Ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our right.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not with enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reestablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them for the time being to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible.

We shall happily still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live among us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are most of them as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a

different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured.

God helping her, she can do no other.

WHAT AMERICANS BELIEVE IN

CHARLES W. ELIOT

[From the *New York Sun*, April 8, 1917.]

AMERICANS believe in individual liberty so far as it can be exercised without injury to the superior rights of the community.

In complete religious toleration.

In freedom of speech and of the press subject only to tempo-

rary restraint in times of popular excitement by public authority only.

In a control of public policies and measures by representative legislative assemblies elected by universal suffrage.

In the executive head of the nation elected for a short term by universal suffrage and exercising large powers but under constitutional limitations.

In local self-government.

In a universal education which discovers or reveals the best function for each individual and helps him toward it.

In a free and mobile social state which permits each individual to render to the community the best service of which he is capable.

In resistance to evil men and governments and in the prevention of evils by every means that applied science has put into the hands of man.

In submission to the will of the majority after full discussion and a fair vote.

In leading rather than driving men, women and children in the practice of reasoning, self-guidance and self-control rather than that of implicit obedience.

In the doctrine of each for all and all for each.

In a universal sense of obligation to the community and the country, an obligation to be discharged by service, gratitude and love.

In the dignity and strength of common human nature and therefore in democracy and its ultimate triumph.

PATRIOTISM

LYMAN ABBOTT

[A signed editorial article which appeared in *The Outlook* in June, 1916.]

A NATION is made great, not by its fruitful acres, but by the men who cultivate them; not by its great forests, but by the

men who use them; not by its mines, but by the men who work in them; not by its railways, but by the men who build and run them. America was a great land when Columbus discovered it; Americans have made of it a great Nation.

In 1776 our fathers had a vision of a new Nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Without an army they fought the greatest of existing world empires that they might realize this vision. A third of a century later, without a navy they fought the greatest navy in the world, that they might win for their Nation the freedom of the seas. Half a century later they fought through an unparalleled Civil War that they might establish for all time on this continent the inalienable right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. A third of a century later they fought to emancipate an oppressed neighbor, and, victory won, gave back Cuba to the Cubans, sent an army of schoolmasters to educate for liberty the Filipinos, asked no war indemnity from their vanquished enemy, but paid him liberally for his property. Meanwhile they offered land freely to any farmer who would live upon and cultivate it, opened to foreign immigrants on equal terms the door of industrial opportunity, shared with them political equality, and provided by universal taxation for universal education.

The cynic who can see in this history only a theme for his egotistical satire is no true American, whatever his parentage, whatever his birthplace. He who looks with pride upon this history which his fathers have written by their heroic deeds, who accepts with gratitude the inheritance which they have bequeathed to him, and who highly resolves to preserve this inheritance unimpaired and to pass it on to his descendants enlarged and enriched, is a true American, be his birthplace or his parentage what it may.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Lyman Abbott, 1835- .—This variously gifted clergyman, author, and journalist was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts. After graduation from the University of New York, he first studied law, but later entered the ministry. He succeeded Henry Ward Beecher as editor of the *Christian Union* and as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. In more recent years, he has been mainly occupied as editor-in-chief of *The Outlook*. He is the author of many books, and his contributions to the periodical press cover a wide field. There is no phase of life that fails to interest his active mind.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., 1835-1915. — Lawyer, soldier, financier, writer. He was the son of Charles Francis Adams, who was minister of the United States to Great Britain during the Civil War, and the grandson of John Quincy Adams. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, was graduated from Harvard, and studied law. He served throughout the Civil War in the Union army, rising to the rank of colonel of volunteers. After the war he became engaged in railroad affairs in various capacities. At one time he was president of the Union Pacific Railway. Although his interest in public affairs was always quick and vital, he never held public office. He wrote much and lectured occasionally on historical, biographical, and educational subjects. He had the courage, honesty, and mental vigor of his forebears.

John Adams, 1735-1826. — The second president of the United States was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, and died at Quincy, near the place of his birth. He was graduated from Harvard, studied law, and practiced his profession in Boston. He opposed the stamp act, was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress, and signed the Declaration of Independence. He was a member of the committee appointed by Congress to draft the Declaration of Independence. He also proposed Washington as Commander-in-chief of the Army. During the Revolution he was sent as commissioner to France by Congress, and in 1783 he (with Jay and Franklin) negotiated the treaty of peace with Great Britain. He was elected the first vice-president of the new republic in 1789, and served in that office for two terms with Washington as his chief. In 1796 he was elected to the presidency. On being defeated for re-election, he retired from public life and spent his last

years at Quincy. He lived to an advanced age and saw his son, John Quincy Adams, elected to the presidency in 1824.

John Quincy Adams, 1767-1848. — The sixth president of the United States, and the son of President John Adams, was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, and died at Washington, D. C. He was graduated from Harvard and admitted to the bar. Few public men have had a career so varied or so continuously useful. He was minister of the United States, at different times, to the Netherlands, to Prussia, Russia, and England; United States senator from Massachusetts; professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard; and Secretary of State under Monroe, whom he succeeded as President of the United States. Not long after his defeat by Andrew Jackson for a second term, he was elected a member of the lower house in Congress from Massachusetts, and served in that place with conspicuous vigor until his death seventeen years later. With the exception of Andrew Johnson, he is the only man in American politics who was ever elected to public office after retiring from the presidency. J. Q. Adams was born before the Revolution, was graduated from college before Washington became president, and yet lived long enough to take an active part in the angry slavery debates which ushered in the Civil War.

Samuel Adams, 1722-1803. — He was born in Boston, lived most of his life there, and there he died and was buried. With ready tongue and pen he aroused, inflamed, and organized in New England the spirit of opposition to British rule in the colonies. He was "a man who hungered and thirsted for the independence of his country," said Webster. Adams was graduated from Harvard and entered business. His life, however, was mostly devoted to public affairs. Like Patrick Henry, and like his distant relative, John Adams, he quickly raised his voice against the stamp act. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and later in life governor of Massachusetts.

K. C. Babcock, 1864- — Born at Brookfield, New York; was graduated from the University of Minnesota, and later studied at Harvard; taught history at several institutions, and was specialist in higher education in the United States Bureau of Education when called to the deanship at the University of Illinois in 1913. He is the author of two volumes — the *Rise of American Nationality* and the *Scandinavian Element in the United States*.

George Bancroft, 1800-1891. — Born at Worcester, Massachusetts, and died at Washington, D. C. He was graduated from Harvard, and later studied in Germany. His early resolve to become a historian was fully carried out, in spite of many interruptions. The first volume

of his *History of the United States* appeared in 1834, and the last of the ten volumes just fifty years later. While secretary of the navy under President Polk, he planned and established the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He served at different times as minister of the United States to Great Britain, to Russia, and to Germany.

Albert J. Beveridge, 1862- — Born in Ohio, studied law, and removed to Indiana. When he entered the United States Senate in 1899, his oratorical gifts, added to habits of thorough investigation, made him at once a prominent figure. After several years of political activity, he turned to the writing of biography. His best known work is a *Life of John Marshall*.

William Bradford, 1590-1657. — Edward Winslow, 1595-1655. — Bradford was born in Yorkshire, England, and died at Plymouth, Massachusetts. Early in life he joined the colony of English Puritans who settled in Holland to avoid religious persecution in England, and with this colony he came to the New World. He soon became governor of the Plymouth colony, and held the office the greater part of his life. He was more, however, than a competent executive. He was a wide reader, versed in many languages, and left in manuscript a *History of Plymouth Plantation* which has proved a storehouse of reliable information for future historians. He has been called the father of American history.

Winslow was born in Worcestershire, England, and died at sea in the West Indies while returning from a bootless expedition under Admiral Penn against the Spaniards. He came of a cultivated family. While travelling on the continent, he met the Pilgrims in Holland, linked his fortunes with theirs, and sailed with them in the *Mayflower*. Besides serving as the governor of Plymouth colony, and as a successful treaty-maker with the Indians, he found time to handle his pen in defense of the colonies against attacks in England, and in setting forth to English readers the new life of Englishmen in the wilderness.

Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893. — Born and died in Boston, Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard, and later studied theology at the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia. After serving as rector of churches in Philadelphia, he was called to the rectorship of Trinity Church in Boston, where he preached to large congregations for more than twenty years. He was elected bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts in 1891.

Henry Armitt Brown, 1844-1878. — Lawyer and orator; born in Philadelphia; a graduate of Yale.

Charles Manly Busbee, 1845-1909. — Mr. Busbee came of a family long identified with law and politics in North Carolina. He

was born, lived, and died in Raleigh. His college career at the State University at Chapel Hill was interrupted by the call to arms. He was an officer in the Confederate service, and after the war engaged in the practice of law.

Nicholas Murray Butler, 1862- — President Butler of Columbia University was born at Elizabeth, New Jersey. He was graduated from Columbia and later studied in Berlin and Paris. Since 1902 he has been president of Columbia and has guided its magnificent growth. Many high honorary degrees have been conferred upon him and he is a member of numerous learned societies. Much of his talent and energy has also been devoted to public affairs.

William Harding Carter, 1851- — General Carter was long a commander of cavalry in the United States army. He was born at Nashville, Tennessee, and was educated at West Point. He received a medal of honor for services in action against the Indians; he also saw service in the Philippines.

Joseph H. Choate, 1832-1917. — Born at Salem, Massachusetts, of old colonial stock. After being graduated from Harvard — from both the college and the law school — he was admitted to the bar in New York City, where he had a long and distinguished career as a lawyer and as a public spirited citizen. From 1899 to 1905 he was ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, and he was a delegate to the first peace conference at the Hague. As a witty, brilliant after-dinner speaker, as well as a speaker on more formal occasions, he had few equals. His sudden death followed closely the enthusiastic receptions given by the city of New York in May, 1917, to Mr. Balfour and the other members of the mission from England and to Field Marshal Joffre and his French compatriots. On these two occasions Mr. Choate made several addresses as the spokesman of the people of the city. Many who heard him said he spoke with unusual fire, despite the fact that he was in his eighty-fifth year. It was the last flash of a brilliant and noble mind.

Henry Clay, 1777-1852. — Henry Clay, the son of a Baptist clergyman, was born in that part of Hanover County, Virginia, which is known as "the Slashes." His admirers sometimes spoke of him as "The Mill Boy of the Slashes." He died in Washington, D. C. After receiving a country school education, he studied law, and removed to Lexington, Kentucky, to practice his profession. His attractive personality and native eloquence soon led him into politics. Starting as a member of the Kentucky legislature, he later was elected to both the National House and Senate; was speaker of the House for several terms; was Secretary of State under J. Q. Adams; and was twice.

nominated and twice defeated for the presidency, first by Jackson and later by Polk. Clay is commonly spoken of as the father of the American protective tariff system. His name is also linked with several compromise measures which postponed, but did not settle, the slavery question. The breadth of his sympathies is shown by his speeches in favor of Grecian independence (for which the poet Byron gave his life), and by his pleas for the recognition of South American republics. He also strongly advocated a system of internal improvements, such as the opening of waterways and the building of roads and canals. He foresaw the future growth of empire in the west.

Grover Cleveland, 1837-1908. — The twenty-second President of the United States was born at Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, and died at Princeton, where he had resided after retiring from the presidency in 1897. He was of New England descent, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. After receiving an academic education at Clinton, New York, where his father held a pastoral charge, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in Buffalo, where he practiced his profession for many years. After Mr. Cleveland's entry into politics, the rapidity of his rise was startling. From the mayor's chair in Buffalo, he went directly to Albany as governor of New York, and during his term as governor was elected President of the United States in 1884. He was renominated in 1888, but suffered defeat. Again he was nominated in 1892, and elected by a large plurality. Few men in public life have illustrated by their careers, in so clear a fashion as Mr. Cleveland did, that "public office is a public trust."

J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, 1731-1813. — This interesting agriculturist and writer was born and died in France. He emigrated to America during the French and Indian War, and settled on a farm near New York City. In 1780 he published a volume called *Letters from an American Farmer*, which was translated into French. It influenced many French families to migrate to America. He was French Consul at New York from 1783 to 1793, when he returned to France.

Rudolph Cronau, 1855- . — Author, artist, publicist. He was born at Solingen, Germany, and came to America in 1880. He has done much newspaper work, and in addition has written several books about America. The most notable of these is *Our Wasteful Nation*, in which he points out vividly how wasteful this nation is of its soil, its water power, its minerals, and its forests.

Samuel Davies, 1724-1761. — Clergyman, college president, patriot. Samuel Davies was born in Newcastle County, Delaware, and died at Princeton, New Jersey. Much of his life was spent in preaching and in organizing the Presbyterian Church in Virginia. He

succeeded Jonathan Edwards as president of Princeton, and died there two years later. A portrait of him hangs in Nassau Hall at Princeton.

Charles Devens, 1820-1891. — Soldier and lawyer. He was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, was graduated from Harvard in the same class with James Russell Lowell, and left the practice of the law to enter the Union army. He fought in many of the great battles of the war. At Chancellorsville, in 1863, where he led a division, he was badly wounded. After the war he resumed the practice of the law, becoming later a justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts, and Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Hayes. General Devens belonged to that gallant band of Harvard men who gave their energies and lives so freely to the cause of the Union. Others in this group were Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Robert Gould Shaw, Charles Russell Lowell, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., — all conspicuous for ability, breeding, and courage.

George Washington Doane, 1799-1859. — Bishop Doane was born at Trenton, New Jersey, and died at Burlington, in the same state. He was graduated from Union College, held a professorship for a time in Trinity College, Connecticut, and was later elected Protestant Episcopal bishop of New Jersey.

Charles W. Eliot, 1834- . — The president-emeritus of Harvard University was born in Boston, Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard, where he taught mathematics and chemistry before going abroad to make a special study of chemistry. On his return, he was appointed professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and a few years later was chosen president of Harvard. This position he filled with notable distinction until his voluntary retirement in 1909. He has been not only a leader in educational thought, but has written and spoken much on civic affairs. His utterances always command attention, no matter what subject his clear and candid mind may touch. Mr. Eliot declined the appointment of United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, offered by both President Taft and President Wilson. It is doubtful if this incident has a parallel in American diplomatic history. By common consent, Mr. Eliot is one of the first citizens of the Republic.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882. — Poet, philosopher, and patriot, Emerson was born in Boston, Massachusetts, near the spot where Franklin was born nearly a century earlier, and died at Concord (near Boston), where he spent the most of his life. He sprang from a race of scholars and clergymen — what Oliver Wendell Holmes humorously called "The Brahmin Caste" of New England. He was graduated from Harvard, where he was class-day poet. After a few years spent

in teaching and preaching, he retired to Concord, and spent the remainder of his life in writing and lecturing. As an intellectual force, Emerson was probably second to none in New England in his day. He had the power to set men to thinking, whether it be about town government or about the stars. He came by his patriotism naturally, as his grandfather, the Rev. William Emerson, roused his parishioners to fight at the battle of Concord in 1775.

Edward Everett, 1794-1865. — Born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, and died in Boston. Few men in American public life have had so varied or so honored a career. After being graduated from Harvard he entered the ministry — as so many New Englanders of his generation did — but was soon called to the professorship of Greek at Harvard. Later he entered political life. He was elected to the lower house of Congress, a senator in Congress, governor of Massachusetts, and was appointed Secretary of State at Washington, and later minister of the United States to England. He was nominated for the vice-presidency on the Whig ticket in 1860, but was defeated. Everett's fame as a lecturer and as a speaker on formal occasions was almost unsurpassed in his day. By his lecture on Washington, delivered far and wide, he raised thousands of dollars that helped the women of the land to purchase and preserve Mount Vernon, the estate of Washington.

John H. Finley, 1863- . — John Huston Finley was born at Grand Ridge, Illinois. After being graduated from Knox College, he continued his studies at the Johns Hopkins University. He was later called to the presidency of Knox College; then became professor of politics at Princeton, where he was the near neighbor and friend of Mr. Cleveland; was chosen president of the College of the City of New York; and in 1913 became New York State Commissioner of Education. He is a member of many learned societies. Mr. Finley has spoken and written entertainingly on a wide variety of interesting subjects. His alert mind takes delight in tracing the paths of forerunners and founders, but his interest is perhaps even greater in the modern life that flows around him.

John Fiske, 1842-1901. — Historian and philosopher. He was born at Hartford, Connecticut, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he spent the greater part of his life. After graduation from Harvard, he studied law, but turned aside to authorship. In his earlier years he wrote and lectured on scientific and philosophical subjects, but later in life he produced a brilliant series of histories dealing with many sides of American life. His clear, easy, animated style made attractive every subject he touched.

Benjamin Franklin, 1706–1790. — Born in Boston, of New England stock on both sides of his family. When a boy he ran away to Philadelphia, where he made his permanent home, and where he died. He is often pointed out as a fine example of the self-made American. To inherited vigor of mind and body he added industry and patience. His rise in the world was steady and conspicuous. The printer's devil became an editor and publisher. He saved money and invested wisely. The man who could manage his own affairs well was soon called upon to manage larger affairs. After filling minor offices, he was made deputy postmaster-general for all the colonies. He was sent to England by the colony of Pennsylvania to oppose the stamp act in 1764. After signing the Declaration of Independence in 1776, he was sent as ambassador to France, where he served brilliantly until the close of the war. With John Jay and John Adams he negotiated the treaty of peace with England in 1783. After his return to America, he was chosen a delegate to the Federal Convention of 1787 which framed the Constitution of the United States. He was now aged and broken in health, but he lived long enough to see Washington inaugurated as first president of the new republic which he had done so much to fashion and build. Franklin tells the story of his life in his *Autobiography*. No one else could have done it so well. As a human document — as a sort of chart by which men may learn much that will help them to steer their own lives — it has an abiding interest and value. It is not a perfect chart. That is only another way of saying that Franklin was not a perfect man. His wisdom was the wisdom of the work-a-day world. It was common sense raised to a high degree of efficiency. He won high place, honor, money, and friends — and he deserved them all. Perhaps his chief limitation was that he saw life only as a set of facts; he did not see clearly the spirit behind and underneath those facts. His fame must endure, however, for he gave generously of his time and strength and intelligence to the service of his country.

Zona Gale, 1874– . — Miss Gale was born at Portage, Wisconsin, and is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. She has written much for the periodical press and is the author of several novels.

James A. Garfield, 1831–1881. — The twentieth President of the United States was born at Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, and died at Elberon, New Jersey. He was graduated from Williams, and later became president of Hiram College, Ohio. He early entered the Civil War, rising to the rank of major-general. At the request of President Lincoln, he resigned his commission in the army to accept an election as a member of the lower house of Congress, in which body he served

continuously until 1880. In that year he was nominated and elected President of the United States. He was fatally shot by Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, on July 2, 1881. He is one of the many examples in American life of men who have risen by their own talents and own exertions from poverty and obscurity to positions of honor and influence.

James Gibbons, 1834- . — Cardinal Gibbons was born in Baltimore. After receiving his education at St. Charles College, Maryland, and at St. Mary's Seminary, he entered the Catholic priesthood, becoming archbishop of Baltimore in 1877 and cardinal in 1886. In his addresses and in his contributions to the periodical press, he has always shone forth as an American citizen of high public spirit.

Basil L. Gildersleeve, 1831- . — This scholar-soldier was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was graduated from Princeton, and later studied in Germany. He was professor of Greek in the University of Virginia from 1856 to 1876, when he accepted a like position in the Johns Hopkins University, where he has since remained. He has edited various Greek classics, and for many years has conducted the *American Journal of Philology*. During the Civil War, while teaching in Virginia, he served in the Confederate army during his vacations. While a volunteer aide on the staff of General John B. Gordon, he received a bullet wound from which he has limped for half a century.

John B. Gordon, 1832-1904. — Soldier, orator, and man of affairs. Born in Upson County, Georgia. He was one of the few civilian soldiers who rose to high rank in either army in the Civil War. He was in most of the big battles and commanded a corps of Lee's army at Appomattox. After the war he was connected for a time with railroad affairs, and later was elected governor of Georgia and a Senator in Congress from that state. In his later years, he was a successful writer and lecturer on topics connected with the Civil War.

Henry W. Grady, 1851-1889. — Born at Athens, Georgia. He was graduated from the university of his native state and entered journalism. At the time of his death he was one of the owners and editors of the *Atlanta Constitution*. He was one of the most influential spirits of his day in bringing about a renewal of good feeling between the North and the South.

Edward Everett Hale, 1822-1910. — Dr. Hale was born in Boston, Massachusetts. After being graduated from Harvard, he entered the ministry. His life was long and busy. He is the author of many books and wrote industriously for the magazines and newspapers. His interest in all forms of charity — organized and unorganized — was particularly strong and vital. *The Man without a Country* is perhaps his best known

story. He was a nephew and the namesake of Edward Everett, an accomplished orator and statesman.

Alexander Hamilton, 1757-1804. — Born in the island of Nevis, West Indies, and died in New York City from wounds received in a duel with Aaron Burr. He came to New York when a boy and studied at Columbia. Even while a student he attracted public attention by his speeches and pamphlets on the side of the colonies in their disputes with the mother country. In 1776 Hamilton was appointed a captain of artillery in the Continental army, and his battery did effective work at the battles of Trenton and Princeton. He early attracted the attention of Washington, who appointed him his aide-de-camp. He further distinguished himself as a soldier at Yorktown. In 1787 Hamilton was a delegate to the convention in Philadelphia which framed the Constitution of the United States, and he takes high rank among the fathers of that notable document. As the first Secretary of the Treasury, during Washington's first administration, he organized the financial system of the country. When war with France was threatened in 1798, he was appointed second in command of the army under Washington, and chief in command upon the latter's sudden death. Those who knew Hamilton well assert that his greatest ambition was for military glory. As it is, his fame rests chiefly upon his record as a patriotic, disinterested, and constructive statesman. As the result of a political quarrel, Hamilton fought a duel with Aaron Burr at Weehawken, New Jersey, in 1804, and was fatally shot. He was removed to his home in New York, where he died the next day.

Robert Y. Hayne, 1791-1840. — Born in Colleton district, South Carolina, and died at Asheville, North Carolina. He was descended from Colonel Isaac Hayne, a Revolutionary patriot who was hanged by the British. He was elected to the Senate of the United States, and was also governor of his native state. Hayne was a leader in the nullification movement, and it was one of his speeches that drew from Daniel Webster his famous "Reply to Hayne."

Patrick Henry, 1736-1799. — This flaming orator of the Revolution was born in Hanover County, Virginia, where Henry Clay was born some forty years later, and died in Charlotte County, Virginia. Like so many American public men, he passed through the law into public life. On becoming a member of the Virginia legislature he at once took the leadership in the political agitation which led up to the Revolution. His whirlwind oratory moved men's hearts. His impassioned cry, "give me liberty or give me death," rang through the colonies from end to end. He was the first man to speak in the Con-

tinental Congress of 1774. When he declared, "I am not a Virginian, but an American," men felt that a new nation had been born and was about to begin its race. Henry served two terms as governor of Virginia and had a hand in shaping the Constitution of the United States. His last years were spent in retirement. He and Washington died in the same year.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1823-1911. — Colonel Higginson was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, of old colonial stock. After being graduated from Harvard, he entered the ministry, but went from the pulpit into the Union army. He rose to be colonel of volunteers and continued in the service until wounded in 1864. After the war, Colonel Higginson devoted an active life to public and literary affairs. He wrote much for the magazines and published many volumes on a wide variety of subjects. His sympathies were engaged in many reform movements, in which he displayed the ardor and unselfishness of a knight-errant.

George F. Hoar, 1826-1904. — Born at Concord, Massachusetts, and died at Worcester, in the same state. He was graduated from Harvard, admitted to the bar, and later entered upon a political career. Few families have shown such an aptitude for public life as his. His father, brother, and nephew have all been members of the lower house of Congress from Massachusetts. He himself served in Congress continuously, either in the House or in the Senate, from 1869 to the time of his death. His career was marked throughout by a high sense of civic responsibility.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., 1841- . — Mr. Holmes was born in Boston, Massachusetts, the only son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, essayist, and wit. After being graduated from Harvard in 1861, he entered the Union army, rising from the rank of lieutenant to that of lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. He was wounded three times in battle — at Ball's Bluff, at Antietam, and at Fredericksburg. After the war he studied law and began practice in Boston. In 1899 he became chief-justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts, and in 1902 he was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by President Roosevelt.

Charles Evans Hughes, 1862- . — Born at Glen Falls, New York. He is of Welsh descent. After being graduated from Brown, he studied law and entered into practice in New York City. He rose to national prominence while conducting an investigation into the irregularities of some of the large insurance companies in New York City. In 1907 he became governor of New York, and in 1910 he was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This

position he resigned in June, 1916, when he was nominated for the presidency of the United States by the Republican party.

John Jay, 1745-1829. — The first chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was born in New York City, and died in Westchester County, New York. He came of Huguenot ancestry. After being graduated from Columbia, he was admitted to the bar. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress. Later he was chief-justice and governor of his native state, minister of the United States to Spain, and (with Franklin and John Adams) negotiated the treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783. When Washington became President, he offered Jay any position in the government over which he had the power of appointment. Jay chose the chief-justiceship. He resigned this position to go to England as special envoy in 1794. The result of this mission was "Jay's Treaty," which caused much heated discussion. He declined a re-appointment as chief-justice, and spent the most of his remaining years in retirement. Jay's fame will finally rest, perhaps, on the articles in explanation and defense of the Constitution which he contributed to the *Federalist*, a collection of state papers written by Jay, Madison, and Hamilton. These papers were written to persuade the people to ratify the Constitution. "They are," says John Fiske, "the most profound and suggestive treatise on government that has ever been written."

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826. — The third president of the United States was born, and died, in Albemarle County, Virginia. He was graduated from William and Mary College, admitted to the bar, and began his long public career as a member of the Virginia legislature. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress and drafted the Declaration of Independence. A mere enumeration of the positions of public trust he filled will give some conception of his varied activities and talents. He was governor of Virginia, member of the Continental Congress, minister to France, Secretary of State in Washington's first cabinet, Vice-President under Adams, and President of the United States from 1801 to 1809. After retiring from the presidency, he spent the remainder of his life tranquilly at Monticello, his country estate in Virginia. Few men of his day had Jefferson's wide interest in human affairs. Besides being one of the founders of the Republic, he was the father of what is now known as the Democratic party, and was largely the creator of the University of Virginia. He was interested in art, education, theology, agriculture, science, and literature. Indeed, one sometimes gets the impression that he was less interested in public affairs than in things academic and scientific. This view is rather supported by his disinclination to speak in public and his dislike of the

noisy side of politics. But there is little doubt, after all, of what was nearest his heart. In his last days his mind reverted more and more to the days of the Revolution. The big thing that happened during his life was the shaping of a government under which "all men are created equal" and entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It was a new political creed in 1776. The Old World sneered at it as visionary and predicted its speedy fall. Jefferson said it was the strongest government on earth, and he lived long enough to see his vision become the living creed of a growing and powerful nation.

L. Q. C. Lamar, 1825-1893. — Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar was born in Jasper County, Georgia, and died at Macon, in the same state. He was graduated from Emory College, in his native state, studied law, removed to Mississippi, where he was elected a member of the lower house of Congress in 1857. During the Civil War he was active in the military and diplomatic service of the Confederate government. He re-entered national public life after the war, serving in both the House and the Senate as a representative from Mississippi. President Cleveland appointed him Secretary of the Interior in 1885, and associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1888. Lamar possessed oratorical gifts of a superior order, and these gifts, united with modesty of demeanor and breadth of intellectual sympathy, made him a conspicuous member of the Senate in the years closely following the Civil War.

Franklin K. Lane, 1864- . — Born at Prince Edward's Island, Canada, but removed to California in early childhood. He studied at the University of California, engaged in newspaper work, studying law later and entering into practice at San Francisco. For eight years he was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, resigning this position to go into President Wilson's cabinet as Secretary of the Interior.

Henry Lee, 1756-1818. — "Light Horse Harry"—so called because he commanded a legion of light-armed cavalry—was one of the most gallant figures of the Revolution. He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and died at Cumberland Island, Georgia. He was graduated from Princeton in 1773 where James Madison was a fellow student. It was only three years after graduation that he was appointed a captain of Virginia cavalry and joined the Continental army. His command, known as Lee's Legion, performed many daring exploits and took part in most of the important battles of the Revolution. He rendered conspicuous service as General Greene's right arm in the campaign through the Carolinas. This boyish soldier—so alert, so

quick to see and to strike, and withal so amiable — stood very high in Washington's regard from the time he entered the army until the death of the great general. After the Revolution, he was elected governor of Virginia and served as a member of Congress from that state. He died in Georgia while on his return from the West Indies, where he had gone in search of health. He was accompanied by his young son Robert, afterward known to fame as General R. E. Lee.

Richard Henry Lee, 1732-1794. — Born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and died at Chantilly, Virginia. He and Washington were playmates when they were boys. After studying law, and after serving in the legislature of Virginia, he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, where he made the original motion that the colonies were "free and independent states." He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. As a speaker and a writer on political subjects, his rank was high.

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865. — The sixteenth president of the United States was born in Hardin (now Larue) County, Kentucky, and died in Washington, D. C. His grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky near the close of the Revolution, and was killed by the Indians. Both of Lincoln's parents were born in Virginia, of English descent. As a very young boy, Lincoln removed with his family to Indiana, where the woods were still full of bears and other wild animals. His early education was scant. A little reading, writing, and arithmetic was all. At the age of twenty-one he went to Illinois, where he worked as farm laborer, surveyor, clerk in a store, and finally studied law. He was elected a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War — "a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since." When he said this, he had already been repeatedly elected to the state legislature of Illinois, and had served one term in the lower house of Congress. The career of Lincoln up to this point was strikingly like the careers of thousands of other successful Americans — born on the fringe of civilization, taking hold of the hard facts of life with both hands, stimulated and educated by necessity, and finally rising to positions of public trust and usefulness. It is an old story in America; but one never tires of hearing it because it means that the door of opportunity stands ever open.

Lincoln had achieved by middle life what the world ordinarily reckons as success. He stood high at the bar and seemed more and more happy in the practice of his profession. "I was losing interest in politics," said he, "when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again." The slavery question was now brought acutely to the front. It was in the great debates with Stephen A. Douglas on this question

that Lincoln rose to be the leader of the Republican party in the country. His address, dealing largely with the slavery question, at the Cooper Institute in New York City, in 1860, so added to his reputation that he was, in that year, nominated and elected to the presidency. He was re-elected in 1864. His career as President — a career which forms an important part of the history of the Civil War — was suddenly ended by his death at the hand of an assassin. He was shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre in Washington on April 14, 1865, — five days after Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox.

Walter Lippmann, 1889- . — Born in New York City. He was graduated from Harvard in 1910, and for a time was an assistant in philosophy. Later he formed editorial connections in New York City, writing much for the periodical press. He is the author of three books dealing with politics and kindred subjects.

Henry Cabot Lodge, 1850- . — Born in Boston, Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard, where for a time he was a lecturer on history. For three years he was editor of the *North American Review*. Since 1886 he has served continuously in Washington as either representative or senator in Congress from Massachusetts. In spite of the stress of public life, he has found time to write several brilliant volumes on historical and biographical subjects, the most notable, perhaps, being the *Life of Washington* for the American Statesmen Series. During the controversies that preceded the entry of the United States into the Great War, Mr. Lodge was an energetic upholder of the rights of the United States.

John D. Long, 1838-1915. — Governor of Massachusetts, a member of the lower house of Congress for several terms, and Secretary of the Navy under President McKinley. He was born at Buckfield, Maine, was graduated from Harvard, and followed the law as a profession in Boston. As an after-dinner speaker, and as an orator on special occasions, his talents were conspicuous.

James Russell Lowell, 1819-1891. — Teacher, poet, essayist, diplomat. Lowell was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and died there in the same house in which he was born. His family had long been settled in New England. He was graduated from Harvard, and wrote the class poem, in which he satirized the abolitionists. In later life he was to become one of the stoutest of these abolitionists. Lowell's unusually active life ran out in many directions. He published volumes of verse and essays, succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard, edited *The Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, wrote noble odes for historic celebrations, was a presidential elector in 1876, United States Minister to Spain under

President Hayes, and appointed minister to England by President Garfield. In his later years he developed unusual talents as a wise and witty after-dinner speaker. Lowell spent his last years in retirement at Cambridge, in the old Lowell homestead, Elmwood, which had been used as a hospital for wounded soldiers during the Revolution.

Samuel W. McCall, 1851- — Born in East Providence, Pennsylvania. After being graduated from Dartmouth, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in Boston. For a time he was editor of the Boston daily *Advertiser*. He has served in the legislature of Massachusetts and in the lower house of Congress. In 1915 he was elected governor of Massachusetts and re-elected in 1916. He has written biographies for the American Statesmen Series.

William McKinley, 1843-1901. — The twenty-fourth President of the United States was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, and died at the hands of an assassin at Buffalo, New York, September 14, 1901. After serving as a young officer in the Union army, he began the practice of law, and soon entered public life. His long and industrious service as a member of the lower house of Congress is memorable, the culminating point of it being the passage of the McKinley tariff act of 1890. His election as Governor of Ohio in 1893 was followed by his election to the presidency of the United States in 1896, and his re-election in 1900. He was the last of the Civil War soldiers who were elected to the presidency. His forerunners were Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Harrison.

John Bach McMaster, 1852-1915. — Historian and teacher. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, and was graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1872. For a time he was instructor in civil engineering at Princeton. The first volume of his *History of the People of the United States* appeared in 1883. In the same year he was chosen professor of American history in the University of Pennsylvania. His history was followed by many books on historical and biographical subjects.

Francis Marion, 1732-1795. — Born near Georgetown, South Carolina, of Huguenot ancestry; died at Eutaw, South Carolina. His exploits as a partisan leader in the Revolution form a picturesque part of that heroic struggle. His operations were conducted mainly in the lowlands of South Carolina. It was his habit to strike the enemy suddenly, disappearing as suddenly in the trackless swamps. After the war, Marion served a term in the legislature of his native state — where he labored for better schools — but for the most part he led the life of a planter. His deeds have been made ever fresh by the immortal biography of Mason L. Weems.

James Monroe, 1758-1831. — The fifth president of the United States was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and died in New York City. He was the last of the presidents who were closely connected with the Revolution. When little more than a lad, he fought as a private in the battle of Trenton in 1776 — the same battle in which Hamilton fought as a young captain of artillery. He was eighteen years of age and Hamilton not yet twenty. He later gained the rank of captain. After the Revolution, Monroe entered public life, at first filling minor offices, and later serving as governor of Virginia, United States senator, minister to England, minister to France, Secretary of State under President Madison, and was twice elected President of the United States. The leading events of Monroe's administration were the acquisition of Florida (1819), the Missouri Compromise (1820), and the setting forth of the Monroe Doctrine (1823). The period of his administration is spoken of as "the era of good feeling." His long and successful career has often been pointed out as an example of what moderate talents, supported by industry and perseverance, may accomplish. Monroe's death occurred on the 4th of July, 1831. Strangely enough, John Adams and Jefferson both died on the 4th of July, and in the same year (1826).

John Lothrop Motley, 1814-1877. — Historian and diplomat. Motley was born at Dorchester (now a part of Boston), Massachusetts, and died in Dorsetshire, England. He was graduated from Harvard, and continued his studies at Göttingen and Berlin. He was appointed United States minister to Austria by President Lincoln, and minister to England by President Grant. The greater part of his life was devoted to historical writing. His chief works are the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *History of the United Netherlands*, and the *Life and Death of John of Barneveld*.

Thomas Paine, 1737-1809. — Paine was the pamphleteer of the Revolution. He was born in Norfolk, England, and died in New York City. He was rescued from obscurity in London by Franklin, who sent him to Philadelphia and gave him a start in journalism. His first political pamphlet, *Common Sense*, urged the colonies to separate from England. Thousands of copies were printed and sold broadcast over the land. It was followed by the *Crisis*, which was read to the army at Valley Forge by the order of Washington. As a reward for his services, money and lands were granted to him by Congress. After the American Revolution he went to England and wrote a flaming pamphlet in support of the French Revolution. On being expelled from England for the violence of his views, he crossed the channel and expounded the cause of the revolutionists in France. After many exciting episodes — he

was once imprisoned and came near being guillotined — he was picked up in poverty in Paris by Jefferson and sent back to New York, where he was made comfortable for the remainder of his days. He was buried at New Rochelle, but his body was later removed to England.

Ernest Peixotto, 1869—. — Artist and author. Born in San Francisco, California. In early life he studied art under some of the most celebrated masters in Paris, where many of his pictures have been exhibited in the salons. His numerous articles of travel for the magazines have been accompanied by his own illustrations.

Ralph Barton Perry, 1876—. — Born at Poultney, Vermont. He was graduated from Princeton in 1896, and afterward pursued graduate studies at Harvard, where, since 1913, he has been a professor of philosophy. He is the author of several books on philosophical subjects, and also a contributor to the periodical press.

Horace Porter, 1837—. — General Porter was born at Huntington, Pennsylvania, the son of David Rittenhouse Porter, at one time governor of Pennsylvania. After being graduated from West Point in 1860, he entered the Union army, where his career was active and distinguished. During the last year of the war he was a member of Grant's staff with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He is one of the last survivors — probably the last — of the group of officers present in the McLean house at Appomattox when the formal papers of surrender were drawn up by Grant and Lee. In 1873 General Porter resigned from the army to engage in railroad affairs. In 1897 he was appointed ambassador of the United States to France by President McKinley. It was under his direction — and at his own personal expense — that the remains of John Paul Jones were discovered in Paris, and later brought to the United States and interred at Annapolis.

David Ramsay, 1749–1815. — Physician, patriot, and historian. He was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and died in Charleston, South Carolina, where most of his life was spent. He was a surgeon in the Continental Army and a delegate to the Continental Congress. Among the historians of the Revolution, he was one of the earliest and one of the best.

Whitelaw Reid, 1835–1912. — Born near Xenia, Ohio. After being graduated from Miami, he entered journalism. During the Civil War, he was a war correspondent, at the same time doing voluntary staff duty in several battles, notably at Shiloh and Gettysburg. In 1872 he succeeded Horace Greeley as editor of the *New York Tribune*. He was appointed minister of the United States to France by President Harrison in 1889. In 1892 he was nominated for the vice-presidency of the United States, but was unsuccessful. In 1905 he was appointed

ambassador of the United States to Great Britain by President Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt, 1858- .— The twenty-fifth President of the United States was born in New York City. He came of a Dutch family long settled in New York. After being graduated from Harvard in 1880, he entered public life as a member of the New York legislature. Later he was an unsuccessful candidate for mayor of New York City. President Harrison appointed him United States Civil Service Commissioner. He was Assistant Secretary of the Navy when the war with Spain broke out in 1898, and resigned this position to organize the Rough Riders, a volunteer cavalry regiment, with which he fought at Las Guasimas and San Juan in Cuba. On Mr. Roosevelt's return from the Spanish War, he was elected governor of New York. In 1900 he was elected Vice-President of the United States, and succeeded to the presidency on the death of President McKinley in 1901. In 1904 he was elected President to succeed himself. In 1912 he was defeated for the presidency as the candidate of the Progressive party. He is the author of many books on a wide range of subjects — history, biography, politics, and sport. Since the outbreak of the great European war in 1914, Mr. Roosevelt has been one of the most energetic advocates of preparedness on the part of the United States.

Elihu Root, 1845- .— Born in Clinton, New York. After being graduated from Hamilton College, he studied for the bar, and has practiced his profession during the greater part of his life in New York City. He entered public life as Secretary of War under President McKinley, and was Secretary of State in the cabinet of president Roosevelt. After serving one term as a senator in Congress from New York, he resumed the practice of law in New York City. His reputation as a lawyer and as a publicist is deservedly very high. He was appointed at the head of a special diplomatic mission to Russia by President Wilson in 1917.

Lawrence S. Ross, 1838-1898. — Born at Bentonsport, Iowa, and early removed to Texas, where he studied at Baylor University, and later at Washington University, Alabama. During the Civil War he was a general in the Confederate service and afterward was elected governor of Texas. At the time of his death he was president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.

Josiah Royce, 1855-1916. — Born at Grand Valley, Nevada County, California. He was graduated from the University of California, and later studied at Johns Hopkins. In 1892 he became professor of the history of philosophy at Harvard. He was a member of many learned societies, the author of many books in his own field of

study, and wrote and spoke much and vividly on miscellaneous subjects.

Morris Schaff, 1840— . — General Schaff was born at Kirkersville, Ohio. Immediately after being graduated from West Point in 1862, he entered the Union army as a second lieutenant in the ordnance corps. He was brevetted captain "for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of the Wilderness" in 1864. After the war he resigned his commission in the army to engage in business in Boston. In 1882 he was made inspector general of the Massachusetts militia. Several books dealing with the war have come from his pen. He has served as president of the alumni association of West Point.

Carl Schurz, 1829-1906. — Statesman, soldier, and journalist. He was born at Liblar, near Cologne, Prussia. He studied at Bonn and shortly afterward joined a revolutionary movement to liberalize the government of Prussia. After being arrested and thrown into prison, he escaped to Switzerland, and later went to the United States. He identified himself fully with American life, thinking and speaking always as an American. His sympathies were with Lincoln in the campaign of 1860, and his services as a general in the Union army were varied and notable. After the war he was elected a Senator in Congress from Missouri, was Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Hayes, and later was editor of the New York *Evening Post* for three years. He is the author of a well-known *Life of Henry Clay*. His active, varied, and useful life was marred by no touch of the selfish or sordid. Distinction of mind and character were happily united in this fine type of foreign American.

Charles M. Schwab, 1862— . — Born at Williamsburg, Pennsylvania. His education was obtained at the village school and at St. Francis College. He began his career as a stage driver. Later he entered the employ of the Carnegie Steel Company, where step by step he worked his way up from the bottom to the top. When the United States Steel Corporation was organized, he was made its first president. He later became president of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

William H. Seward, 1801-1872. — Born in Orange County, New York, and died at Auburn, in the same state. After being graduated from Union College, he was admitted to the bar and settled in Auburn for the practice of his profession. His public life began in the state legislature. Later he was elected governor, and he served several years in the national Senate. He was a prominent candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1860, when the nomination went to Lincoln. The latter appointed him Secretary of State, and he was retained in this position by President Johnson. He was severely

wounded when an attempt was made upon his life at the same time that Lincoln was assassinated. His long service in the office of Secretary of State, during one of the most critical periods in our history, was marked by prudence and skill of a high order.

Captain John Smith, 1579-1631. — Born in Lincolnshire, England, and died in London. Although only a short span of his life was spent in America, he has left a clean-cut record as a bold and resourceful explorer, an organizer of men of more than usual ability, and a diplomat of no mean powers. He sailed the New England coast, exploring the waters of Cape Cod in an open boat, and made a map of the region before that shore was visited by the Pilgrim Fathers. In Virginia he organized and managed the life of the Jamestown colony, explored the country, and made friends with the Indians. The untamed red man recognized and did homage to his primal virtues of sincerity and courage. On returning to England, he wrote many books about his adventures and discoveries. His head was full of plans for many new expeditions, but he never returned to America. Perhaps his fame has been somewhat dimmed by his tendency to spin boastful yarns, but he displayed enough solid worth to link his name honorably and enduringly with the early settlements of this country. Furthermore, he set forth in his life so lustrously the daring and enterprising spirit of the men who planted the seeds of a new life in a new world that he will ever make a magical appeal to the American imagination.

Edward A. Steiner, 1866- . — Clergyman, teacher, sociologist. Born at Vienna, Austria, and studied at Heidelberg, Göttingen, and Berlin. Foreign immigrants and their needs have received much of his sympathy and attention. He is professor of applied Christianity at Grinnell College, Iowa.

William Sullivan, 1774-1839. — Born at Saco, Maine, and died in Boston, Massachusetts.

George Sutherland, 1862- . — Born in Buckinghamshire, England, and removed to Utah in early childhood. He was educated in the public schools, studied law at the University of Michigan, and admitted to the bar in Utah. He has represented that state in Congress, both in the House and in the Senate.

John M. Thurston, 1847-1916. — Born at Montpelier, Vermont, and died at Omaha, Nebraska. He attended public schools, worked on a farm, and later studied law and was admitted to the bar in Omaha. Politics attracted him: he served in the state legislature, and later one term in the Senate of the United States.

Frederick J. Turner, 1861- . — Born at Portage, Wisconsin. After his graduation from the University of Wisconsin in 1884, he pur-

sued historical studies at the Johns Hopkins University. Later he was appointed professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, and he has held a like position at Harvard since 1910. His writings have dealt mainly with phases of Western history. He is a member of many historical societies.

Moses Coit Tyler, 1835-1900. — Born at Griswold, Connecticut, and died at Ithaca, New York. After being graduated from Yale, he entered the ministry. Later he became professor of English at the University of Michigan, which position he held until appointed professor of American history at Cornell. Among his writings, the best known are a *History of American Literature* and a *Life of Patrick Henry*.

Frank A. Vanderlip, 1864- . — President of the National City Bank of New York. Born at Aurora, Illinois. He studied at the University of Illinois and at the University of Chicago. He became a reporter on the *Chicago Tribune* and later its financial editor. After serving for a term as private secretary of Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. From Washington he went to New York as vice-president of the National City Bank, and since 1909 has been president of this large institution. He has borne a prominent part in many large financial undertakings.

Henry van Dyke, 1852- . — Born at Germantown, Pennsylvania. He was graduated from Princeton and later studied at Berlin. In early life he gave promise of becoming the versatile man of letters and of affairs that he is to-day. One of his professors at Princeton once remarked: "I often felt in teaching Dr. van Dyke, when he was an undergraduate, that he was the one who should be in the chair and I the student." For some years he was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City, and was also a favorite college preacher at the larger universities. In 1899 he was appointed to the Murray professorship of English literature at Princeton. His writings, both prose and poetry, are known in many lands, having been translated into various languages. As a public speaker he also has few equals. During the academic year of 1908-09 he was American Lecturer at the University of Paris, where he was received with enthusiasm by the French. In 1913 he was appointed Minister of the United States to the Netherlands by President Wilson. This position he filled with such tact, skill, and large-heartedness, that it was with a feeling of loss and regret that the Netherlands heard of his resignation in 1917. On his return through England, Oxford gave him her highest honorary degree—a fitting tribute to one of the most variously accomplished men of his generation.

Francis A. Walker, 1840-1897. — Soldier, economist, educator. He was born and died in Boston, Massachusetts. After his graduation from Amherst in 1860, he studied law, but entered the Union army, serving almost through the war. In 1865 he was brevetted brigadier-general of volunteers. General Walker's career after the war was varied, active, and useful. He was United States Commissioner of Indian affairs, superintendent of the nineteenth census, professor of political economy at Yale, and was president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1881 until his death. He was strongly interested in all economic questions, on which he wrote with clearness and force.

George Washington, 1732-1799. — The first commander-in-chief of the American army and the first President of the United States was George Washington. He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and died at Mount Vernon, his famous country estate, not many miles from the place of his birth. His family, of good English Cavalier stock, had long been settled in Virginia as planters. After receiving an elementary education at a small school in his neighborhood — where he was better at figures than at spelling — he began life as a surveyor. Dressed in hunting-shirt, with rifle and compass, he passed out to what was then the frontier of Virginia. Knowledge of woodcraft and of the ways of Indians came to him as a matter of course, and when the French and Indian War broke out he was already a trained soldier. He commanded the Virginia troops in the unsuccessful expedition of Braddock against Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh). After the English and colonial army was cut to pieces, Washington rallied the remnant of the Virginia troops and led them back to a place of safety. His repute as an Indian fighter led to his election to the Virginia legislature. In 1759 he was married to Martha Custis, a widow, whose children he adopted. Having no children of his own, he was indeed the father of his country. His talents and his wealth were at the call of his country, without thought of personal reward or glory.

Washington took command of the Continental army at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under the old elm which still stands, on July 2, 1775, a few days after the battle of Bunker Hill. The battles which he lost and won during the Revolution are familiar words to the readers of American history — Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Brandywine, Monmouth, and Yorktown. After peace was made with England in 1783, Washington resigned the command of the army and retired to Mount Vernon. In 1787 he was chosen President of the convention which met at Philadelphia and framed the Constitution. In this important body his influence was considered second

to none in framing the structure of the future government. He was twice elected President of the United States without opposition, and refused a third term. He again retired to Mount Vernon, the spot he loved best in all the world. When war with France was imminent in 1798, he was again appointed commander-in-chief of the army; but the war cloud passed, and he was suffered to live in peace until the end. He lies buried at Mount Vernon. It is the custom of boats that ply up and down the Potomac to toll their bells when they pass the spot.

Daniel Webster, 1782-1852. — Born at Salisbury (now Franklin), New Hampshire, and died at Marshfield, Massachusetts. He studied at Exeter Academy and was graduated from Dartmouth. He practiced law at Portsmouth, in his native state, and later removed to Boston, where he long stood at the head of the bar. He entered public life as a representative in Congress; was twice senator from Massachusetts; was Secretary of State under Harrison and Tyler and under Fillmore; and was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the nomination for President. In public life, Webster was known as the great expounder and defender of the Constitution from the national point of view. His opponents were the states-rights school of political thinkers led by John C. Calhoun. As an orator for ceremonial occasions, Webster had no equal in his day. His eulogium of Adams and Jefferson, who died on the same day, and his addresses at Bunker Hill and at Plymouth Rock deserve their fame. They still startle the imagination and kindle the emotions.

Walter E. Weyl, 1873- . — Born in Philadelphia. After graduation from the University of Pennsylvania in 1892, he made a special study of political economy at Halle, Berlin, and Paris. He has written much on economic subjects and is a statistical expert on commerce and labor. He is one of the editors of the *New Republic*.

Walt Whitman, 1819-1892. — "The Good Gray Poet" was born at West Hills, Long Island, New York, and died at Camden, New Jersey. His early education was obtained from public schools. He worked as a printer in summer, and as a teacher in country schools in winter, besides doing editorial work on local newspapers. During the Civil War, Whitman volunteered as an army nurse, serving in Washington and in Virginia. Near the end of the war he was seized with hospital malaria and obliged to give up nursing. He held government clerkships at Washington until he suffered a paralytic stroke, when he removed to Camden, New Jersey, where he spent the last twenty years of his life. Among Whitman's volumes of verse, the best known are *Leaves of Grass* and *Drum Taps*. *Democratic Vistas* is a volume of prose.

Woodrow Wilson, 1856- . — The twenty-seventh President of the United States was born at Staunton, Virginia, the son of a Presby-

terian clergyman, of Scotch-Irish descent. After being graduated from Princeton in 1879, he studied law at the University of Virginia, and was admitted to the bar and began practice at Atlanta, Georgia. Later he studied history and politics at Johns Hopkins University, and taught these subjects successively at Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan, and Princeton. In 1902 he was chosen president of Princeton, where his intellectual vigor and power of initiative became a quickening influence in the educational world. Mr. Wilson's political career began with his election as governor of New Jersey in 1910. Two years later he was elected President of the United States. In 1916 he was re-elected. President Wilson's books and addresses have dealt mainly with questions of education and government. His state papers — especially those dealing with the relations of this government with the government of Germany — have commanded wide attention and praise. M. Viviani, one of the special French commissioners to this government in May, 1917, on his return to France spoke as follows of the President: "He possesses in the highest degree two masterly qualities which mark the statesman, namely, patience, and when he has reached his conclusion, action, from which nothing can make him recede."

Robert C. Winthrop, 1809-1894. — Born and died at Boston, Massachusetts. He came of old colonial stock. After being graduated from Harvard, he studied law under Daniel Webster, and later entered public life as a member of the legislature of Massachusetts. He served in both houses of Congress, being at one time speaker of the lower house. As an orator for special occasions, Winthrop walked in the footsteps of Webster and Everett. He was the orator at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument at Washington City in 1848, and he delivered the address at its dedication in 1885. His life was one of long and honorable service. It was in keeping with the best traditions of the Republic.





